

Princip A Elizabeth
POETICAL DICTIONARY;

OR, THE

BEAUTIES of the ENGLISH POETS,

ALPHABETICALLY DISPLAYED.

CONTAINING

THE MOST CELEBRATED PASSAGES

in the following Authors, viz.

SHAKESPEAR,
JOHNSON,
DRYDEN,
LEE,
OTWAY,
BEAUMONT,
FLETCHER,
LANSDOWNE,
BUTLER,
SOUTHERNE,
ADDISON,
POPE,
GAY,

GARTH,
ROWE,
YOUNG,
THOMPSON,
MALLET,
ARMSTRONG,
FRANCIS,
WARTON,
WHITEHEAD,
MASON,
GRAY,
AKENSIDE,
SMART, &c.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

L O N D O N,

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and Co. T. LONGMAN, T. DAVIS, R. STEVENS, T.
CASLON, J. COOTE, and G. KEARSLEY.

MDCCLXI.

POETICAL DICTIONARY

Э. Н. Т. Я. О.

BEAUTIES of the ENGLISH POETS

ALPHABETICALLY (DISPATCHED)

ОБЪЯВЛЕНИЕ

THE MOST CELEBRATED PASSAGE

in the following Authors: viz.

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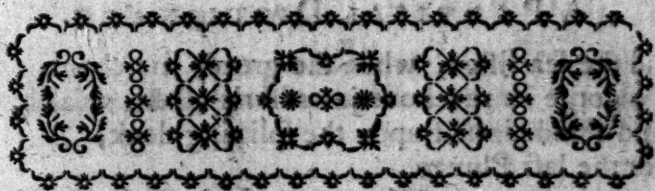
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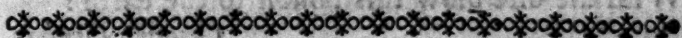
L. O. N. D. O. N.

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A
P O E T I C A L
D I C T I O N A R Y.



L.

R A G E.

O P P O S E not rage, while rage is in its force;

But give it way a while, and let it waste:
The rising deluge is not stopp'd with dams:
Those it o'er bears, and drowns the hopes of har-
vest;

But wisely manag'd, its divided strength
Is sluic'd in channels, and securely drained;
And while its force is spent, and unsupply'd,
The residue with mounds may be restrain'd,
And dry shod we may pass the naked ford.

Shakespear's Troi. and Gress.

There are a thousand furies in his looks,
And in his deadly silence more loud horror,
Than when in hell the tortur'd and tormentors
Contend whose shrieks are greatest.

Beaumont's Double Marriage.

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B

Bid

2 A POETICAL DICTIONARY.

Bid the sea listen, when the greedy merchant,
To gorge its ravenous jaws hurls all his wealth,
And stand himself upon the splitting dock,
For the last Plunge.

Lee's Cæsar Borgia.

The pain is in my head ; 'tis in my heart ;
'Tis every where ; it rages like a madness,
And I most wonder how my reason holds :

Otway's Orphan.

Oh ! my heart breaks : I'm dying : O stand off :
I'll not indulge this woman's weakness : still
Chaf'd and fomented, let my heart swell on,
Till with its injuries it bursts, and shakes
With the dire blow this poison to the earth :

Otway's Orphan.

Patience ! preach it to the winds,
To roaring seas, or raging fires, the knaves
That teach it, laugh at you when you believe 'em.

Otway's Orphan.

Go bid the moving plains of sand lie still,
And stir not when the stormy south blows high :
From top to bottom thou hast disturbed my soul,
And now 'tis in the madness of the whirl,
Requir'ft a sudden stop :

Dryden's Don Sebastian.

Tempests and whirlwinds thro' his bosom move,
Heave up, and madly mount the soul above
The reach of pity, or the bounds of love.

Dryden's Cleomenes.

O dismal ! 'tis not to be born, ye moralists !
Ye talkers ! what are all your precepts now ?
Patience ! distraction : blast the tyrant, blast him,
Avenging lightnings : snatch him, hence you fiends,

Nature

Nature can bear no more :
Ruin is on her, and she sinks at once.

Rowe's Tamerlane.

At first her rage was dumb, and wanted words ;
But when the storm found way, 'twas wild and
loud :

Mad as the priestess of the Delphic god,
Enthusiastic passions swell'd her breast,
Enlarged her voice, and ruffled all her form.

Rowe's Fair Penitent.

Madness ! confusion ! let the storm come on ;
Let the tumultuous roar drive all upon me !
Dash my devoted bark, ye surges, break it :
'Tis for my ruin that the tempest rises !

Rowe's Fair Penitent.

'Tis all in vain ! this rage that tears thy bosom,
Like a bird that flutters in his cage,
Thou beattst thyself to death,

Rowe's Jane Shore.

Oh, should her raging passions reach his ears,
His tender love by anger fir'd would turn
To burning rage ; as soft Cydonian oil,
Whose balmy juice glides o'er the untasting tongue,
Yet touch'd with fire, with hottest flames will blaze.

Smith's Phe. and Hippo.

How rash, how inconsiderate is rage :
How wretched, oh, how fatal is our error,
When to revenge precipitate we run !
Revenge, that still with double force recoils
Back on itself, and is its own revenge.
While to the short-lived momentary joy
Succeeds a train of woes, an age of torments.
What has thy fury, hapless woman, done ?

4 A POETICAL DICTIONARY.

No more shall slumber crown thy nights with
peace,

No more with grateful sweets the rising sun
Salute thy eyes, and chear thy morning wake.

With sad vicissitude the glorious God,
Rising and setting, shall behold thee wratched.

Frowde's Philotas.

R A I L L E R Y.

But, above all things raillery decline,
Nature but few does for that task design ;
'Tis in the ablest hand a dang'rous tool,
But never fails to wound the meddling fool :
For all must grant, it needs no common art
To keep men patient when we make them smart :
Not wit alone, nor humour's self, will do,
Without good nature, and much prudence too,
To judge aright of persons, place, and time ;
For taste decrees what's low, and what's sublime.
And what might charm to-day, or o'er a glass,
Perhaps at court, or next day would not pass.
Then leave to low buffoons, by custom bred,
And form'd by nature to be kick'd and sed,
The vulgar, and unenvied task, to hit
All persons, right or wrong, with random wit.
Our wise forefathers, born in sober days,
Resign'd to fools the tart and witty phrase ;
The motley coat gave warning for the jest,
Excus'd the wound, and sanctify'd the pest :
But we from high to low all strive to sneer,
Will all be wits, and not the livery wear.

Stilling on Conversation.

R A I N.

He, when embattel'd clouds, in black array,
O'er the wide heavens their gloomy trunks display,
Pours down a watry deluge from on high,
And opens all the sluices of the sky :

The

The rushing torrents drown the floated ground,
The mountains tremble, and the plains resound.

Say, why in lucid drops the balmy rain
With glittering gems impearls the shining plain,
Or wand'ring through the vale, in rills it flows,
And on each flow'r a sudden spring bestows.

Broome.

RAIN (*a Shower in Town.*)

But when the swinging signs your ears offend
With creaking noise, then rainy floods impend;
Soon shall the channels swell with rapid streams,
And rush in muddy torrents to the Thames.
The bookseller whose shop's an open square
Foresees the tempest, and with early care
Of learning strips the rails; the rowing crew,
To tempt a fate, cloath all their tilts in blue:
On hosier poles, depending stockings ty'd,
Flag with the slacken'd gale, from side to side;
Church monuments foretel the changing air;
Then Niobe dissolves into a tear,
And sweats with secret grief: you'll hear the sound
Of whistling winds, ere channels break their bounds,
Ungrateful odours common shores diffuse,
And dropping vaults distil unwholesome dews,
'Ere the tiles rattle with the smoking shower,
And spouts on heedless men their torrents pour.

Gay's Trivia.

Careful observers may foretel the hour,
(By sure prognostics) when to dread a shower:
While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er
Her frolics, and pursues her tail no more.
Returning home at night, you'll find the sink
Strike your offended sense with double stink.

B 3

6 A POETICAL DICTIONARY.

If you be wise, then go not far to dine,
 You'll spend in coach-hire more than save in wine.
 A coming show'r your shooting corns preface;
 Old aches will throb, your hollow tooth will rage.
 Saunt'ring in coffee-house is Dulman seen;
 He damns the climate, and complains of spleen.
 Mean while the south, rising with dabbled wings,
 A fable cloud athwart the welkin flings,
 That swill'd more liquor than it could contain,
 And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.
 Brisk Susan whips her linen from the rope,
 While the first drizzling show'r is borne aslope.
 Such is that sprinkling which some careless quean
 Flirts on you from her mop, but not so clean;
 You fly, invoke the gods; then, turning, stop
 To rail; she, singing, still whirls on her mop,
 Not yet the dust had shunn'd th' unequal strife,
 But, aided by the wind, fought still for life;
 And wasted with its foe by violent gust
 'Twas doubtful which was rain, and which was
 dust.

Ah! where must needy poet seek for aid,
 When dust and rain at once his coat invade;
 His only coat, where dust, confus'd with rain,
 Roughens the nap, and leaves a mingled stain?
 Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
 Threat'ning with deluge this devoted town.
 To shops in crowds the draggled females fly;
 Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
 The templer spruce, while ev'ry spout's abroad,
 Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach.
 The tuck'd-up semstrefs walks with hasty strides,
 While streams run down her oil'd umbrella's sides.
 Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
 Commence acquaintance underneath a shed.
 Triumphant Tories and desponding Whigs
 Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.
 Box'd in a chair the beau impatient sits,
 While spouts run clatt'ring o'er the roof by fits:

And

And ever and anon, with frightful din,
 The leather sounds ; he trembles from within.
 So when Troy chairmen bore the wooden steed,
 Pregnant with Greeks impatient to be freed,
 (Those bully Greeks, who, as the moderns do,
 Instead of paying chairmen, run them through)
 Laocoon struck the outside with his spear,
 And each imprison'd hero quak'd for fear.
 Now from all parts the swelling channels flow,
 And bear their trophies with them, as they go :
 Filth of all stews and odours seem to tell
 What street they sail'd from, by their sight and
 smell.

They, as each torrent drives, with rapid force,
 From Smithfield or Sepulchre's shape their course ;
 And, in huge confluence join'd at Snow hill-ridge,
 Fall from the conduit prone to Holborn-bridge.
 Sweepings from butchers stalls, dung, guts, and
 blood,
 Drown'd puppies, stinking sprats, all drench'd in
 mud ;
 Dead cats, and turnip tops, come tumbling down
 the flood. *Swift.*

R A I N B O W.

The Lord of nature form'd the show'ry bow,
 Tuan'd its gay arch, and bade its colour glow ;
 Its radiant circle compasses the skies,
 And sweetly the rich tinctures faint and rise ;
 It bids the horrors of the storm to cease,
 Adorns the clouds, and makes the tempest peace.
Broome.

Nor ever yet

The melting rainbow's vernal tinctur'd hues
 To me have shone so pleasing, as when first
 The hand of science pointed out the path,

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In which the sun-beams, gleaming from the west,
Fall on the wat'ry cloud, whose darksome veil
Involves the orient, and that trickling show'r,
Piercing through every crystalline convex
Of clust'ring dew-drops, to their flight oppos'd,
Recoil at length, where, concave all behind,
Th' internal surface of each glassy orb
Repels their forward passage into air ;
That thence direct they seek the radiant goal
From which their course began ; and, as they
strike

In diff'rent lines the gazer's obvious eye,
Assume a diff'rent lustre, through the braid
Of colours changing from the splendid rose
To the pale violet's dejected hue.

Akinside's Pleasures of the Imagination.

REASON.

Good reasons must of course give way to better.

Shakespear's Julius Caesar.

Reason was given to curb our headstrong will,
And yet but shews a weak physician's skill ;
Gives nothing while the raging fit doth last,
But stays to cure it when the worst is past :
Reason's a staff for age, when nature's gone ;
But youth is strong enough to walk alone.

Dryden's Conquest of Granada.

If, king of England, in this weighty matter,
On which depends the weal and life of thousands,
You love and seek the truth, let reason judge,
Cool, steady, quiet, and dispassion'd reason :
For never yet, since the proud selfish race
Of men began to jar, did passion give,
Nor ever can it give, a right decision.

Thompson's Edward and Eleonora.

Wou'dst

A POETICAL DICTIONARY. 9

Wou'dst thou destroy the dignity of man,
And level him with brutes — depose fair reason,
And substitute wild, warring appetites,
Disgracing her mild sway — But thou dost
best.

The man who dares to act as thou hast done,
Is in the right to banish his reflection —

Harvard's Regulus.

Reason ! the hoary dotard's dull directress,
That loses all by the hazards nothing :
Reason ! the tim'rous pilot, that to shun
The rocks of life, for ever flies the port.

S. Johnson's Irene.

But, reason's line wants depth to sound heaven's
will.

Hill's Merope.

Alas, had reason ever yet the power
To talk down grief, or bid the tortur'd wretch
Not feel his anguish ! 'tis impossible.
Could reason govern, I should now rejoice
They were engag'd, and count the tedious moments
'Till conquest smil'd, and Rome again was free.
Could reason govern, I should beg of heaven
To guide my brother's sword, and plunge it deep
Ev'n in the bosom of the man I love.
I should forget he ever won my soul ;
Forget 'twas your command that bade me love
him ;

Nay, fly perhaps to yon detested field,
And spurn with scorn his mangled carcase from
me.

Whitehead's Roman Father.

When reason, like the skilful charioteer,
Can break the fiery passions with the bit,
And, spite of their licentious sallies, keep
The radiant tract of glory ; passions then

Are

TO A POETICAL DICTIONARY. A

Are aids and ornaments. Triumphant reason, now
Firm in her seat and swift in her career,
Enjoys their violence, and smiling, thanks
Their formidable flame for high renown.

Young's Brothers.

Sadly, O reason, is thy pow'r express'd,
Thou gloomy tyrant of the frighted breast!
And harsh the rules which we from thee receive,
If for our wisdom we our pleasure give;
And more to think be only more to grieve.
If Judah's king, at thy tribunal try'd,
Forfakes his joy to vindicate his pride;
And, changing sorrows, I am only found
Loos'd from the chains of love, in thine more
strictly bound.

But do I call thee tyrant, or complain,
How hard thy laws, how absolute thy reign?
While thou, alas! art but an empty name,
To no two men, who e'er discours'd, the same;
The idle product of a troubled thought,
In borrow'd shapes and airy colours wrought;
A fancy'd line, and a reflected shade;
A chain which man to fether man has made,
By artifice impos'd, by fear obey'd.
Yet, wretched name, or arbitrary thing,
Whence ever I thy cruel essence bring,
I own thy influence, for I feel thy sting.
Reluctant I perceive thee in my soul,
Form'd to command, and destin'd to controul.
Yes; thy insulting dictates shall be heard:
Virtue for once shall be her own reward.

Prior's Solomon.

O reason! once again to thee I call:
Accept my sorrow, and retrieve my fall,
Wisdom, thou say'st, from heaven receiv'd her
birth;
Her beams transmitted to the subject earth.

A POETICAL DICTIONARY II.

Yet this great empress of the human soul
Does only with imagin'd pow'r controul;
If restless passion, by rebellion's sway,
Compels the weak usurper to obey.

O troubled, weak, and coward, as thou art,
Without thy poor advice the lab'ring heart
To worse extremes with softer steps would run,
Not sav'd by virtue, yet by vice undone.

Prior's Solomon.

Dim as the borrow'd beams of moon and stars,
To lonely, weary, wand'ring travellers,
Is reason to the soul; and as, on high,
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
Nor light us here; so reason's glim'ring ray
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day.
And as those nightly tapers disappear,
When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere,
So pale grows reason at religion's sight;
So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light.

Dryden's Rel. Laici.

O what a pain to think, when every thought,
Perplexing thought, in intricacies runs,
And reason knits th' inextricable toil
In which herself is taken: I am lost;
Poor insect that I am, I am involved,
And bury'd in the web myself have wrought!
One argument is ballanc'd by another,
And reason, reason meets in doubtful fight,
And proofs are countermin'd by equal proofs.

Young's Revenge.

READING.

Toy with your books, and as the various fits

Of humour seize you, from philosophy
 To fable shift, from serious Antonine
 To Rabelais ravings, and from prose to song
 While reading pleases, but no longer, read,
 And read aloud resounding Homer's strains,
 And wield the thunder of Demosthenes;
 The chest so exercis'd improves its strength
 And quick vibrations thro' the bowels drive
 The restless blood, which in unactive days
 Would loiter else thro' unelastic tubes.

Deem it not trifling while I recommend
 What posture suits: to stand and sit by turns,
 As nature prompts, is best, but o'er your leaves;
 To lean for ever cramps the vital parts,
 And robs the fine machinery of its play.

Armstrong's Art of Preserving Health.

REBELLION.

1. There was a time when all the body's mem-
 bers

Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it;—
 That only like a gulph, it did remain
 I'th' midst of the body idle, and unactive,
 Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
 Like labour with the rest; where th' other in-
 struments

Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
 And mutually participate, did minister
 Unto the appetite, and affection common
 Of the whole body. The belly answered,
 (For, look you, I may make the belly smile,
 As well as speak) it tauntingly replied
 To th' discontented members, th' mutinous parts,
 That envy'd his receipt, even so most fitly,
 As you malign our senators, for that
 They are not such as you—

2. Your belly's answer—what:
 The kingly crown'd head, the vigilant eye,

The

The councellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter ;
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabrick, if that they
Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink of the body,

The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer ?

1. Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash, like his accusers : and thus answered :
True it is, my incorp'rate friends, quoth he,
That I receive the gen'ral food at first,
Which you do live upon ; and fit it is,
Because I am the storehouse, and the shop
Of the whole body, but if you do remember,
I send it thro' the rivers of your blood ;
Ev'n to the court the heart ; to the seat o'th' brain ;
And through the cranks, and offices of man,
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency,
Whereby they live. And though that all at once,
You, my good friends, this says the belly, mark
me,

Tho' all at once cannot
See what I deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flow'r of all,
And leave me but the bran, what say you to't ?

2. If was an answer. How apply you this ?

1. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members ; for examine
Their counsels, and their cares ; digest things
rightly,

Touching the weal o'th' common ; you shall find,
No public benefit, which you receive,
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
And no way from yourselves. What do you think ?
You, the great toe of this assembly :—

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2. I the great toe ! why, the great toe ?
 1. For being one of the lowest, basest, poorest,
 Of this most wise rebellion, thou goest foremost ;
 Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
 Lead'st first, to win some 'vantage.—

Shakespear's Coriolanus.

REFORMATION.

I know you all, and will a while uphold
 Th' un-yok'd humour of your idleness ;
 Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
 Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
 To smother up his beauty from the world,
 That when he pleases again to be himself,
 Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
 By breaking thro' the foul and ugly mists
 Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.
 If all the year were playing holy days
 The sport would be as tedious as to work ;
 But when they seldom come, they wish'd for come,
 And nothing pleaseth but fair accidents :
 So when this loose behaviour I throw off
 And pay the debt I never promised ;
 By how much better than my word I am,
 By so much shall I falsify men's hopes ;
 And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
 My reformation glitt'ring o'er my faults,
 Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
 Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
 I'll so offend to make offence a skill ;
 Redeeming time, when men think least I will.

Shakespear's Hen. IV.

REGICIDE.

If I could find example
 Of thousands that had struck anointed kings,
 And flourish'd after, I'd not do't : but since

Not

A PORTICULAR DICTIONARY, 15

Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears even
one,
Let villainy itself forswear it.

Shakespear's Winter Tale.

Shed in a cursed hour, and by a cursed hand,
Blood royal, unreveng'd, has curs'd the land:
Dreadful indeed! Blood, and a king's blood too!
And such a king! and by his subjects shed!
No wonder then,
If monsters, wars, and plagues, revenge such
crimes:

If heaven be just, its whole artillery,
All must be emptied on us: not one bolt,
Shall err from Thebes; but more be call'd for,
more

New moulded thunder of a larger size,
Driven by whole Jove. What! touch anointed
power!

Then gods beware! Jove would himself be next,
Could you but reach him too.

Dryden's and Lee's Oedipus.

How sacred ought kings lives be held,
When but the death of one;
Demands an empire's blood for expiation.

Dryden's and Lee's Oedipus.

REIGN of ELIZABETH.

On Thame's banks, in silent thought we stood,
Where Greenwich smil'd upon the silver flood:
Struck with the feat that gave Eliza birth,
We kneel and kiss the consecrated earth;
In pleasing dreams the blissful age renew,
And call Britannia's glories back to view:
Behold her cross triumphant on the main,
The guard of commerce, and the dread of Spain,

Ere

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E're masquerades debauch'd, excise oppress'd,
Or English honour grew a standing jest

Sam. Johnson.

R E J O I C I N G.

Summon the priests to speedy sacrifice;
Crown every altar; heap the spicy piles,
'Till the vast fanes be hid in smoaky gums:
No pensive look prophane the general joy;
Nor orphan'd matrons be allow'd to mourn;
Nor virgins widow'd on their bridal day.

Tate's Loyal General.

Rouse up, ye Thebans; tune your Io Pæans:
Your king returns triumphant! haste, all haste,
And meet with blessings our victorious king:
Decree processions; bid new holidays;
Crown all the statues of our gods with garlands;
And, as you us'd to supplicate your gods,
So meet your king with bays and olive-branches;
Bow down, and touch his knees!

Dryden's and Lee's Oedipus.

Let spacious Crete throughout her hundred cities,
Resound her Phædra's joy. Let altars smोक,
And richest gums, and spice, and incense roll
The fragrant wreaths to heaven, to pitying heaven!
Set all at large, and bid the loathsome dungeons
Give up the meagre slaves that pine in darkness,
And waste in grief! ———
Let them be cheer'd! let the starv'd prisoners riot,
And glow with generous wine! let sorrow cease!
Let none be wretched, none, since Phædra's happy!

Edm. Smith's Phædra and Hippolitus.

R E L I G I O N.

All under various names adore and love
One power immense, which ever rules above.

Edm. Smith's Phædra and Hippolitus.

By reason man a godhead can discern,
But how he would be worship'd, cannot learn.

Dryden's Conquest of Granada.

If you've religion, keep it to yourself;
Atheists will else make use of toleration,
And laugh you out on't. Never shew religion,
Unless you mean to pass for knaves of conscience,
And cheat believing fools that think you honest.

Otway's Orphan.

Jew, Turk, and Christian differ but in creed;
In ways of wickedness they're all agreed:
None upwards clears the road; they part, and cavil;
But all jog on, unerring, to the devil.

Lansdown's Jew of Venice.

Look round, how providence bestows alike
Sunshine and rain to bless the fruitful year,
On different nations, all of different faiths:
And (tho' by several names and titles worship'd)
Heaven takes the various tribute of their praise,
Since all agree to own, at least to mean,
One best, one greatest, only Lord of all.

Rowe's Tamerlane.

Religious lustre is, by native innocence,
Divinely pure and simple from all arts:
You daub and dress her like a common mistress,
The harlot of your fancies; and by adding
False beauties, which she wants not, make the
world
Suspect her angel's face is foul beneath,
And will not bear all lights.

Rowe's Tamerlane.

Come then, religion, holy, heaven-born maid,
Thou

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Thou surest refuge in our day of trouble,
To thy great guidance, to thy strong protection,
I give my child.

Francis's Eugenia.

Cast off thy idol gods ; and be a Christian ;
That single change reverses all our fates.
Kind to the courted souls of pagan converts,
We have a law, remits their body's doom.
This latent law, by heav'n's peculiar mercy,
Points out a road, and gives a right, to pardon.
Religion can disarm a Christian's anger.

Hill's Alzira.

True religion

Is always mild, propitious, and humble ;
Plays not the tyrant, plants no faith in blood,
Nor bears destruction on her chariot-wheels ;
But stoops to polish, succour, and redress,
And builds her grandeur on the publick good.

Miller's Mabomet.

Sudden on the wond'ring gaze,
From heav'n's broad concave burst the rapid blaze :
At once descending from the realms on high
An angel shape arrests the dazzled eye :
Loose o'er her limbs the floating garments roll'd
Her sparkling pinions flam'd with beamy gold ;
Her eyes like lightening glanc'd a piercing ray,
And all th' illumin'd æther gleam'd with day !
Near as she came, superior tho' resign'd,
Her form majestic aw'd the dubious mind ;
With heighten'd grace her bloomy features glow'd
Free on her robe the mazy ringlets flow'd ;
Her balmy breath ambrosial scents perfume,
And o'er her cheeks was pour'd celestial bloom.
Pale sorrow brightened as religion came,
And slow-pac'd time stood trembling at the name ;

Rage

Rage dragg'd in triumph swell'd her solemn train,
And death behind her groan'd, and clank'd his
chain.

Ogilvie's Odes.

He wears his faith but as the fashion of
His hat, it ever changes with the next block.

Shakespeare's Much ado about Nothing.

Religion's veil'd in types from vulgar eyes;
None e'er return'd to tell celestial joys :
If heav'n were left for every one to see,
Heav'n would be hell, with too much company.

Fame's Love in the Dark.

Zeal against policy maintains debate ;
Heav'n gets the better now, and now the state :
The learned do by turns the learn'd confute,
Yet all depart unalter'd by dispute.
The priestly office cannot be deny'd ;
It wears heav'n's liv'ry, and is made our guide :
But why should we be punish'd if we stray ;
When all our guides dispute, which is the way ?

E. of Orrery's Massapha.

Turn Christian ?

If it be but for three qualities they have,
I'll be none of their society ; first,
They suffer their wives to be their masters ; se-
condly,
They make men thieves for want of maintenance,
And then hang them up for stealing : lastly,
They're mad four times a year, which they call
terms ;
And then they're so purg'd by their physicians,
Which they call lawyers, that some never are
Their own men after.

Dauborne's Christian turned Turk.

One

One thinks on Calvin heav'n's own spirit fell;
 Another deems him instrument of hell;
 If Calvin feel heav'n's blessing, or its rod,
 This cries there is, and that there is no God.
 What shocks one part, will edify the rest,
 Nor with one system can they all be blest;
 The very best will variously incline,
 And who reward your virtue, punish mine.

Pope.

The common cry is ee'r religion's test;
 The Turk's is at Constantinople best;
 Idols in India, popery at Rome;
 And our own worship only true at home:
 And true but for the time; 'tis hard to know
 How long we please it shall continue so.
 This side to-day, and that to-morrow burns;
 So all are God almighties in their turns.

Dryden.

In times o'ergrown with rust and ignorance,
 A gainful trade their clergy did advance;
 When want of learning kept the laymen low,
 And none but priests were authoriz'd to know;
 When what small knowlege was, in them did
 dwell;
 And he a god, who cou'd but read or spell:
 Then mother church did mightily prevail;
 She parcell'd out the bible by retail:
 But still expounded what she sold or gave;
 To keep it in her pow'r to damn and save:
 Scripture was scarce, and, as the market went,
 Poor laymen took salvation on content,
 As needy men take money, good or bad:
 God's word they had not, but the priests they had.
 Yet, whate'er false conveyances they made,
 The lawyer still was certain to be paid.

In

In those dark times they learn'd the knack so well,
 That by long use they grew infallible.
 At last, a knowing age began t'inquire,
 If they the book, or that did them inspire;
 And, making narrower search, they found, tho'
 late,
 That what they thought the priest's was their
 estate
 Taught by the will produc'd (the written word)
 How long they had been cheated on record.
 Then every man, who saw the title fair,
 Claim'd a child's part, and put in for a share:
 Consulted soberly his private good,
 And sav'd himself as cheap as e'er he cou'd.

Dryden's Religio Laici.

Faith is not built on disquisitions vain;
 The things we must believe, are few, and plain:
 But since men will believe more than they need;
 And every man will make himself a creed;
 In doubtful questions 'tis the safest way
 To learn what unsuspected ancients say:
 For its not likely we shou'd higher soar
 In search of heav'n, than all the church before.

Dryden's Religio Laici.

R E M O R S E.

O dire necessity, is this my province?
 Whither, my soul, ah, whither art thou sunk
 Beneath thy sphere? e'er while, far, far above
 Such little arts, dissemblings, falsehoods, frauds,
 The trash of villainy itself, which falls
 To cowards, and poor wretches wanting bread.
 Does this become a soldier? this become
 Whom armies follow'd, and a people lov'd?
 My martial glory withers at the thought.

Young's Revenge.

Why

Why are my thoughts still ministring fresh pain?
 Why are new cares still rankling in my mind?
 Nature aloud calls out for balmy rest,
 But all in vain, my ever waking soul,
 Sits brooding o'er a train of images
 That constant rise in terrib'e array,
 And sink my resolutions into tears.
 But wherefore should vain fancies thus appal?
 Is not an empire subject to my rule!
 Have I not all that fortune could bestow?
 In every thing but name, an emperor!
 Is not ambition glutted with my store?
 And yet that faithful mirror of the mind,
 Reflection, still a gloomy prospect shews.
 Remorse, the raven of a guilty mind,
 Is ever croaking horrid in my ear;
 Often I rouse to banish it away,
 But the tormentor still returns again,
 And like Prometheus's vulture ever gnaws.
 What then is glory without soft repose?
 If sweet content is banish'd from my soul,
 Life grows a burden, and a weight of foe.

Gentleman's Sejanus's.

Oh! my offence is rank! it smells to heaven!—
 It has the primal eldest curse upon it,
 A brother's murder! pray I cannot:
 Tho' inclination be as sharp as will,
 My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
 And like a man to double business bound,
 I stand in pause, where I shall first begin,
 And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
 Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
 Is not there rain enough in the sweet heav'ns
 To wash it white as snow? where to serves mercy,
 But to confront the visage of offence?
 And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,
 To be fore-stall'd e'er we come to fall,

Or

Or pardon'd, being down? then I'll look up;
My fault is past: but, oh! what form of pray'r
Can serve my turn? forgive me my foul murder!
That cannot be, since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder!
My crown, my own ambition, and my queen!
May one be pardon'd and retain th' offence?

Shakespeare's Hamlet.

REPENTANCE.

In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law: but 'tis not so above;
There is no shuffling: there the action lies
In its true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,
Ev'n to the teeth and foreheads of our faults,
To give an evidence. What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can! what can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O wretched state! O bosom, black as death!
O limed soul, that struggling to be free,
Art more engag'd. Help angels! make assay;
Bow stubborn knees; and heart with strings of
steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe:
All may be well.

Shakespeare's Hamlet.

Let wretches loaded hard with guilt, as I am,
Bow with the weight, and groan beneath the bur-
den;

Creep with the remnant of the strength they've left,
Before the foot-stool of the heaven they've injur'd.

Otway's Venice Preserv'd.

'Tis ever thus
With noble minds, if chance they slide to folly;
Remorse

Remorse stings deeper, and relentless conscience
Pours more of gall into the bitter cup
Of their severe repentance.

Mason's Elfrida.

At length the tumult of his soul's appeas'd,
And e'ry doubt and anxious scruple eas'd;
Boldly he proves the dark, uncertain road,
The peace his holy comforter bestow'd,
Guides and protects him like a guardian god.

Rowe's Tamerlane.

The hours of folly, and of fond delight
Are wasted all, and fled: those that remain
Are doom'd to weeping anguish and repentance.

Rowe's Fair Penitent.

This fatal form, that drew on my undoing,
Fasting and tears, and hardships shall destroy:
Nor light, nor food, nor comfort will I know,
Nor aught that may continue hated life.
Then, when you see me meagre, wan, and changed,

Stretch'd at my length, and dying in my cave,
On that cold earth I mean shall be my grave,
Perhaps you may relent, and sighing say,
At length her tears have wash'd her stains away;
At length 'tis time her punishment should cease:
Die thou poor suffering wretch and be at peace.

Rowe's Fair Penitent.

These books teach holy sorrow and contrition,
And penitence. Is it become an art then?
A trick that lazy, dull, luxurious gownmen
Can teach us to do over? I'll no more on't.

I've

I've more real anguish in my heart,
Than all their pedant discipline e'er knew.

Rowe's Fair Penitent.

I've inward turn'd my eyes upon myself,
Where foul offence and shame have laid all waste;
Therefore my soul abhors this wretched dwelling,
And longs to find some better place for rest.

Rowe's Fair Penitent.

I will own the merit of reproach,
And for those foolish days of wanton pride,
My soul is justly humbled in the dust:
Yet let the saints be witness of this truth,
That now, tho' late, I look with horror back,
That I detest my wretched self, and curse
My past polluted life. All judging heav'n
Who knows my crimes, has seen my sorrow for 'em:

Rowe's Jane Shore.

'Tis time enough
To whine and mortify thyself with penance,
When the decaying sense is pall'd with pleasure,
And weary nature tires in her last stage:
Then weep and tell thy beads, when alt'ring
rheums

Have stain'd the lustre of thy starry eyes,
And failing palsies shake thy wither'd hand;
The present moments claim more generous use.

Rowe's Jane Shore.

O ye powers! that search
The heart of man, and weigh his inmost thoughts!
If I've done amiss, impute it not:
The best may err, but ye are good!

Addison's Cato.

Good ruffians, give me leave; my blood is yours;
 The wheel's prepar'd, and you shall have it all;
 Let me but look one moment on the dead,
 And pay yourselves with gazing on my pangs.
 Is this Alonzo? where's the haughty mien?
 Is that the hand which smote me? Heav'n's; how
 pale!

And art thou dead? so is my enmity:
 I war not with the dust: the great, the proud,
 The conqueror of Afric, was my foe.
 A lion preys not upon carcases:
 This was the only method to subdue me;
 Terror and doubt fall on me; all thy good
 Now blazes; all thy guilt is in the grave:
 Never had man such funeral applause.
 If I lament thee, sure thy worth was great:
 O vengeance! I have follow'd thee too far,
 And to receive me hell blows all her fires.

Young's Revenge.

What! will this penitence not move thee? know
 There is a rose-lip'd seraph sits on high,
 Who ever bends his holy ear to earth
 To mark the voice of penitence, to catch
 Her solemn sighs, to tune them to his harp,
 And echo them in harmonies divine
 Up to the throne of grace. Ev'n heav'n is won
 By penitence. *Mason's Elfrida,*

Heaven and angels
 Take great delight in a converted sinner.
 Why should you then, a servant and professor,
 Differ so much from them? If ev'ry woman
 That commits evil, should be therefore kept
 Back in desires of goodness, how should virtue
 Be known and honour'd? From a man that's blind,
 To take a burning taper, 'tis no wrong;

He

He never misses it : but to take light
 From one that sees, that's injury and spight.
 Pray whether is religion better serv'd,
 When lives that are licentious are made honest,
 Or when they still run through a sinful blood ?
 'Tis nothing vertue's temples to deface ;
 But build the ruins, there's a work of grace.

Middleton's Women beware Women.

Man should do nothing that he should repent ;
 But if he have, and say that he his sorry ;
 It is a worse fault, if he be not truly.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Honest Man's Fortune.

To this brittle glass of life, already broken
 With misery, the long and quiet sleep
 Of death would be most welcome : yet before
 We end our pilgrimage, 'tis fit that we
 Should leave corruption and foul sins behind us,
 But with wash'd feet and hands, the heathens dar'd
 not

Enter their prophane temples ; and for me
 To hope my passage to eternity
 Can be made easy, till I have shook off
 The burthen of my sins in free confession,
 Aided with sorrow, and repentance for them,
 Is against reason. 'Tis not laying by
 My royal ornaments, or putting on
 This garment of humility and contrition,
 The throwing dust and ashes on my head,
 Long fasts to tame my proud flesh, that can make
 Atonement for my soul ; that must be humbled ;
 All outward signs of penitence else are useless.

Massinger's Emperor of the East.

Sorrow for past ills doth restore frail man
 To his first innocence. *Nabb's Microcosmus.*

R E P O R T.

Reason with the fellow,
 Before you punish, where he heard this ;
 Lest you should chance to whip your information,
 And beat the messenger, who bids beware
 Of what is to be dreaded.

Shakespear's Coriolanus.

Open your ears : for which if you will stop
 The vent of hearing, when loud rumour speaks ?
 I from the orient to the drooping west,
 Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
 The acts commenced on this ball of earth.
 Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
 The which in ev'ry language I pronounce ;
 Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
 I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
 Under the smile of safety, wounds the world :
 And who but rumour, who but only I,
 Make fearful musters, and prepar'd defence ,
 Whilst the big year, swollen with some other
 griefs,
 Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
 And no such matter ? Rumour is a pipe
 Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures,
 And of so easy and so plain a stop,
 That the blunt monster, with uncounted heads,
 The still-discordant wav'ring multitude,
 Can play upon it. But what need I thus
 My well known body to anatomise
 Among my household ? from rumour's tongues,
 They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true
 wrongs.

Shakespear's Second Part of K. Henry IV.

The

The hope and expectation of thy time
 Is ruin'd, and the soul of every man
 Prophetically does forethink thy fall.
 Had I so lavish of my presence been,
 So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,
 So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
 Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
 Had still kept loyal to possession;
 And left me in reputeless banishment,
 A fellow of no mark or likelihood.
 By being seldom seen I could not stir,
 But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at:
 That men would tell their children, this is he.
 Others would say, where; which is Bolinbroke?
 And then I stole all courtesy from heav'n,
 And dress'd myself in such humility,
 That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
 Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
 Ev'n in the presence of the crowned king.
 Thus did I keep my person fresh and new;
 My presence, like a robe pontifical,
 Ne'er seen, but wonder'd at; and so my state,
 Seldom, but sumptuous, shewed like a feast,
 And won, by rareness, such solemnity:
 The skipping king, he ambled up and down
 With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,
 Soon kindled, and soon burnt; carded his state;
 Mingled his royalty with carping fools;
 Had his great name prophaned with their scorns;
 And gave his countenance against his name,
 To laugh at gybing boys, and stand the push
 Of ev'ry beardless, vain comparative:
 Grew a companion to the common streets,
 Enfeoff'd himself by popularity:
 That, being daily swallow'd by mens eyes,
 They surfeited with honey; and began
 To loath the taste of sweetness; whereof a little
More

More than a little, is by much too much.
 So when he had occasion to be seen,
 He was, but, as the cuckow is in June,
 Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes,
 As, sick and blunted with community,
 Afford no extraordinary gaze;
 Such as is bent on sun-like majesty,
 When it shines seldom in admiring eyes:
 But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids down,
 Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect,
 As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
 Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and
 full.

And in that very line, Harry, standst thou;
 For thou has lost thy princely privilege
 With vile participation. Not an eye,
 But is a-weary of thy common sight,
 Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more;
 Which now doth, what I would not have it do,
 Make blind itself with foolish tendernefs.

Shakespear's First Part of K. Hen. IV.

R E P R O O F.

I will not let thee sleep, nor eat, nor drink;
 But I will ring thee such a piece of chiding
 Thou shalt confefs the troubled sea more calm;
 That thunder with less violence cleaves the air,
 The ravens, screech howls, and the mandrake
 voice
 Shall be thy constant music.

Randolph's Jealous Lovers.

Forbear sharp speeches to her; she's a lady
 So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
 And strokes death to her.

Shakespear's Cymbeline.

Thou

Thou turnest mine eyes into my very soul,
And there I see such black and grand spots
As will not leave their tincts.

Shakespear's Hamlet.

If any one chance to behold himself,
Let him not dare to challenge me of wrong ;
For, if he shame to have his follies known,
First he should shame to act them : my strict hand
Was made to seize on vice, and, with a gripe,
Squeeze out the humour of such spongy natures,
As lick up ev'ry idle vanity.

Johnson's Every Man out of his Humour.

You have heard
The fiction of the north-wind and the sun,
Both working on a traveller, and contending
Which had most pow'r to take his cloak from
him :

Which, when the wind attempted, he roar'd out
Outrageous blasts at him, to force it off,
Then wrapt it closer on : when the calm sun
(The wind once leaving) charg'd him with still
beams,

Quiet, and fervent, and therein was constant,
Which made him cast off both his cloak and coat :
Like whom should men do ; if ye wish your wives
Should leave dislik'd things, seek it not with rage ;
For that enrages : what ye give, ye have :
But use calm warnings, and kind manly means ;
And that in wives, most prostitute, will win
Not only sure amends, but makes us wives,
Better than those that ne'er led faulty lives.

Chapman's Revenge of Bussey D'ambois.

Prithee forgive me ;
I did but chide in jest ; the best loves use it

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Sometimes, it sets an edge upon affection.
When we invite our best friends to a feast,
'Tis not all sweet-meats that we set before them;
There's somewhat sharp and salt both to whet
appetite,

And make them taste their wine well: so methinks
After a friendly, sharp, and savoury chiding,
A kiss tastes wond'rous well, and full o' th' grape.

Middleton's Women beware Women.

As from water
Cast on bitumen, so from these sharp checks
My flame encreaseth.

Nabb's Hannibal and Scipio.

Do not with too severe
A harshness chide the error of his love;
Left like a chrystal stream, which, unoppos'd
Runs with a smooth brow gently in its course,
Being stopp'd o' th' sudden, his calm nature riot
Into a wilful fury, and persist
In his intended fancy?

Glaphorne's Albertus Wallenstien.

Reprove not in their wrath incensed men;
Good council comes clean out of season then:
But when his fury is appeas'd, and pass'd,
He will conceive his fault, and mend at last.
When he is cool, and calm, then utter it;
No man gives physic in the midst o' th' fit.

Randolph.

R E P U T A T I O N.

The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is spotless reputation: that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.

A

A jewel, in a ten times barr'd up chest,
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.

Shakespeare's Richard II.

Not being the worst stands in some rank of praise.

Shakespeare's K. Lear.

The gravity and stillness of your youth,
The world had noted; and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure. What's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion.—

Shakespeare's Othello.

Oh! I have lost my reputation!
I have lost th' immortal part of myself,
And what remains is bestial.—

Shakespeare's Othello.

Good name in man or woman
Is the immediate jewel of our souls.
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something,
nothing:

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thou-
sands:

But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
But makes me poor indeed.

Shakespeare's Othello.

O reputation! dearer far than life,
Thou precious balsam, lovely, sweet of smell,
Whose cordial drops once spilt by some rash hand,
Not all the owner's care, nor the repenting toil
Of the rude spiller ever can collect
To its first purity and native sweetness.

Sewall's Sir Walter Raleigh.

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Dost thou know what reputation is ?
Upon a time, reputation, love, and death,
Would travel o'er the world ; and 'twas concluded
That they should part, and take three several ways.
Death told 'em they should find him in great bat-
tles ;

Or cities visited with plagues : love gives them
counsel

To inquire for him 'mongst unambitious shepherds,
Where dowries were not talk'd of ; and some-
times

'Mongst quiet kindred, that had nothing left 'em
By their dead parents : But, says reputation,
Do not forsake me ; for it is my nature,
If once I part from any man I meet,
I am never found again !

Webster's Unfortunate Dutchess, &c.

Had he unjustly fallen, your name had then
Been stain'd to latest times with foul reproach.
And what more dreadful, more to be abhorr'd,
Than to be known with infamy for ever !

Paterfon's Arminius.

RESIGNATION.

Accuse not heav'n's high will,
Nor struggle with the ten-fold chain of fate
That links thee to thy woes ! O, rather yield,
And wait the happier hour, when innocence
Shall weep no more. Rest in that pleasing hope,
And yield thyself to heav'n. *Barbarossa.*

Bid her remember that the ways of heav'n,
Tho' dark, are just : That oft some gardian pow'r
Attends unseen, to save the innocent !
But if high heav'n decrees our fall, — O bid
her

Firmly to wait the stroke ; prepar'd alike
To live or die. *Barbarossa.*

R E S O L U T I O N.

The fix'd and noble mind
Turns all occurrence to its own advantage,
And I'll make vengeance of calamity.
Were I not thus reduc'd, thou wouldst not know,
That thus reduc'd I dare defy thee still :
Torture thou may'st ; but thou shalt ne'er despise me :
The blood will follow where the knife is driv'n ;
The flesh will quiver where the pincers tear ;
And sighs and cries by nature grow on pain :
But these are foreign to the soul : not mine
The groans that issue, or the tears that fall ;
They disobey me ; on the rack I scorn thee
As when my faulchion clove thy helm in battle.

Young's Revenge.

Let come what will, I mean to bear it out,
And either live with glorious victory,
Or die with fame, renown'd for chivalry :
He is not worthy of the honey-comb,
That shuns the hive because the bees have stings.
That likes me best that is not got with ease,
Which thousand dangers do accompany :
For nothing can dismay our regal mind,
Which aims at nothing but a golden crown,
The only upshot of mine enterprizes.
Were they enchanted in grim Pluto's court,
And kept for treasure 'mong his hellish crew,
I'd either quell the triple Cerberus,
And all the army of his hateful hags,
Or roll the stone with wretched Sisyphus.

Shakespeare's Locrine.

Experience teacheth us,

C 5

That

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That resolution's a sole help at need :
 And this, my lord, our honour teacheth us,
 That we be bold in ev'ry enterprize:
 Then since there is no way, but fight or dye,
 Be resolute, my lord, for victory.

Shakespeare's Locrine.

Why look you sad ?
 Be great in act, as you have been in thought :
 Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust
 Govern the motion of a kingly eye :
 Be stirring as the time ; be fire with fire ;
 Threaten the threat'ner, and out-face the brow
 Of bragging horror : so shall inferior eyes,
 That borrow their behaviour from the great,
 Grow great by your example ; and put on
 The dauntless spirit of resolution.
 Away, and glister like the god of war,
 When he intendeth to become the field ;
 Shew boldness and aspiring confidence.
 What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
 And fright him there ? and make him tremble
 there ?
 Oh, let it not be said ! forage, and run
 To meet displeasure farther from the doors ;
 And grapple with him, 'ere he come so nigh.

Shakespeare's King John.

Tell fools of fools,
 And those effeminate cowards that do dream
 Of those fantastick other worlds : there is
 Not such a thing in nature ; all the soul
 Of man is resolution ; which expires
 Never from valiant men, till their last breath ?
 And then with it, like to a flame extinguish'd,
 For want of matter, it does not die, but
 Rather ceases to live.

Chapman's Revenge for Honour.

Preach patience to thy slaves, and not to me,
I am a Roman—what are my crimes?—proclaim
’em ;

Am I too rich, too honest for these times?
Have I or treasures, jewels, house or lands,
Which some informer gapes for? is my strength
Too much to be admitted, or my knowledge?
These, in our present state, are counted crimes.

Gent. Sejanus.

I stand

On a sure ground, unshaken as a rock
That bears the force of storms, yet still remains
Firm on the base, and rears its lofty head
Above the clouds.

Busbe's Socrates.

My wife comes foremost, then the honour'd
mould

Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood ; but, out affection :
All bond and privilege of nature break :
Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.

What is that curt'sy worth, or those doves eyes
Which can make gods forsworn? I melt and am
not

Of stronger earth than others, my mother bows,
As if Olympus to a mole hill should
In supplication nod, and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries, “ deny not.” Let the Volscians
Plow Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never
Be such a gossling to obey instinct ; but stand
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

Shakespear's Coriolanus.

RESURRECTION.

RESURRECTION.

Rous'd from their sleep unnumber'd myriads
come,

All wak'd at once, and burst the yielding tomb ;
O'er the broad deep the loosen'd members swim ;
Each sweeping whirlwind bore the flying limb ;
The living atoms with peculiar care,
Drawn from their cells, came speeding thro' the
air ;

Whether they lurk'd thro' ages undecay'd
Deep in the rock, or cloath'd some smiling mead ;
Or in the lilly's snowy bosom grew ;
Or ting'd the saphire with its lovely blue ;
Or in some purling stream refresh'd the plains ;
Or form'd the mountain's adamantine veins ;
Or, gaily sporting in the breathing spring,
Perfum'd the whisp'ring zypher's balmy wing :
All heard ; and now, in fairer prospect shown
Limb clung to limb, and bone rejoin'd its bone ;
Here stood, improv'd in strength, the graceful
frame ;

There flow'd the circling blood, a purer stream ;
The beaming eye its dazzling light resumes,
Soft on the lip the tinctur'd ruby blooms ;
The beating pulse a keener ardor warms,
And beauty triumphs in immortal charms.

Ogilvie's Day of Judgment.

At midnight, 'tis presum'd this pomp will burst
From tenfold darkness ; sudden as the spark
From smitten steel ; from nitrous grain the blaze.
Man, starting from his couch, shall sleep no
more !

The day is broke, which never more shall close !
Above, around, beneath, amazement all !

Terror

Terror and glory join'd in their extremes !
 Our God in grandeur, and our world on fire !
 All nature struggling in the pangs of death !

Young's Night Thoughts.

Shall man alone, whose fate, whose final fate,
 Hangs on that hour, exclude it from his thoughts ?
 I think of nothing else, I see ! I feel it !
 All nature, like an earthquake, trembling round !
 All deities, like summer swarms, on wings,
 All basking in the full meridian blaze !
 I see the judge enthron'd, the flaming guard,
 The volume open'd ! open'd every heart !
 A Sun-beam pointing out each secret thought !
 No patron ! intercessor none ! now past
 The sweet, the clement mediatorial hour !
 For guilt no plea ! to pain no pause ! no bound !
 Inexorable all ! and all extreme !

Young's Night Thoughts.

RETIREMENT.

Has not old custom made this life more sweet
 Than that of painted pomp ? are not these woods
 More free from peril than the anxious court ?
 And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running
 brooks,
 Sermons in stones, and good in every thing !

Shakespear's As you like it.

Ah prince ! hadst thou but known the joys which
 dwell
 With humble fortunes, thou wouldst curse thy
 royalty !
 Had fate allotted us some obscure village,
 Where only blest with life's necessaries,
 We might have pass'd in peace our happy days,

Free

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Free from the cares which crowns and empires
bring!

There no step-mother no ambitious mother,
No wicked statesman, would with impious arts
Have strove to wrest from us our small inheritance,
Or stir the simple hinds to noisy faction!

Our nights had been all blest with balmy slumbers,
And all our waking hours been crown'd with
love! *Rowe's Ambitious Step-Mother.*

Fly with me to some safe, some sacred privacy,
There charm my senses with Semanthe's accents,
There pour thy balm into my love-sick soul,
And heal my cares for ever.

Rowe's Ulysses.

Within an antient forest's ample verge,
There stands a lonely, but a healthful dwelling,
Built for convenience and the use of life:
Around it fallows, meads, and pastures fair,
A little garden, and a limpid brook,
By nature's own contrivance seem dispos'd:
No neighbours but a few poor simple clowns,
Honest and true, with a well meaning priest;
No faction or domestick fury's rage,
Did e'er disturb the quiet of that place.

Rowe's Jane Shore.

Let me advise thee to retreat betimes
To thy paternal seat, the Sabine field,
Where the great censor toil'd with his own
hands,

And all our frugal ancestors were blest
In humble virtues, and a rural life!

There live retir'd; pray for the peace of Rome;
Content thyself to be obscurely good!

When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The

The post of honour is a private station.

Addison's Cato.

I fly from care and strife,
And gently tread the downward path of life:
No more expose myself to fortune's sport,
The noise of war, or whispers of a court:
In letter'd solitude unenvied reign,
Admire the hills, but live upon the plain.

Sewell's Sir Walter Raleigh.

We'll fly to some far distant lonely village,
Forget our former state, and breed with slaves,
Sweat in the eye of day, and when night comes
With bodies coarsely fill'd, and vacant souls,
Sleep like the labour'd hinds, and never think;
For if I think again, I shall go mad.

Sewell's Sir Walter Raleigh.

Glad will I throw this regal pomp aside,
And, instant with you seek some distant country,
Some gloomy Thracian dale, where piny Hemus
May wrap us in impenetrable shade:
There, there, the coarsest life, fed by hard toil,
Will be luxurious ease to what I feel,
To this big pang, that labours at my heart,
And fires my mingling passions into anguish.

Thomson's Agamemnon.

I see there is no man but may make his paradise,
And it is nothing but his love and dotage
Upon the world's foul joys, that keeps him out
on't;

For he that lives retir'd in mind and spirit,
Is still in paradise; and has his innocence.

Partly

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Partly allow'd for his companion too,
As much as stands with justice ; here no eyes
Shoot their sharp pointed scorn upon my shame ;
They know no terms of reputation here,
No punctual limits, or precise dimensions ;
Plain downright honesty (all the beauty
And elegancy of life) found 'mongst shepherds ;
For knowing nothing nicely, or desiring it,
Quits many a vexation from the mind,
With which our quainter knowledge doth abuse
us.

The name of envy is a stranger here,
That dries men's blood abroad, robs health and
rest :

Why here's no such fury thought on, no nor
falshood,

That brotherly disease, fellow-like devil,
That plays within our bosom, and betrays us.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Nice Valour.

But blest is he, who, exercised in cares,
To private leisure public virtue bears ;
Who tranquil ends the race he nobly run,
And decks repose with trophies labour won :
Him honour follows to the secret shade,
And crowns propitious his declining head :
In his retreats their harps the muses string,
For him in lays unbought spontaneous sing.
Friendship and truth on all his moments wait,
Pleased with retirement better than with state ;
And round the bower where humbly great he lies
Fair olives bloom, or verdant lawrels rise.

L. Littleton.

How nobly does this venerable wood,
Gilt with the glories of the orient sun,
Embosom yon fair mansion ! the soft air

Salutes

Salutes me with most cool and temp'rate breath;
 And as I tread, the flow'r-besprinkled lawn
 Sends up a gale of fragrance. I should guess,
 If e'er content deign'd visit mortal clime,
 This was her place of dearest residence.

Mason's Elfrida.

Then let us hence from this detested place;
 My rescu'd soul disdains the house of greatness;
 Where humble honesty can find no shelter,
 From hence we'll fly where love and virtue call,
 Where happiness invites—that wish of all;
 With sweet content enjoy each blissful hour
 Beyond the smiles of fraud, or frowns of power.

Jone's Earl of Essex.

Now for our mountain sport up to yon hill;
 Your legs are young: I'll tread these flats. Consider;
 When you, above, perceive me like a crow,
 That it is place which lessens and sets off;
 And you may then revolve what tales I told you,
 Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war;
 That service is not service, so being done,
 But being so allow'd. To apprehend thus,
 Draws us a profit from all things we see:
 And often, to our comfort, shall we find
 The sharded beetle in a safer hold,
 Than is the full-wing'd eagle. Oh, this life
 Is nobler than attending for a check;
 Richer, than doing nothing for a bauble;
 Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
 Such gain, the cap of him, that makes them fine,
 Yet keeps his book uncross'd; no life to ours.

2. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor,
 unfledg'd,
 Have neither wing'd from view o'th' nest; or
 know,

What

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What air's from home. Haply this life is best,
If quiet life is best ; sweeter to you,
That have a sharper known : Well corresponding
With your stiff age ; but unto us, it is
A cell of ign'rance ; travelling a-bed,
A prison, for a debtor that not dares
To stride a limit.

3. What should we speak of,
When we are old as you ? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December ? how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away ? we have seen
nothing ;

We're beastly ; subtle as the fox for prey ;
Live warlike as the wolf, for what we eat :
Our valour is to chase what flies ; our cage
We make a choir as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

1. How you speak !

Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly ; the art o'th' court,
As hard to leave, as keep ; whose top to climb,
Is certain falling ; or so slipp'ry, that
The fear's as bad as falling.

Shakespeare's Cymbeline.

Thy father's poverty has made thee happy ;
For tho' 'tis true, this solitary life
Suits not with youth and beauty, O, my child !
Yet 'tis the sweetest guardian to protect
Chaste names from court-aspersions : there a lady
Tender and delicate in years and graces,
That doats upon the charms of ease and pleasure,
Is shipwreck'd on the shore ! for 'tis much safer
To trust the ocean in a leaking ship,
Than follow greatness in the wanton rites
Of luxury and sloth.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Laws of Candy.

None can describe the sweets of country life,
But those blest men that do enjoy and taste them.
Plain husbandmen, tho' far below our pitch
Of fortune plac'd, enjoy a wealth above us :
To whom the earth with true and bounteous
justice

Free from war's cares returns an easy food.
They breathe the fresh and uncorrupted air,
And by clear brooks enjoy untroubled sleeps.
Their state is fearless and secure, enrich'd
With sev'ral blessings, such as greatest kings
Might in true justice envy, and themselves
Would count too happy, if they truly knew them.

2. 'Tis true, Crispinus, greatest monarchs oft
Have in the midst of all their careful glories
Desir'd such lives as those plain people lead.

1. Let us enjoy that happiness then, Lucius,
The country sports and recreations,
And friends as innocent as we, with whom
We need not fear the strength of richest wine
In drawing out our secrets : but, well fill'd,
At supper time, may hold a free discourse
Of Cæsar's weakness ; of the wealth and pride
Of his freed-men ; how lordly Pallas rules ;
How fierce and cruel Agrippina is ;
What slaves the Roman senate are become ;
And yet next morning wake with confidence.

May's Agrippina.

I.

If those who live in shepherd's bower
Press not the rich and stately bed,
The new-mown hay and breathing flower
A softer couch beneath them spread.

2.

If those who sit at shepherd's board,
Sooth not their taste by wanton art,
They take what nature's gifts afford
And take it with a chearful heart.

3.

If those who drain the shepherd's bowl,
No high or sparkling wines can boast,
With wholesome cups they chear the soul,
And crown them with the village toast.

4.

If those who join in shepherds sport,
Gay dancing on the daisied ground,
Have not the splendor of the court,
Yet love adorns the merry round.

Mallet and Thomson.

REVENGE.

What tho' this mighty soul his grief contains?
He meditates revenge, who least complains;
And like a lion, slumb'ring in his way,
Or sleep dissembling, while he waits his prey:
His fearless foes within his distance draws,
Constrains his roaring, and contracts his paws;
Till, at the last, his time for fury found,
He shoots with sudden vengeance from the ground;
The prostrate vulgar passes o'er, and spares,
But with a lordly rage his hunter tears.

Dryden's Absalom and Abithophel.

O that the slave had forty thousand lives,
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge,
I wou'd have him nine years a killing.

Shakespear's Othello.

Like

Like to the Pontic sea,
 Whose icy current and compulsive course,
 Ne'er knows retiring ebb, but keeps due on
 To the Propontic and the Hellespont:
 Ev'n so my bloody thoughts, with bloody pace,
 Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love;
 Till that a capable, and a wide revenge
 Swallow them up.

Shakespeare's Othello.

Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
 Had stomach for them all.

Shakespeare's Othello.

'Tis brave and noble, when the falling weight
 Of my own ruin crushes those I hate.

Shakespeare's Othello.

Let not Medea's dreadful vengeance stand
 A pattern more, but draw your own so fierce,
 It may for ever be th' original:
 Touch not, but dash with strokes so bravely bold,
 Till you have form'd a face of so much horror,
 That gaping furies may run frightened back!
 That fury may devour herself for madness,
 And sad Medusa's head be turn'd to stone.

Lee's Alexander.

Yes, Alexander, now thou pay'st me well:
 Blood for a blow is interest indeed!
 Methinks I am grown taller with the murder;
 And standing strait on this majestic pile,
 I hit the clouds, and see the world below me.

Lee's Alexander.

Remember he's a man: his flesh is soft,
 And penetrable as a girl's: we've seen him
 wounded,

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A stone has struck him, yet no thunder-bolt,
A pebble fell'd this Jupiter along :
A sword has cut him, and a javelin pierc'd him ;
A surfeit, nay, a fit of common sickness,
Brings this immortal to the gate of death.

Lee's Alexander.

Oh! my Mandane,
The gods by dreadful means bestow success,
And in their vengeance most severely bless,
From thy bright streaming eyes our triumphs flow.
The tyrant falls, Mandane strikes the blow.
So the fair moon when seas swell high and pour
A wasteful deluge on the trembling shore;
Inspires the tumult from her clouded throne,
Where silent, pensive, pale, she sits alone,
And all the distant ruin is her own.

Young's Busiris.

Come, ye sister furies !
Daughters of hate and hell ! arise, inflame
My murderous purpose ; pour into my veins,
Your gall, your scorpion-fellness, your keen horrors,
That sting to madness ; till my burning vengeance
Hath her full draught of blood.

Eurydice.

Inspire me, great revenge, to shape my course,
That no appearance of design be seen.
Haste to Craterus, as a slave inform him,
Thy mistress might, perhaps, clear up the plot :
Throw't in his way to force detection from me :
This shall have good effect. The specious truth,
That seems extorted, shall have double weight ;
It cannot fail : I'll feast me on the thought :
And while revenge, to make more sure the blow,
Like age, proceeds with cautious steps, and slow ;
From

From tardy time, that may my hopes destroy,
Eager I'll snatch the bliss, and ruminate my joy.

Frowde's Philotas.

ZANGA.

Thy wife is guiltless ; that's one transport to me ;
And I, I let thee know it ; that's another :
I urg'd Don Carlos to resign his mistress ;
I forg'd the letter ; I dispos'd the picture ;
I hated ; I despis'd ; and I destroy.

ALONZO.

Oh !

ZANGA.

Why, this is well—why, this is blow for blow,
Where are you ? crown me, shadow me with
laurels,

Ye spirits, who delight in just revenge :
Let Europe, and her pallid sons, go weep ;
Let Afric, and her hundred thrones rejoice.
O my dear countrymen ; look down, and see
How I bestride your prostrate conqueror :
I tread on haughty Spain, and all her kings ;
But this is mercy ; this is my indulgence ;
'Tis peace, 'tis refuge, from my indignation :
I must awake him into horrors. Ho !
Alonzo : ho ! the Moor is at the gate ;
Awake, invincible, omnipotent !
Thou who dost all subdue.

ALONZO.

Inhuman slave !

ZANGA.

Fall'n Christian, thou mistak'st my character.
Look on me. Who am I ? I know thou say'st
The Moor ; a slave ; an abject, beaten slave

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D

(Eternal

(Eternal woes to him that made me so!)
 But look again. Has six years cruel bondage
 Extinguish'd majesty so far, that nought
 Shines here, to give an awe of one above thee?
 When the great Moorish king, Abdalla, fell,
 Fell by thy hand accurst, I fought fast by him;
 His son, tho' thro' his fondness, in disguise,
 Less to expose me to th' ambitious foe,
 Ha! does it wake thee? O'er my father's corse
 I stood astride, till I had clove thy crest;
 And then was made the captive of a squadron,
 And sunk into thy servant—but, O! what,
 What were my wages? hear nor heav'n nor
 earth.

My wages were a blow; by heav'n a blow;
 And from a mortal hand.

ALONZO.

O villain! villain!

ZANGA.

All strife is vain:

ALONZO.

Is thus my love return'd?
 Is this my recompence? make friends of tygers:
 Lay not your young, O mothers, on the breast,
 For fear they turn to serpents as they lie,
 And pay you for their nourishment with death.
 Carlos is dead, and Leonora dying:
 Both innocent, both murdered, both by me:
 That heav'nly maid, who should have lived for
 ever,

At least have gently slept her soul away;
 Whose life should have shut up as evening flowers
 At the departing sun, was murder'd—murder'd!
 O shame! O guilt! O horror! O remorse!

O

O punishment! had Satan never fell,
Hell had been made for me, O Leonora!

ZANGA.

Must I despise thee too, as well as hate thee?
Complain of grief, complain thou art a man.
Priam from fortune's lofty summit fell;
Great Alexander 'midst his conquests mourn'd;
Heroes and demi-gods have known their sorrows;
Cæsars have wept, and I have had—my blow:
But 'tis reveng'd; and now my work is done:
Yet, e'er I fall, be it one part of vengeance,
To make e'en thee confess that I am just:
Thou seest a prince, whose father thou hast slain,
Whose native country thou hast laid in blood;
Whose sacred person, oh! thou hast prophan'd;
Whose reign extinguish'd: what was left to me
So highly born; no kingdom, but revenge;
No treasure, but thy tortures and thy groans.
If men should ask who brought thee to thy end,
Tell them the Moor, and they will not despise
thee.

If cold white mortals censure this great deed,
Warn them, they judge not of superior beings,
Souls made of fire, and children of the sun;
With whom revenge is virtue; fare thee well.
Now, fully satisfied, I should take leave;
But one thing grieves me; since thy death is near,
I leave thee my example how to die.

Young's Revenge.

Proud, hated Spain: oft drench'd in Moorish
blood,

Dost thou not feel a deadly foe within thee?
Shake not thy tow'rs where'er I pass along,
Conscious of ruin and their great destroyer?

Shake to the centre, if Alonzo's dear.
 Look down, O holy prophet ! see me torture
 This Christian dog, this infidel, who dares
 To smite thy vot'ries, and to spurn thy law ;
 And yet hopes pleasure from two radiant eyes,
 Which look as they were lighted up for thee :
 Shall he enjoy thy paradise below ?
 Blast the bold thought, and curse him with her
 charms.

Young's Revenge.

Be propitious,
 O Mahomet, on this important hour,
 And give at length my famish'd soul revenge ;
 What is revenge, but courage to call in
 Our honour's debts, and wisdom to convert
 Other's self-love into our own protection ?

Young's Revenge.

He who can bear such wrong with steady mind,
 Knows how with fit occasion to retort.
 Wrath, wrap'd in darkness, carries certain fate
 Revenge were lost, should I profess my hate.
 Vengeance shall gather like a summer storm,
 No clouds shall low'r, till fiends the deed perform.
 Take him, when unprepared to stand the blast,
 And make one fatal stroke, the first and last.

Gentleman's Sejanus.

If this be not revenge, when it is done,
 And made quite perfect ; let Egyptian slaves,
 Parthians, and bare-foot Hebrews, brand my face,
 And mark my body full of injuries.
 Thou lost'st thyself, boy Drusus, for to think
 Thou could'st outstrip my vengeance, or withstand
 The pow'r I have to crush thee into air.
 Thy follies now shall feel what kind of man

They

They have provok'd, and thy fond father's house
Crack in the flame of my incensed rage;
Whose fury shall admit no shame or mean.

Gentleman's Sejanus.

I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak;
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more:
I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh and yield
To Christian intercessions.

Shakespear's Merchant of Venice.

Pleasure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders, to the voice
Of any true decision.

Shakespear's Troilus and Cressida.

REVOLUTION.

Look nature through, 'tis revolution all;
All change, no death, day follows night; and night
The dying day; stars rise and set, and rise;
Earth takes th' example. See, the summer gay,
With her green chaplet, and ambrosial flowers,
Droops into pallid autumn; winter grey,
Horrid with frost, and turbulent with storm,
Blows autumn and his golden fruits away;
Then melts into the spring: soft spring, with breath,
Favonian, from warm chambers of the south,
Recalls the first; all, to re-flourish, fades.
As, in a wheel, all sinks to re-ascend,
Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.

Young's Night Thoughts.

RICHES.

Riches, like insects, when conceal'd they lie,
Wait but for wings, and in their season fly.

Pope's Moral Essays.

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To whom can riches give repute and trust,
Content or pleasure, but the good and just?
Judges and senates have been bought for gold,
Esteem and love were never to be sold.

Pope's Essay on Man.

Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earn'd;
Or dealt by chance, to shield a lucky knave,
Or throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.
But for some end, one much neglected use
Are riches worth your care: (for nature's wants
Are few, and without opulence supply'd.)
This noble end is, to produce the soul;
To shew the virtues in their fairest light;
To make humanity the minister
Of bounteous providence; and teach the breast
That gen'rous luxury the gods enjoy.

Arm. Art of preserving Health.

See!

The difference 'twixt the covetous and the prodigal!

The covetous man never has money,
And the prodigal will have none shortly!

Johnson's Staple of News.

When all fins are old in us,
And go upon crutches, covetousness
Does but then lie in her cradle; lechery
Loves to dwell in the fairest lodgings, and
Covetousness in the oldest buildings.

Dekker's Second Part of the Honest Whore.

When I was blind, my son, I did miscall
My sordid vice of avarice, true thrift.
But now forget that lesson, I prithee do;
That cos'ning vice, although it seem to keep

Our

Our wealth, debars us from possessing it,
And makes us more than poor.

May's Old Couple.

Fond men, by passions wilfully betray'd,
Adore those idols which their fancy made:
Purchasing riches with our time and care,
We lose our freedom in a gilded snare,
And having all, all to ourselves refuse,
Oppress'd with blessings which we fear to lose.
In vain our fields and flocks increase our store,
If our abundance makes us wish for more.

Denham.

Mark where yon mines their radiant stores unfold,
Peru's rich dust, or Chili's beds of gold:
Insidious bane, that makes destruction smooth,
Thou foe to virtue, liberty and truth:
Whose arts the fates of monarchies decide,
Who gild'st deceit the darling child of pride:
How oft allur'd by thy persuasive charms,
Have earth's contending powers appear'd in arms?
What nations brib'd have own'd thy pow'rful
reign,

For thee what millions plow'd the stormy main,
Travell'd from pole to pole, with ceaseless toil,
And felt their blood alternate freeze and boil?

Ogilvie's Day of Judgment.

RICHMOND HILL.

Say shall we wind

Along the streams? or walk the smiling meads?
Or court the forest glades? or wander wild
Among the waving harvests? or ascend,
While radiant summer opens all its pride,
Thy hill delightful Shene? Here let us sweep
The boundless landscape: now the raptur'd eye,

Exulting swift to huge Augusta send,
 Now to the sister-hills that skirt her plain,
 To lofty Harrow now, and now to where
 Majestic Windsor lifts his princely brow.
 In lovely contrast to this glorious view,
 Calmly magnificent; then will we turn
 To where the silver Thames first rural grows;
 There let the feasted eye unweary'd stray,
 Luxurious; there rove thro' the pendant woods,
 That nodding hang o'er Harrington's retreat;
 And sloping thence to Ham's embow'ring walks,
 Beneath whose shades, in spotless peace retir'd,
 With her the pleasing partner of his heart,
 The worthy Queensb'ry yet laments his Gay,
 And polished Cornbury woos the willing muse.
 Slow let us trace the matchless vale of Thames,
 Fair winding up to where the muses haunt
 In Twit'nam's bowers, and for their Pope implore
 The healing god, to royal Hampton's pile,
 To Clermont's terrass'd height, and Escher's groves,
 Where in the sweetest solitude, embraced
 By the soft windings of the silent mole,
 From courts and senates Pelham finds repose.
 Inchanting vale! beyond whate'er the muse
 Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung!
 O vale of bliss! O softly swelling hills!
 On which the power of cultivation lies,
 And joys to see the wonders of his toil.

Thomson.

RIDICULE.

'Tis dangerous too, in these licentious times,
 Howe'er severe the smile, to sport with crimes.
 Vices when ridicul'd, experience says,
 First lose that horror which they ought to raise,
 Grow by degrees approved, and almost aim at
 praise.

When

When Tully's tongue the Roman Clodius draws,
 How laughing satire weakens Milo's cause!
 Each pictur'd vice so impudently bad,
 The crimes turn frolics, and the villain mad;
 Rapes, murders, incests, treasons, mirth create,
 And Rome scarce hates the author of her fate.

'Tis true the comic muse confin'd to rules
 Supply'd the laws, and sham'd the tardy schools;
 With living precepts urg'd the moral truth,
 And by example form'd the yielding youth.
 The titled knave with honest freedom shown,
 His person mimick'd, nor his name unknown,
 Taught the young breast its op'ning thoughts to raise
 From dread of infamy to love of praise.

From thence to virtue; there perfection ends,
 As gradual from the root the flower ascends;
 Strain'd thro' the varying stems the juices flow,
 Bloom o'er the top, and leave their dregs below.

'Twas thus a while th' instructive stage survey'd,
 From breast to breast its glowing influence spread;
 'Till, from his nobler task by passions won,
 The man unravell'd what the bard had done;
 And he, whose warmth had fir'd a nation's heart,
 Debas'd to private piques the gen'rous art.
 Here sunk the muse, and useless by degrees,
 She ceas'd to profit, as she ceas'd to please.
 No longer wit a judging audience charm'd,
 Who rous'd, not fir'd, not raptur'd, but alarm'd,
 To well tun'd scandal lent a jealous ear,
 And thro' the faint applause betray'd the fear.

Wm. Whitehead's Ridicule.

Our mirthful age, to all extremes a prey,
 Ev'n courts the lash, and laughs her pains away;
 Declining worth imperial wit supplies,
 And Momus triumphs, while Astrea flies.
 No truth so sacred banter cannot hit;
 No fool so stupid, but he aims at wit.

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Ev'n those whose breasts ne'er plann'd one virtuous deed,

Nor rais'd a thought beyond the earth they tread;

Ev'n those can censure, those can dare deride

A Bacon's av'rice, or Tully's pride;

And sneer at human checks, by nature giv'n

To curb perfection ere it rival heaven:

Nay, chiefly such in these low arts prevail,

Whose want of talents leaves them time to rail.

Born for no end, they worse than useless grow

(As waters poison if they cease to flow,)

And pests become, whom kinder fate design'd

But harmless expletives of human kind.

See with what zeal th' insidious task they ply:

Where shall the prudent, where the virtuous fly?

Lurk as ye can, if they direct the ray,

The veriest atoms in the sun-beams play.

No venial slip their quick attention escapes;

They trace each Proteus thro' his hundred shapes;

To mirths tribunal drag the caitiff train,

Where mercy sleeps, and nature pleads in vain.

Whitehead's Ridicule.

R I V A L.

Love, and a crown, no rivalry can bear;

All precious things are still possess'd with fear.

Dryden's Aurengzebe.

And shall the daughter of Darius hold him?

That puny girl, that ape of my ambition!

Who cry'd for milk, when I was nurs'd in blood!

Shall she, made up of wat'ry element,

A cloud; shall she embrace my proper god,

While I am cast like lightning from his hand?

No, I must scorn to prey on common things:

Tho' hurl'd to death by this disdainful Jove,

I will rebound to mine own orb of fire,

And with the rack of all the heav'n's expire!

Lee's Alexander.

Roxana then enjoys my perjur'd love!
 Roxana clasps my monarch in her arms!
 Doats on my conqu'ror, my lord, my king!
 Devours his lips, eats him with hungry kisses!
 She grasps him all! She, the cursed happy she!
 By heav'n I cannot bear it! 'tis too much!
 I'll die, or rid me of this burning torture!
 I will have remedy; I will, I will,
 Or grow distracted! madness may throw off
 This mighty load, and drown the flaming passion!

Lee's Alexander.

Oh! I shall find Roxana in his arms,
 And taste her kisses left upon his lips:
 Her curs'd embraces have defil'd his body,
 Nor shall I meet the wonted sweetness there,
 But artificial smells, and aking odours.

Lee's Alexander.

Methinks I see her yonder! O the torment!
 Busy for bliss, and full of expectation,
 She adorns her head, and gives her eyes new lustre!
 Languishes in her glass, tries all her looks;
 Steps to the door, and listens for his coming;
 Runs to the bed, and kneels, and weeps and wishes!
 Then lays the pillow easy for his head,
 Warms it with sighs, and moulds it with her kisses;
 O I am lost! torn with imagination!
 Kill me Cassander, kill me instantly,
 That I may haunt her with a thousand devils!

Lee's Alexander.

My life! my soul! my all! Octavia has him!
 O fatal name to Cleopatra's love!
 My kisses, my embraces now are her's.

Dryden's All for Love.

What

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What ! shall Semanthe triumph in my spoils ?
 Shall she enjoy him all, while I stand wishing,
 And like a spirit damn'd, am robb'd of hope ?
 O hell ! it mads my reason but to think on't !
 I shall become their May-game :
 At their loose intervals of calmer love
 She'll hang upon his lips, and beg him tell
 The story of my passion o'er again !
 Which he relates ; and with a scornful smile
 Adds to my shame, to make the girl more vain.

Southern's Loyal Brother.

My fancy is too exquisite,
 And tortures me with their imagin'd blis :
 Some earthquake should have ris'n, and rent the
 ground,
 Have swallow'd him, and left the longing bride
 In agony of unaccomplish'd love.

Dryden's Don Sebastian.

Ev'n love's an empire too ! the noble soul,
 Like kings, is covetous of single sway !

Dryden's King Arthur.

My rival too ! his last thoughts hung on her,
 And as he parted left a blessing for her :
 Shall she be blest and I be curst for ever !
 No, since her beauty was the cause
 Of all my suff'rings, let her share my pains,
 Let her like me, of every joy forlorn,
 Devote the hour when such a wretch was born :
 Like me to desarts and to darkness run,
 Abhor the day, and curse the golden sun,
 Cast every good and every hope behind,
 Detest the works of nature, loath mankind ;
 Like me with cries distracted fill the air,
 Tear her poor bosom, rend her frantic hair,
 And prove the torments of the last despair.

Rowe's Jane Shore.

Oh to compleat
 The direful curses which I wou'd denounce
 Against that foe who robs me of my quiet;
 May he be satisfy'd he has a rival,
 And never know the person. So that he
 May feel the pangs and throws which I endure,
 And be as exquisite a wretch as he
 Who makes him so.—

Trap's Abramule.

Thy hate against him, if compar'd with mine,
 Is mild as childrens undesigning friendship;
 In glory he's thy rival, mine in love,
 Thee he debars from greatness, me from happiness.

Trap's Abramule.

His crime's the same
 With his, who rival'd the great thunderer,
 Therefore it is but just, his punishment
 Should be the same, which that rash fool endur'd;
 O were it in my power to make his pains
 As lasting too like him, this bold Ixion
 Should suffer in a circle of fresh woe,
 A round of still returning torment feel,
 And groan out ages on the racking wheel.

Trap's Abramule. }

My ghost shall rise,
 Shriek in thy ears, and stalk before thy eyes;
 In death I'll triumph o'er my rival's charms,
 And chill thy blood, when clasp'd within her arms.

Young's Busiris.

Oh the pain of pains
 Is when the fair one, whom our soul is fond of,
 Gives transport, and receives it from another.

Young's Busiris.

Who

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Who is it, tell me, who enjoys thy smile.
 There is a happy man, I swear there is,
 I know it by your coldness to your friend.
 That thought has fix'd a scorpion on my heart,
 That stings to death.
 Have I forsook myself, forgone my temper
 Headlong to all the gay delights of youth,
 And fall'n in love with virtue most severe,
 Turn'd superstitious to make thee my friend ;
 Gods ! have I struggled thro' the powerful reason,
 That strongly combated my fond resolves,
 Was wealth o'erlook'd and glory of no weight,
 My parents crown forgot, and my own conquests,
 And all to be refus'd to sooth your pride,
 And make my rival sport.

Young's Busiris.

And did she sigh, and did she drop a tear,
 The tears she shed for me are surely mine,
 And shall another dry them on those cheeks,
 And make them an excuse for greater fondness ;
 Shall I assist the villain in his joys :
 No, I will tear her from him,
 I'd grudge her beauties to the gods that gave them.

Young's Busiris.

Another's passion

Warm on that lip, another's burning arms
 Strain'd round the lovely waist for which I die,
 And she consenting, wooing, growing to him ;
 What golden scenes when absent did I feign,
 What lovely pictures did I draw in air,
 What luxury of thought ! And see my fate !
 Shall then my slave enjoy her, and I languish
 In my triumphant car, my foot on purple,
 And o'er my head a canopy of gold,
 Fate in my nod, and monarchs in my train !

Young's Busiris.

RIVERS (*their Source.*)

Now, come, ye Naïds, to the fountains lead :
 Now let me wander thro' your gelid reign.
 I burn to view th' enthusiastic wilds
 By mortals else untrod. I hear the din
 Of waters thund'ring o'er the ruin'd cliffs,
 With holy reverence I approach the rocks,
 Whence glide the streams renown'd in antient song.
 Here from the desert down the rumbling steep
 First springs the Nile ; here bursts the sounding Po
 In angry waves ; Euphrates hence devolves
 A mighty flood, to water half the east ;
 And there, in Gothic solitude reclin'd,
 The chearless Tanais pours his hoary urn.

Armstrong's Art of preserving Health.

Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent swell'd,
 And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erspread,
 At last the rous'd up river pours along :
 Resistless, roaring dreadful, down it comes,
 From the rude mountain, and the mossy wild,
 Trembling thro' rocks abrupt, and sounding far ;
 Then o'er the sanded valley floating spreads,
 Calm, sluggish, silent ; till again constrain'd
 Between two meeting hills, it bursts away
 Where rocks and woods o'er hang the turbid stream,
 There gathering triple force, rapid and deep,
 It boils, and wheels, and foams and thunders
 through.

Thomson's Seasons.

When a calm river, rais'd with sudden rains,
 Or snows dissolv'd, o'erflows th' adjoining plains,
 The husbandmen with high-rais'd banks secure
 Their greedy hopes ; and this he can endure :
 But, if with bays and dams they strive to force
 His channel to a new or narrow course,
 No longer then within his banks he dwells,
 First to a torrent, then a deluge swells ;

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Stronger and fiercer by restraint he roars,
And knows no bounds, but makes his pow'r his
stores. *Denham.*

RIVULET.

While we view,
Amid the noon-tide walk, a limpid rill
Gush through the tickling herbage, to the thirst
Of summer yielding the delicious draught
Of cool refreshment; o'er the mossy brink
Shines not the surface clearer, and the waves
With sweeter music murmur as they flow.

Akinside's Pleasures of the Imagination.

R O M E.

Rome is generous as the gods themselves,
And honours, not insults, a generous foe.

Thomson's Sophonisba.

What, peace with Rome!
With tyrant Rome! who treads on necks of
kings,
And leads the nobles of the earth in triumph;
Who rushing impious from the robber's den,
Usurp'd dominion o'er the nations round;
Who still pursuing war's inhuman ways,
Unrighteous spread her terrors o'er the world.
Dissembling, hollow, selfish, proud, and cruel:
What war has she made justly? Or, what peace,
What equal peace concluded with the free?
No; peace with her is slavery, certain chains,
Inexorable fate.

Paterfon's Arminius.

R O M E, Modern.

Her sons malicious clemency shall spare,
To form new legends sanctify new crimes,

To

To canonize the slaves of superstition,
 And fill the world with follies and impostures,
 'Till angry heav'n shall mark them out for ruin,
 And war o'erwhelm them in their dreams of vice.

S. Johnson's Irew.

Where is the villas rural pride,
 The swelling dome's imperial gleam,
 Which lov'd to grace thy verdant side,
 And tremble in thy golden stream?
 Where are the bold the busy throngs,
 That rush'd impatient to the war,
 Or tun'd to peace triumphal songs,
 And hail'd the passing car?
 Along the solitary road
 Th' eternal flint by consuls trod,
 We muse and mark the sad delays
 Of mighty works and mighty days;
 For these vile wastes, (we cry) had fate decreed,
 That Veii's sons thou'd strive, for these Camillus
 bleed.

Did here, in after times of Roman pride,
 The musing shepherd from Soracte's height
 See towns extend where'er they waters glide,
 And temples rise and peopled farms unite?
 They did. For this deserted plain
 The hero strove, nor strove in vain;
 And here the shepherd saw
 Unnumber'd towns and temples spread,
 While Rome majestic rais'd her head,
 And gave the nations law.

Mr. Whitehead.

Immortal glories in my mind revive,
 And in my soul a thousand passions strive;
 When Rome's exalted beauties I descry,
 Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.

An

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An amphitheatre's amazing height
Here fills my eye with terror and delight,
That on its public shews unpeopled Rome,
And held uncrowded nations in its womb;
Here pillars rough with sculpture pierce the skies,
And there the proud triumphal arches rise.
Where the old Romans deathless acts display'd,
Their base degenerate progeny upbraid:
Whole rivers here forsake the fields below,
And, wond'ring at their height, through airy chan-
nels flow. *Addison.*

R O S E.

Queen of fragrance, lovely rose,
The beauty of thy leaves disclose!
The winter's past, the tempests fly,
Soft gales breathe gently through the sky;
The lark, sweet warbling on the wing,
Salutes the gay return of spring:
The silver dews, the vernal show'rs,
Call forth a bloomy waste of flow'rs:
The joyous fields, the shady woods,
Are cloath'd with green, or swell with buds;
Then haste thy beauties to disclose,
Queen of fragrance, lovely rose! *Broome.*

Go, lovely rose,
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spy'd,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts were no men abide,
Thou must have uncondemned dy'd.

Then

Then die, that she
 The common fate of all things rare
 May read in thee :
 How small a part of time they share,
 That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

Waller's Poems.

ROYALTY.

When that power, whose will is fate,
 First call'd me to the care of royalty ;
 And when those cares had waken'd me to thought,
 To grave reflection ; ignorance, I found,
 Black, heavy, total, had o'erspread my realms.
 Her steril darkness, to a people rude
 As nature, at the birth of human-kind,
 Seem'd venerable ; seem'd the proper state
 Of greatness : and as blindness is most vain,
 The proud barbarians, all they knew not, scorn'd.
 Amid this general night I turn'd my view
 Back to th' enlighten'd times of Greece and Rome,
 The times of science and of glorious deed ;
 And saw with pleasing wonder to what heights
 Instruction and example lift the mind !
 Their story I revolv'd ; and reverent own'd
 Their polish'd arts of rule, their human virtues ;
 The lustre and the dignity of man.
 'Till, what I long admir'd, at last I try'd
 To emulate : nor found the trial vain.
 Hence was my soul with noble aims enlarg'd ;
 In war and peace heaven seconded my cares :
 My neighbours fear'd, my subjects blest my sway ;
 But chief my family, where blood-stain'd rage
 No longer rioted in scenes of death.

Mallet's Mustapha.

R U I N S.

Fate will have thee pursue
 Deeds, after which no mischief can be new.

The

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The ruin of thy countty—Thou wer't built
For such a work, and born for no less guilt.
Johnson's Cataline.

It is decreed, nor shall thy fate, O Rome,
Resist my vow. Tho' hills were set on hills,
And seas met seas to guard thee, I would thro';
I'd plow up rocks, steep as the Alps, in dust;
And lave the Tyrrhene waters into clouds,
But I would reach thy head, thy head, proud city.
Johnson's Cataline.

I do love these ancient ruins :
We never tread upon them, but we set
Our foot upon some rev'rend history ;
And questionless, here in this open court,
Which now lies naked to the injuries
Of stormy weather, some lie interr'd
Lov'd the church so well, and gave so largely to't,
They thought it should have canopy'd their bones
Till doomsday : but all things have their end ;
Churches and cities, which have diseases like to
men,
Must have like death that we have.

Webster's Dutchess of Malfy.

She but shews thee
The easy path to ruin, whose broad entrance,
Painted with falsest pleasures, ends in a point
Of all the ends that attend on misery
Contracted into one.

Nabb's Microcosmus.

Destruction
O'ertakes as often those that fly, as those that
Boldly meet it.

Denham's Sophy.
Hark!

Hark!—what dire sound rolls murm'ring on the
gale?

Ah! what soul thrilling scene appears :
I see the column'd arches fail !

And structures hoar, the boast of years !

What moul'dring piles decay'd

Gleam thro' the moon-streak'd shade,

Where Rome's proud genius rear'd her awful brow :

Sad monument!—ambition near,

Rolls on the dust, and pours a tear ;

Pale honour drops the flitt'ring plume,

And conquest weeps o'er Cæsar's tomb,

Slow patience sits with eye deprest,

And courage beats his sobbing breast ;

Ev'n war's red cheek the gushing streams o'erflow,

And fancy's list'ning ear attends the plaint of woe.

Lo on yon pyramids sublime,

Whence lies old Egypt's desert clime,

Bleak, naked, wild! where ruin low'rs

Mid fanes, and wrecks, and tumbling tow'rs.

On the steep height waste and bare,

Stands the pow'r with hoary hair :

O'er his scyth he bends ; his hand

Slowly shakes the flowing sand,

While the hours, an airy ring

Lightly flit with downy wing ;

And sap the works of man ; — and shade

With silver'd locks his furrow'd head ;

Thence rolls the mighty pow'r his broad survey,

And seals the nations awful doom ;

He sees proud grandeur's meteor ray,

He yields to joy the festive day ;

Then sweeps the lengthening shade and marks

Them for the tomb.

Ogilvie's Odes,

RUMOUR.

Of

Of turns of fortune, changes in the state,
 The falls of fav'rites, projects of the great;
 Of old mismanagements, taxation new:
 All neither wholly false, nor wholly true.
 Above, below, without, within, around,
 Confus'd, unnumber'd multitudes are found,
 Who pass, repass, advance, and glide away;
 Hosts rais'd by fear, and phantoms of a day;
 Astrologers, that future fates foreflew.
 Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few;
 And priests, and party zealots, num'rous bands,
 With home-born lyes, or tales from foreign lands;
 Each talk'd aloud, or in some secret place,
 And wild impatience star'd in ev'ry face.
 The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
 Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told;
 And all who told it added something new,
 And all who heard it made enlargements too,
 In ev'ry ear it spread, on ev'ry tongue it grew. }
 Thus flying east and west, and north and south,
 News travell'd, with increase, from mouth to mouth.
 So from a spark, that kindled first by chance,
 With gathering force the quick'ning flames advance,
 Till to the clouds their curling heads aspire,
 And tow'rs and temples sink in floods of fire.
 When thus ripe lyes are to perfection sprung,
 Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue,
 Thro' thousand vents, impatient, forth they flow,
 And rush in millions on the world below.
 Fame sits aloft, and points them out their course,
 Their dates determines, and prescribes their force:
 Some to remain, and some to perish soon;
 Or wane and wax, alternate, like the moon.
 Around, a thousand winged wonders fly,
 Borne by the trumpet's blast, and scatter'd thro' the
 sky.

There, at one passage, oft' you might survey
 A lye and truth contending for the way;

And

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And long 'twas doubtful, both so closely pent,
Which first should issue thro' the narrow vent :
At last agreed together out they fly,
Inseparable now, the truth and lye ;
The strict companions are for ever join'd,
And this or that unmix'd, no mortal e'er shall find.
Pope's Temple of Fame.

Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures ;
And of so easy and so plain a stop,
That the blind monster with uncounted heads,
The still discordant wav'ring multitude,
Can play upon 't
Shakespear's Henry IV. Part II.

S A B B A T H.

And now on earth the seventh
Ev'ning arose in Eden ; for the sun
Was set, and twilight from the east came on,
Fore-running night : when, at the holy mount
Of heav'n's high-seated top, th' imperial throne
Of godhead, fix'd for ever firm, and sure,
The filial pow'r arriv'd, and sat him down
With his great father : for, he also went
Invisible, yet staid (such privilege
Hath omnipresence) and the work ordain'd,
Author, and end, of all things ; and from work
Now resting, blest'd, and hallow'd the sev'nth day,
As resting on that day from all his work :
But not in silence holy kept ; the harp
Had work, and rested not ; the solemn pipe,
And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop,
All sounds on fret by string, or golden wire,
Temper'd soft tunings, intermix'd with voice
Choral, or unison : of incense clouds,
Fuming from golden censers hid the mount :
Milt. Parad. Lost.

SAILOR.

Fearless the sailor now pursues his gain,
 And roams securely o'er the boundless main.
 Now o'er his head the polar bear he spies,
 And freezing spangles of the Lapland skies;
 Now swells his canvas to the sultry line,
 With glitt'ring spoils where Indian grottoes shine;
 Where fumes of incense glad the southern seas,
 And wafted citron scents the balmy breeze.
 Here nearer suns prepare the rip'ning gem,
 To grace great Anne's imperial diadem;
 And here the ore, whose melted mass shall yield
 On faithful coins each memorable field;
 Which, mix'd with medals of immortal Rome,
 May clear disputes, and teach the times to come.

Tickell.

So, when the sailor from a far surveys
 The low'ring tempest, and the boiling seas;
 O'er their black bosom sees the whirlwind rave,
 And the ship nodding on the ridgy wave;
 He breathes the sigh of pity o'er the scene,
 Then mid the roar of thunder sits serene,
 Peace waves her gentle olives o'er his head,
 And his clos'd eyes sleep sweetly in the shade.

Ogilvie's Odes, &c.

S A T A N.

He, above the rest

In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
 Stood like a tower: his form had yet not lost
 All her original brightness, nor appear'd
 Less than arch-angel ruin'd, and th' excess
 Of glory obscur'd, as when the sun new-ris'n
 Looks thro' the horizontal misty air,
 Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon,

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In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs ; darken'd so, yet shone
Above them all th' arch-angel : but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and confid'rate pride
Waiting revenge : cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion, to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,
(Far other once beheld in bliss !) condemn'd
For ever now to have their lot in pain ;
Millions of spirits, for his fault amerc'd
Of heav'n, and from eternal splendors flung
For his revolt ; yet faithful now they stood,
Their glory wither'd : as when heaven's fire
Hath scath'd the forest oaks, or mountain pines,
With singed top their stately growth, tho' bare,
Stands on the blasted heath.

Milton's Paradise Lost.

Satan alarm'd,
Collecting all his might, dilated stood
Like Tenerif, or Atlas, un-remov'd :
His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest
Sat horror plum'd ; nor wanted in his grasp
What seem'd both spear, and shield,

Milton's Paradise Lost.

Mean while the adversary of God and man,
Satan, with thoughts inflam'd of highest design,
Puts on swift wings, and tow'rs the gates of hell
Explores his solitary flight : sometimes
He scours the right-hand coast, sometimes the left :
Now haves with level wing the deep ; then soars
Up to the fiery concave tow'ring high.
As when far off at sea a fleet descri'd,

Hangs

Hangs in the clouds, by Æquinoctial winds
 Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
 Of Ternate, and Tidore, whence merchants bring
 Their spicy drugs : they on the trading flood
 Through the wide Æthiopian to the cape
 Ply, stemming nightly tow'rd the pole : so seem'd
 Far off the flying fiend.

Milton's Paradise Lost.

Here walk'd the fiend at large in spacious field.
 As when a vultur on Imaus bred,
 (Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds)
 Dislodging from a region scarce of prey,
 To gorge the flesh of lambs, and weanling kids,
 On hills where flocks are fed, flies tow'rd the springs
 Of Ganges, or Hydaspes, (Indian streams)
 But in his way lights on the baren plains
 Of Sericana, where Chineses drive
 With sails and wind their cana waggons light :
 So on this windy sea of land, the fiend
 Walk'd up and down alone, bent on his prey.

Milton's Paradise Lost.

One gate there only was, and that look'd east
 On th' other side : which when th' arch-felon saw,
 Due entrance he disdain'd, and in contempt
 At one slight bound high over-leap'd all bound
 Of hill, or highest wall, and sheer within
 Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,
 Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,
 Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve
 In hurdld cotes, amid the field secure,
 Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold :
 Or as a thief, bent to un-hoard the cash
 Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,
 Cross-barr'd, and bolted fast, fear no assault,
 In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles :

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So clomb this first grand thief into God's fold;
 (So since into his church lewd hirelings climb.)
 Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life,
 (The middle tree, and highest there that grew.)
 Sat like a cormorant; yet not true life
 Thereby regain'd, but sat devising death
 To them who liv'd: nor on the virtue thought
 Of that life-giving plant, but only us'd
 For prospect, what well-us'd had been the pledge
 Of immortality. (So little knows
 Any, but God alone, to value right
 The good before him, but perverts best things
 To worst abuse, or to their meanest use.)

Milton's Paradise Lost.

Down he alights among the sportful herd
 Of those four-footed kinds; himself now one,
 Now other, as their shape best serv'd his end
 Nearer to view his prey, and unesp'd
 To mark what of their state he more might learn,
 By word, or action mark'd: about them round,
 A lion now he stalks with fiery glare;
 Then, as a tiger, who by chance hath spy'd,
 In some purlieu, two gentle fawns at play,
 Strait couches close, then rising changes oft
 His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground,
 Whence rushing he might surest seize them both,
 Grip'd in each paw.

Milton's Paradise Lost.

S A T I R E.

The Grecian wits, who satire first began,
 Were pleasant Pasquins on the life of man;
 At mighty villains, who the state oppress'd,
 They durst not rail, perhaps; they lash'd, at least,
 And turn'd them out of office with a jest.

No

No fool could peep abroad, but ready stand
 The drolls to clap a bauble in his hand.
 Wise legislators never yet could draw
 A sop within the reach of common law;
 For posture, dress, grimace and affectation,
 Tho' foes to sense, are harmless to the nation.
 Our last redress is dint of verse to try,
 And satire is our court of chancery.

Dryden's Epist.

Poets alone found the delightful way
 Mysterious morals gently to convey,
 In charming numbers; so that as men grew
 Pleas'd with their poems; they grew wiser too;
 Satire has always shone among the rest,
 And is the boldest way, if not the best,
 To tell men freely of their foulest faults,
 To laugh at their vain deeds, and vainer thoughts.
 In satire too the wise took different ways,
 To each allowing its peculiar praise.
 Some did all folly with just sharpness blame,
 Whilst others laugh'd and scorn'd them into shame.
 But of these two, the last succeeded best
 As men aim rightest when they shoot in jest.
 Yet, if we may presume to blame our guides,
 And censure those, who censure all besides;
 In other things they justly are preferr'd;
 In this alone methinks the antients err'd;
 Against the grossest follies they declaim;
 Hard they pursue, but hunt ignoble game.
 Nothing is easier than such blots to hit,
 And 'tis the talent of each vulgar wit:
 Besides, 'tis labour lost; for who would preach
 Morals to Armstrong, or dull Aston teach?
 'Tis being devout at play, wise at a ball,
 Or bringing wit and friendship to Whitehall,

But with sharp eyes those nicer faults to find,
Which lie obscurely in the wisest mind ;
That little speck which all the rest does spoil,
To wash off that would be a noble toil ;
Beyond the loose writ-libels of this age,
Or the forced scenes of our declining stage ;
Above all censure too, each little wit
Will be so glad to see the greater hit ;
Who judging better, tho' concerned the most,
Of such correction will have cause to boast.

Dryden's Epist.

Of all the ways that wisest men could find
To mend the age, and mortify mankind,
Satire well writ has most successful prov'd,
And cures, because the remedy is lov'd:
'Tis hard to write on such a subject more,
Without repeating things oft said before.
Some vulgar errors only we remove,
That stain a beauty which so much we love.
Of well chose words some take not care enough,
And think they should be as the subject rough ;
This great work must be more exactly made,
And sharpest thoughts in smoothest words convey'd:
Some think, if sharp enough, they cannot fail,
As if their only business was to rail ;
But human frailty nicely to unfold,
Distinguishes a satire from a scold,
Rage you must hide, and prejudice lay down,
A satir's smile is sharper than his frown.

Mulg. Essay on Poetry.

Oh sacred weapon, left for truth's defence ;
Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence :
To all but heav'n-directed hands deny'd,
The muse may give thee, but the gods must
guide :

Rev'rant

Rev'rant I touch thee ! but with honest zeal,
 To rouse the watchmen of the public weal ;
 To virtue's work promote the tardy hall,
 And goad the prelate, slumbring in his stall.

Pope's Satires.

Hence satire's power, 'tis her corrective part
 To calm the wild disorders of the heart,
 She points the arduous height where glory lies,
 And teaches mad ambition to be wise :
 In the dark bosom wakes the fair desire,
 Draws good from ill, a brighter flame from fire ;
 Strips black oppression of her gay disguise,
 And bids the hag in native horror rise ;
 Strikes tow'ring pride, and lawless rapine dead,
 And plants the wreath on virtue's awful head .
 Nor boasts the muse a vain imagin'd power,
 Tho' oft she mourns those ills she cannot cure.
 The worthy court her, and the worthless fear ;
 Who shun her piercing eye, that eye revere.
 Her awful voice the vain and vile obey,
 And every foe to wisdom feels her sway ;
 Smart pedants, as she smiles, no more are vain ;
 Desponding fops resign the clouded cane :
 Hush'd at her voice, pert folly's self is still
 And dulness wonders while she drops her quill.
 Like the arm'd bee, with art most subtly true,
 From pois'nous vice she draws a healing dew :
 Weak are the ties that civil arts can find,
 To quell the ferment of the tainted mind :
 Cunning evades, securely wrapp'd in wiles,
 And force strong-finew'd, rends th' unequal toils ;
 The stream of vice impetuous drives along,
 Too deep for policy, for pow'r too strong.
 Ev'n fair religion, native of the skies,
 Scorn'd by the crowd, seeks refuge with the wise ;

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The crowd with laughter spurns her awful train,
And mercy courts, and justice frowns in vain.
But satire's shaft can pierce the harden'd breast ;
She plays a ruling passion on the rest :
Undaunted storms the batt'ry of his pride,
And awes the brave that earth and heav'n defy'd.
When fell corruption, by her vassals crown'd,
Derides fall'n justice prostrate on the ground ;
Swift to redress an injur'd people's groan,
Bold satire shakes the tyrant on her throne ;
Pow'rful as death, defies the sordid train ;
And slaves and sycophants surround in vain.

Brown's Essay on Satire.

I'm one whose whip of steel can, with a lash,
Imprint the characters of shame so deep,
Ev'n in the brazen forehead of proud sin,
That not eternity shall wear it out.
When I but frown'd in my Luciliu's brow,
Each conscious cheek grew red ; and a cold
trembling
Freez'd the chill'd soul ; while ev'ry guilty breast
Stood fearful of dissection, as afraid
To be anat'miz'd by that skillful hand,
And have each artery, nerve, and vein of sin
By it laid open to the publick scorn.
I have untruss'd the proudest ; greatest tyrants
Have quak'd below my pow'rful whip, half dead
With expectation of the smarting jerk ;
Whose wound no salve can cure. Each blow doth
leave

A lasting scar, that with a poison eats
Into the marrow of their fame, and lives
Th' eternal ulcer to their memories.

Randolph's Musæ Looking-Glass.

SCORN.

S C O R N.

Since Athenais scorns me, take again
 Your ill-tim'd honours, take 'em, take 'em, gods,
 And change me to some humble villager.
 If so, at last for toils at scorching noon,
 In mowing meadows, or in reaping fields,
 At night she will but crown me with a smile,
 Or reach the bounty of her hand to bless me.

Lee's Theodosius.

Oh! what a thing ye gods, is scorn or pity!
 Heap on me heav'n the heat of all mankind,
 Load me with envy, malice, detestation;
 Let me be horrid to all apprehension;
 Let the world shun me, so I 'scape but scorn,

Lee's Theodosius.

Ah! can you bear contempt; the venom'd
 tongue

Of those whom ruin pleases, the keen sneer,
 The low'd reproaches of the rascal herd;
 Who for the self same actions, if successful,
 Would be as grossly lavish in your praise?
 To sum up all in one—can you support
 The scornful glances, the malignant joy,
 Or more detested pity of a rival?
 Of a triumphant rival?

Thomson's Agamemnon.

S C R I P T U R E S.

Charm me ye sacred leaves with nobler themes,
 With op'ning heavens and angels rob'd in flames;
 Ye restless passions, while I read be aw'd!
 Hail ye mysterious oracles of God!

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Here I behold how infant time began,
How the dust mov'd and quicken'd into man.
Here, thro' the flow'ry walks of Eden rove,
Court the soft breeze, or range the spicy grove;
There tread on hallow'd ground where angels
trod,

And reverend patriarchs talk'd as friends with
God:

Or hear the voice to slumbring prophets given,
Nor gaze on visions from the throne of heav'n.

Broome.

S E A S O N S.

Observe the circling year, how unperceiv'd
Her seasons change! behold! by slow degrees,
Stern winter tam'd into a ruder spring;
The ripen'd spring a milder summer glows;
Departing summer sheds Pomona's store;
And aged autumn brews the winter storm.
Slow as they come, these changes come not
void

Of mortal shocks: the cold and torrid reigns,
The two great periods of th' important year,
Are in their first approaches seldom safe:
Funereal autumn all the sickly dread,
And the black fates deform the lovely spring.
He well advis'd who taught our wiser fires
Early to borrow Muscovy's warm spoils,
Ere the first frost has touch'd the tender blade;
And late resign them, tho' the wanton spring
Should deck her charms with all her sister's rays,
For while the effluence of the skin maintains
Its native measure, the pleuretic spring
Glides harmless by; and, autumn, sick to death
With fallow quartans, no contagion breaths.

Armstrong's Art of Preserving Health.

SECRECY.

S E C R E S Y.

Be well advis'd ; and think what danger 'tis
 To receive a prince's secrets, they that do,
 Had need have their breasts hoop'd with adamant
 To contain them : I pray thee yet be satisfy'd,
 Examine thine own frailty, 'tis more easy
 To tie knots than unloose them : 'tis a secret
 That, like a ling'ring poison, may chance be
 Spread in thy view, and kill thee seven years
 hence *Webster's Dutcheſs of Malfy.*

Search not to find what lies too deeply hid ;
 Nor to know things, whose knowledge is forbid.
Denham.

S E C U R I T Y.

The thunderbolt is never seen till felt,
 And then it wounds beyond the reach of cure,
 Be not secure ; none sooner are undone,
 Than those whom confidence betrays to rest ;
Gentleman's Sejanus.

States that never knew
 A change but in their growth, which a long
 peace
 Hath brought unto perfection, are like steel,
 Which being neglected, will consume itself
 With its own rust : so doth security
 Eat through the hearts of states, while they're
 sleeping
 And lull'd in her false quiet.

Nabb's Hannibal and Scipio.

S E E D.

S E E D.

Thus in the kernel's intricate disguise
In miniature a little orchard lies ;
The fibrous labyrinths, by just degrees,
Stretch their swoln cells, replete with future trees ;
By time evolved, the spreading branches rise,
Yield their rich fruit, and shoot into the skies.

Broome.

S E L F.

They will be friends indeed
When dear self-int'rest set on foot their rage.
Solan, thou may'st observe it thro' the world,
That int'rest bears an universal sway.
The souls of men in general center there,
Some fight for int'rest, some for int'rest pray.
And were not honesty the road to want,
It would not be that slighted thing it is.

Gentleman.

Self love, my liege, is not so vile a sin,
As self neglecting.

Shakespeare's King Henry V.

Self love never yet could look on truth
But with blear'd beams ; sleek flatt'ry and she
Are twin born sisters, and so mix their eyes,
As if you sever one, the other dies.

Johnson's Cynthia.

Self love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake,
The centre mov'd, a circle strait succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads ;
Friend, parent, neighbour first it will embrace,
His country next, and next all human race ;

Wide

Wide, and more wide th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take every creature in, of every kind;
Earth swells around, with boundless bounty blest,
And heav'n has stamp't its image on his breast.

Pope's Essay on Man.

SENSITIVE PLANT.

Whence does it happen, that the plant which well
We name the Sensitive, should move and feel?
Whence know her leaves to answer her command,
And with quick horror fly the neighbouring hand?

Prior's Solomon.

SERAGLIO.

Soon shall the dire seraglio's horrid gates
Close like the eternal bars of death upon thee;
Immur'd, and buried in perpetual sloth,
That gloomy slumber of the stagnant soul;
There shalt thou view from far the quiet cottage,
And sigh for chearful poverty in vain:
There wear the tedious hours of life away,
Beneath each curse of unrelenting heav'n,
Despair, and slav'ry, solitude, and guilt.

Johnson's Irene.

SERVANT.

I follow him to serve my turn upon him.
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought, but provender; and when he's old,

Cassier's

Whip me such honest knaves—others there are,
Who, trimm'd in form and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;
And, throwing but shews of service on their lords,

Well

Well thrive by them ; and when they've lin'd their
coats,
Do themselves homage : these folks have some
soul,
And such a one I do profess myself.

Shakespeare's Othello.

That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty ; such smiling rogues as
these,

Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain,
Too intricate t' unloose : Sooth ev'ry passion,
That in the nature of their lords rebels ;
Bring oil to fire ; snow to their colder moods ;
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcion beaks
With ev'ry gale and vary of their masters ;
As knowing nought, like dogs, but following.

Shakespeare's King Lear.

Methinks, thou art more honest now than wise,
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou might'st have sooner got another service :
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,
For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure,
Is not thy kindness, subtle ; covetous, and wollof I
An us'ring kindness, as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one ?

2. No, my most worthy master ; in whose breast
Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late ;
You should have fear'd false times, when you did
feast ;
Suspect still comes, where an estate is least.

Shakespeare's Timon.

There

Their services are, clock-like, to be set,
Backward and forward, at their lord's command.

Johnson's Case is altered.

S E R V I C E.

O the inconstant

And rotten ground of service! You may see,
'Tis ev'n like him, that in a winter's night
Takes a long slumber o'er a dying fire,
As loath to part from't: yet parts thence more
cold,

Than when he first sate down.

Webster's Dutchess of Malfy.

Equal nature fashion'd us

All in one mould: the bear serves not the bear;
Nor the wolf, the wolf: 'twas odds of strength in
tyrants

That pluck'd the first link from the golden chain
With which that thing of things bound in the
world.

Why then, since we are taught by their examples,
To love our liberty, if not command;
Should the strong serve the weak, the fair, de-
form'd ones?

Or such as know the cause of things, pay tribute
To ignorant fools? All's but the outward gloss
And politick form, that does distinguish us?

Massinger's Bondman.

Happy those times,

When lords were stil'd fathers of families,
And, not imperious masters! when they number'd
Their servants almost equal with their sons,
Or one degree beneath them! When their labours
Were cherish'd, and rewarded, and a period

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Set to their suff'rings ! when they did not press
Their duties or their wills beyond the pow'r
And strength of their performance ! all things or-
der'd

With such decorum, as wise law-makers.
I'll shew thee the best springs ; I'll pluck thee
berries ;

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough :
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve :
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wond'rous man.

I prythee let me bring thee where crabs grow ;
And I with my long nails will dig the pig nuts ;
Shew thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmazet ; I'll bring thee
To clust'ring filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young seamells from the rock.

Shakespear's Tempest.

Part of a scene in the first act of the Tempest.

PROSPERO.

What is the time o'the day ?

ARIEL.

Past the mid season.

PROSP.

At least two glasses.

The time 'tween six and now, must by us both
Be spent most preciously.

ARIEL.

Is there more toil ?

Since thou dost give me pains ; let me remember
Thee what thou hast promis'd, which is not yet
Perform'd me.

PROSP.

PROSP.

How now Moody?
What is't thou canst demand?

ARIEL.

My liberty.

PROSP.

Before the time be out, no more.

ARIEL.

I prythee

Remember I have done thee faithful service,
Told thee no lyes, made thee no mistakings,
Serv'd without a grudge or grumblings:
Thou didst promise to bate me a full year.

PROSP.

Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

ARIEL.

No.

PROSP.

Thou dost, and think'st it much to tread the
ooze

Of the salt deep:
To run against the sharp wind of the north,
To do my business in the veins of the earth,
When it is bak'd with frost.

ARIEL.

I do not, Sir.

PROSP.

Thou ly'st malignant thing! hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

ARIEL.

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ARIEL.

No, Sir.

PROSP.

If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till thou
Hast howl'd away twelve winters more.

ARIEL.

Pardon, Master,
I will be correspondent to command,
And be a gentle spirit.

PROSP.

Do so, and after two days I'll discharge thee.

Dryden's and Shakspeare's Tempest.

A scene in the third act of the Tempest.

There be some sports are painful; but their labour
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task would be
As heavy to me, as 'tis odious; but
The mistress which I serve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures. O she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabb'd;
And he's compos'd of harshness. I must move
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a fore injunction. My sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work, and says such
baseness

Had ne'er like executor; I forget;
But these sweet thoughts do ev'n refresh my labour
Most buseless when I do it.

MIRA.

Alas! now pray you,
Work not so hard; I would the lightning had

Burnt

Burnt up those logs, that thou art enjoin'd to pile :
Pray set it down, and rest you ; when this burns
'Till weep for having wear'd you : my father
Is hard at study ; pray now, rest yourself ;
He's safe for these three hours.

FER.

O most dear Mistress,
The sun will set before I will discharge
What I must drive to do.

MIRA.

If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while, pray give me that,
I'll carry't to the pile.

FER.

No, precious creature,
I'd rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Then you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

MIRA.

It would become me,
As well as it does you, and I should do it,
With much more ease ; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.

Shakespeare's Tempest.

SHADE.

Beside the dewy border let me sit,
All in the freshness of the humid air ;
There on that hollow'd rock, grotesque and wild,
An ample chair moss lin'd, and over head
By flow'ring umbrage shaded ; where the bee
Strays diligent, and with th' extracted balm
Of fragrant wood-bine, loads his little thigh.
Oh bear me then to vast embow'ring shades,

To

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To twilight groves, and visionary vales ;
To weeping grottoes, and prophetic glooms ;
Where angel forms athwart the solemn dusk,
Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep along ;
And voices more than human, thro' the void
Deep sounding, seize th' enthusiastic ear !

Thomson's Seasons.

Behold Alexis, see this gloomy shade,
Which seems alone for sorrow's shelter made ;
Where the glad beams of light can never play,
But night succeeding night, excludes the day ;
Where never birds with harmony repair,
And lightsome notes, to cheer the dusky air ;
To welcome day, or bid the sun farewell,
By morning lark, or ev'ning philomel !
No violet here or daisy e'er was seen,
No sweetly budding flow'r nor springing green ;
For fragrant myrtle, and the blushing rose,
Here baleful yew with deadly cypress grows.

Congreve.

SHAKESPEARE.

Far from the sun and summer gale,
In thy green lap was nature's darling laid ;
What time where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty mother did unveil,
Her awful face ; the dauntless child,
Stretch'd forth his little arms and smiled.
This pencil take (she said) whose colours clear,
Richly paint the vernal year :
Thine too, these golden keys, immortal boy ;
This can unlock the gates of joy :
Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
Or hope the sacred source of sympathetic tears,

Grey's Odes.

When

When learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes,
First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakespear rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding truth impress'd,
And unresisted passion storm'd the breast.

Sam. Johnson.

S H A M E.

I know not how to tell thee!
Shame rises in my face, and interrupts
The story of my tongue! *Otway's Orphan.*

Oh! thou hast known but little of Calista!
If thou hadst never heard my shame; if only
The midnight moon and silent stars had seen it,
I would not bear to be reproach'd by them;
But dig down deep, to find a grave beneath,
And hide me from their beams.

Rowe's Fair Penitent.

Of all evils to the generous, shame
Is the most deadly pang.

Thomson's Sophonisba.

Shame urges on behind, unpitying shame,
That worst of furies, whose fell aspects frights
Each tender feeling from the human breast.

Thomson's Agamemnon.

Can you resolve on shame?
On voluntary shame, that only ill
The generous fear, which kills the soul itself.

Thomson's Agamemnon.

S H O E

S H O E B O Y (his Birth.)

Now had the watchman walk'd his second round,
 When Cloacina hears the rumbling found
 Of her brown lover's cart, for well she knows
 That pleasing thunder : swift the goddess rose,
 And thro' the streets pursued the distant noise,
 Her bosom panting with expected joys.

With the night-wandering harlot's air she past,
 Brush'd near his side, and wanton glances cast ;
 In the black form of cinder-wench she came,
 When love, the hour, the place had banish'd
 shame,

To the dark ally arm in arm they move :
 O may no link boy interrupt their love ;
 When the pale moon had nine times fill'd her
 space,

The pregnant goddess, (cautious of disgrace)
 Descends to earth ; but sought no midwife's aid,
 Nor midst her anguish to Lucina pray'd :
 No cheerful gossip wish'd the mother joy,
 Alone, beneath a bulk she dropt the boy.

The child thro' various risques in years improv'd,
 At first a beggar's brat compassion mov'd.
 His infant tongue soon learnt the canting art,
 Knew all the prayers, and whines to touch the
 heart.

Oh, happy unown'd youths, your limbs can
 bear

The scorching dog star, and the winter's air,
 While the rich infant, nursed with care and pain,
 Thirsts with each heat, and coughs with every
 rain.

The goddess long had mark'd the child's distress,
 And long had sought his suff'rings to redress ;

She

She prays the gods to take the fondling's part,
 To teach his hands some beneficial art
 Practis'd in streets; the gods her suit allow'd,
 And made him useful to the walking croud,
 To cleanse the miry feet, and o'er the shoe
 With nimble skill the glossy black renew.
 Each power contributes to relieve the poor.
 With the strong bristles of the mighty boar
 Diana forms his brush, the god of day
 A tripod gives, amid the crowded way.
 To raise the dirty foot, and ease his toil,
 Kind Neptune fills his vase with fetid oil
 Prest from the enormous whale: the god of fire,
 From whose dominions smoaky clouds aspire,
 Among these gen'rous presents joins his part,
 And aids with foot the new japanning art.
 Pleas'd she receives the gifts; she downwards
 glides,
 Lights in Fleet-ditch, and shoots beneath the
 tides,

Now dawns the morn, the sturdy lad awakes,
 Leaps from his stall, his tangled hair he shakes,
 Then leaning o'er the rails, he musing stood,
 And viewed below the black canal of mud,
 Where common shores a lulling murmur keep,
 Whose torrents rush from Holborn's fatal steep.
 Pensive through idleness, tears flow'd apace,
 Which eas'd his loaded heart, and wash'd his face.
 At length he sighing cry'd, that boy was blest,
 Whose infant lips have drain'd a mother's breast;
 But happier far are those (if such be known)
 Whom both a father and a mother own:
 But, I, alas hard fortunes utmost scorn,
 Whom e'er knew parent, was an orphan born!
 Some boys are rich by birth beyond all wants,
 Belov'd by uncles, and kind good old aunts.

When

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When times come round a Christmas-box they
 bear,
 And one day makes them rich for all the year.
 Had I the precepts of a father learnt,
 Perhaps I then the coachman's fare had earn'd,
 For lesser boys can drive. I thirsty stand
 And see th' double flaggon charge their hand ;
 See them puff off the froth, and gulp amain,
 While with dry tongue I lick my lips in vain.
 While thus he fervent prays, the heaving tide
 In widen'd circles beats on either side ;
 The goddess rose amid the inmost round,
 With wither'd turnip-tops her temples crown'd.
 Low reach'd her dipping tresses, lank and black
 As the smooth jet, or glossy raven's back.
 Around her waist a circling eel was twin'd
 Which bound her robes that hung in rags behind.
 Now, beck'ning to the boy, she thus begun,
 Thy prayers are granted weep no more my son ;
 Go thrive. At some frequented corner stand
 This brush I give thee, grasp it in thy hand.
 Temper the foot within this vase of oil,
 And let the little tripod aid thy toil ;
 On this methinks I see the walking crew
 At thy request support the miry shoe.
 The foot grows black that was with dirt embrown'd
 And in thy pocket glingling halfpence sound.
 The goddess plunges swift beneath the flood,
 And dashes all around her showers of mud.
 The youth straight chose his post; the labour ply'd,
 Where branching streets from Charing-cross divide;
 His treble voice resounds along the Meuse,
 And Whitehall ecchoes : clean your honour's shoes.

Gay's Trivia.

S H I P.
 This floating ram did bear his horns above,
 All tied with ribbands, ruffling in the winds ;
 Sometimes

Sometimes he nodded down his head a while,
 And then the waves did heave him to the moon ;
 He clamb'ring to the top of all the billows !
 And then again he courtesy'd down so low,
 I could not see him ; 'till at last all side-long,
 With a great crack, his belly burst in pieces.

Shakespear's Tempest.

GUIOM.

As far as I could cast my eyes
 Upon the sea, something methought did rise
 Like blueish mists; which still appearing more,
 Took dreadful shapes, and thus mov'd towards
 the shore :

The object I could first distinctly view,
 Was tall strait trees, which on the water flew :
 Wings on their sides instead of leaves did grow,
 Which gather'd all the breath the winds could
 blow ;

And at their roots grew floating palaces,
 Whose out-blow'd bellies cut the yielding seas !

MONTEZUMA.

What divine monsters, O ye gods ! are these,
 That float in air, and fly upon the seas ?
 Came they alive, or dead, upon the shore ?

GUIOM.

Alas ! they liv'd too sure : I heard them roar :
 All turn'd their sides, and to each other spoke :
 I saw their words break out in fire and smoke.
 Sure 'tis their voice that thunders from on high,
 And these the younger brothers of the sky :
 Deaf with the noise, I took my hasty flight,
 No mortal courage could support the fright,

Dryden's Indian Emperor.

SHIPWRECK.

O sight of woe !

Four goodly ships abandon'd to the storm,
Drive blindly with the billows ! their drench'd
sails,

Stript off, and whirl'd before the rending wind.

Look ! now they climb a fearful steep, and hang
On the big surge that mixes with the clouds.
Save me ! it bursts and headlong down they reel
Into the yawning gulph.

Ah ! she strikes

On yonder wave-worn cliff, the fatal shock
Has doubtless shiver'd her strong side, she sinks
So swiftly down, that scarce the straining eye
Can trace her tallest mast. ——— Where is she
now !

Hid in the wild abyss, with all her crew,
All lost for ever.

Eurydice.

SIBERIA.

What are the splendors of the gaudy court,
Its tinsel trappings, and its pageant pomps ;
To me far happier seems the banished lord
Amid Siberia's unrejoicing wilds,
Who pines all lonesome, in the chambers hoar
Of some high castle shut, whose windows dim,
In distant ken discover trackless plains ;
Where winter ever whirls her icy car.
While still repeated objects of his view,
The gloomy battlements, and ivied spires,
That crown the solitary dome, arise ;
While from the topmost turret the slow clock,
Far heard along th' inhospitable wastes,
With sad returning chime awakes new grief ;

Ev'n

Ev'n he far happier seems, than is the proud
 The potent satrap, whom he left behind
 Mid Moscow's golden palaces; to drown
 In ease and luxury, the laughing hours.

Thomas Warton,

S I C K N E S S.

The disease

First on our cattle seiz'd : the generous horse,
 That bore his rider safe thro' armed ranks,
 Snapping in sunder darts and spears, then fell
 Unhurt, untouch'd ! From beasts it spread to men !
 The merry Greeks, as at their cups they sit,
 Drop in the midst of laughter ; as some huge
 tower,

At which men gaze astonish'd at its strength,
 If waters undermine, and springs unseen
 Sap its foundation, unawares comes down,
 And covers with its ruin all the place !
 So look our strong battalions, and so fall
 Whole ranks at once, and the dead lie on heaps !

Lansdown's Heroic Love.

O Chryses ! Chryses ! look on yonder camp !
 Behold whole heaps of dead, without one wound !
 Behold, how like the dead the living look !
 So near their end, that they, who wait their friends
 To the last rites, are burnt on the same pile !
 The sturdy Greeks, unsinew'd by diseases,
 That firmly went, impressing deep the ground
 On which they trod, with their large lusty strides,
 Now scarcely crawl, supported on their spears.

Lansdown's Heroic Love.

Her wasted spirits now begin to faint,
 Yet patience ties her tongue from all complaint,

And in her heart, as in a fort remains;
 But yields at last to her resistless pains.
 Thus while the fever, am'rous of his prey,
 Thro' all her veins makes his delightful way;
 Her fate's like Semele's, the flames destroy
 That beauty they too eagerly enjoy.
 Her charming face is in its spring decay'd,
 Pale grow the roses and the lilies fade:
 Her skin has lost that lustre, which surpass'd
 The sun's, and did deserve as long to last.
 Her eyes, which us'd to pierce the firmest hearts,
 Are now disarm'd of all their flames and darts.
 Those stars now heavily and slowly move,
 And sickness triumphs in the throne of love.

Sheffield Duke of Bucks.

With such a grace you entertain,
 And look with such contempt on pain,
 That languishing you conquer more,
 And wound us deeper than before.
 So lightnings, which in storms appear,
 Scorch more then when the skies are clear.
 And as pale sickness does invade
 Your frailer part, the breaches made
 In that fair lodging, still more clear
 Make the bright guest, your soul, appear.
 So nymphs o'er pathless mountains born,
 Their light robes by the brambles torn,
 From their fair limbs exposing new
 And unknown beauties to the view,
 Of following gods, increase their flame,
 And haste to catch the flying game.

Waller.

S I L E N C E.

Silence, more dreadful than severest sounds!
 Would she but speak, tho' death, eternal exile,
 Hung

Hung at her lips, yet while her tongue pronounces,
There would be music, even in my undoing.

Lee's Alexander.

Silence is the perfectest herald of joy:
I were but little happy, if I could say how much.

Shak. Much Ado About Nothing.

Mean while, all rest
Seal'd up, and silent, as when rigid frosts
Have bound up brooks and rivers, forc'd wild beasts
Unto their caves, and birds into the woods,
Clowns to their houses: and the country sleeps,
That when the sudden thaw comes, we may break
Upon them like a deluge, bearing down
Half Rome before us, and invade the rest
With cries and noise, able to wake the urns
Of those are dead, and make their ashes fear.
The horrors that do strike the world should come
Loud, and unlook'd for; 'till they strike, be dumb.

Johnson's Cataline.

Silence in woman, is like speech in man;

Deny't who can.

Johnson's Silent Woman.

1. In his looks

He carries guilt, whose horror breeds this strange
And obstinate silence; shame and his conscience
Will not permit him to deny it.

2. 'Tis alas,

It is modest bashful nature, and pure innocence,
That makes him silent: think you that bright rose
That buds within his cheeks, was planted there
By guilt or shame? No, he has always been
So unacquainted with all arts of sin,
That but to be suspected, strikes him dumb
With wonder and amazement.

Come musing silence, nor refuse to shed
 Thy sober influence o'er this darkling cell :
 The desert waste and lonely plain
 Could ne'er confine thy peaceful reign.
 Nor dost thou only love to dwell,
 Mid the dark mansions of the vaulted dead :
 For still at eve's sereneest hour,
 All nature owns thy soothing power.
 Oft hast thou deign'd with me to rove
 Beneath the calm sequestred grove,
 Oft deign'd my secret steps to lead
 Along the dewy pathless mead,
 Or up the dusky lawn to spy
 The last faint gleamings of the twilight sky.
 Then wilt thou still thy pensive vot'ry meet,
 Oft as he calls thee to this gloomy seat ;
 For here with many a solemn mystic rite
 Wer't thou invoc'd to consecrate the ground ;
 E're these rude walls were rear'd remote from
 sight,
 Or e're with moss this shaggy roof was crown'd.

Jermyn's.

S I N.

What monstrous days are these ?
 Not only to be vicious most men study,
 But in it to be ugly, strive t' exceed,
 Each other in the most deformed deed.

Middleton's Phœnix.

Are you so bitter ? 'tis but want of use ;
 Her tender modesty is sea-sick a little ;
 Being not accustom'd to the breaking billow
 Of woman's wav'ring faith, blown up with
 temptation,
 'Tis but a qualm of honour ; 'twill away,
 A little bitter for the time : but lasts not.

Sin

Sin tastes at the first draught like wormwood water,
But drank again, 'tis nectar ever after.

Middleton's Women beware of Women.

SINCERITY.

Sincerity has such resistless charms,
She oft the fiercest of our foes disarms:
No art she knows, in native whiteness dress'd,
Her thoughts all pure, and therefore all express'd:
She takes from error its deformity;
And without her all other virtues die.
Bright source of goodness! to my aid descend,
Watch o'er my heart, and all my words attend:
If still thou deign to set thy foot below,
Among a race quite polish'd into show,
Oh! save me from the jilt's dissembling part,
Who grants to all, all favours but her heart;
Perverts the end of charming, for the same;
To fawn her business, to deceive her aim:
She smiles on this man, tips the wink on that,
Gives one a squeeze, another a kind pat;
Now jogs a foot, now whispers in an ear,
Here slips a letter, and there casts a leer,
Till the kind thing, the company throughout,
Distributes all its pretty self about;
While all are pleas'd, and wretched soon or late,
All but the wise, who see and shun the bait.

Stillingsfleet on Conversation.

I know he would not patiently look on,
And suffer ill designs to gather strength,
Awaiting gentle seasons: yes, I know
He had a troublesome old-fashion'd way
Of shocking courtly ears with horrid truth.
He was no civil ruffian: none of those
Who lie with twisted looks, betray with shrugs.

————— He was none of those,

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He none of those dust-licking, reptile, close,
Insinuating, speckled, smooth court serpents,
That make it so unsafe, chiefly for kings
To walk this weedy world.

Thomson's Agamemnon.

No wonder you detest my troubled soul,
It bursts unveil'd from my disclosing eyes ;
And glows on every feature's honest air ;
Such is the plainness of an Indian heart,
That it disdains to sculk behind the tongue ;
But throws out all its wrongs, and all its rage.
She who can hide her purpose, can betray ;
And that's a Christian virtue I've not learn't.

Hill's Alzira.

Frank sincerity,
Tho' no invited guest, is free to all,
And brings his welcome with him.

Havard's Regulus.

Sincerity is not the growth of Afric,
Too hot the climate for so mild a fruit.

Havard's Regulus.

I cannot hide what I am: I must be
Sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's
Jests ; eat when I have stomach, and wait for
No man's leisure ; sleep when I am drowsy,
And tend on no man's business ; laugh when
I'm merry, and claw no man in his humour :

Shakespeare's Much Ado About Nothing.

His nature is too noble for the world :
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for's power to thunder ; his heart's his
mouth :

What

What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death.

Shakespear's Coriolanus,

While others fish with craft for great opinion,
I, with great truth, catch mere simplicity;
While some with cunning gild their copper crowns
With truth and plainness, I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is plain and true; there's all the reach of it.

Shakespear's Troilus and Cressida.

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud as heav'n from earth.

Shakespear's Two Gentlemen of Verona.

SINGING.

Thyrsis with artful strains has oft delay'd
The babbling brook to hear his madrigal,
And sweetned ev'ry musk-rose of the dale.

Milton's Comus.

At last a soft and solemn breathing sound
Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,
And stole upon the air, that ev'n silence
Was took ere she was aware, and wish'd she might
Deny her nature, and be never more,
Still to be so displac'd. I was all ear,
And took in strains, that might create a soul
Under the ribs of death.

Milton's Comus.

SINGING, (at the Opera)

There is a charm, a power, that sways the breast,
Bids every passion revel or be still;

Inspires with rage, or all your cares dissolves;
 Can sooth distraction, and almost despair.
 That power is music: far beyond the stretch
 Of those unmeaning warblers on our stage;
 Those clumsy heroes, those fat-headed gods,
 Who move no passion justly but contempt;
 Who like our dancers, (light indeed and strong!)
 Do wondrous feats, but never heard of grace.
 The fault is ours, we bear those monstrous arts,
 Good heaven! we praise them: we with loudest
 peals,

Applaud the fool that highest lifts his heels;
 And, with insipid shew of rapture, die
 Of idiot notes impertinently long.
 But he the muse's laurel justly shares,
 A poet he, and touched with heaven's own fire,
 Who, with bold rage, or solemn pomp of sounds,
 Inflames, exalts, and ravishes the soul.

Armstrong's Art of preserving Health.

Behold and listen, while the fair
 Breaks in sweet sounds the willing air;
 And with her own breath fans the fire,
 Which her bright eyes do first inspire.
 What reason can that love controul,
 Which more that one way courts the soul?
 So when a flash of lightning falls
 On our abodes, the danger calls
 For human aid, which hopes the flame
 To conquer, tho' from heav'n it came:
 But if the winds with that conspire,
 Men strive not, but deplore the fire.

Waller.

Chloe, yourself you so excell,
 While you vouchsafe to breath my thought;
 That like a spirit, with this spell
 Of my own teaching I am caught,

That

That eagle's fate and mine are one,
 Who, on the shaft that made him die,
 Espy'd a feather of his own,
 With which he went to soar so high ;
 Had echo with so sweet a grace
 Narcissus loud complaints return'd ;
 Not for reflexion of his face,
 But of his face the boy had burn'd.

Waller.

SINGLE LIFE.

A batchelor

May thrive by observation on a little ;
 A single life's no burthen : but to draw
 In yokes is chargeable, and will require
 A double maintenance.

Ford's Fancy chaste and noble.

SIREN.

Sh'as charm'd thee like a Siren to her bed
 With looks of love, and with enchanting sounds :
 Too late the rocks and quicksands will appear,
 When thou art wreck'd upon the faithless shore,
 By following her delusion !

Rowe's Fair Penitent.

SITUATION, (*for Building*)

Mean time, the moist malignity to shun
 Of burthen'd skies : mark where the dry champaign
 Swells into cheerfull hills ; where marjoram
 And thyme, the love of bees, perfume the air ;
 And where the cynorrhodon with the rose
 For fragrance vies ; for in the thirsty soil
 Most fragrant breath th' aromatic tribes.
 There bid thy roofs high on the basking steep
 Ascend, there light thy hospitable fires,

And

And let them see the winter morn arise,
 The summer ev'ning blushing in the west;
 While with umbrageous oaks the ridge behind
 O'er hung, defends you from the blustering north,
 And bleak affliction of the peevish east.
 O! when the growling winds contend, and all
 The sounding forest fluctuates in the storm,
 To sink in warm repose, and hear the din
 How! o'er the steady battlements, delights
 Above the luxury of vulgar sleep.

Armstrong's Art of Preserving Health.

S K Y.

Now let us leave this earth, and lift our eye
 To the large convex of yon azure sky:
 Behold it like an ample curtain spread,
 Now streak'd, and glowing with the morning red.
 Anon at noon, in flaming yellow bright,
 And chusing fable for the peaceful night.
 Ask reason now whence light and shade were
 given,
 And whence this great variety of heaven.
 Reason our guide, what can she more reply
 Than that the sun illuminates the sky:
 Than that night rises from his absent ray,
 And his returning lustre kindles day.
 But we expect the morning red in vain;
 'Tis hid in vapours or obscur'd in rain.
 The noontide yellow we in vain require,
 'Tis black in storm, or red in lightning fire.
 Pitchy and dark the night sometimes appears,
 Friend to our woe, and parent of our fears.
 Our joy and wonder sometimes she excites,
 With stars unnumber'd, and eternal lights.

Prior's Solomon.

SLANDER.

S L A N D E R.

But straight the direful trump of slander sounds
Thro' the big dome, the doubling thunder bounds;
Loud as the burst of cannon rends the skies
The dire report thro' ev'ry region flies;
In ev'ry ear incessant rumours rung,
And gath'ring scandals grew on ev'ry tongue.
From the black trumpet's rusty concave broke
Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling smoke.
The pois'nous vapour blots the purple skies
And withers all before it as it flies.

Pope's Temple of Fame.

'Tis slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose
tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belye
All corners of the world! kings, queens and states,
Maids, matrons, nay the secrets of the grave,
This vip'rous slander enters!

Shakespear's Cymbeline.

It is a busy talking world
That with licentious breath blows like the wind
As freely on the palace, as the cottage.

Rowe's Fair Penitent.

Oh! that the busy world, at least in this,
Would take example from a wretch like me!
None then would waste their hours in foreign
thoughts,
Forget themselves, and what concerns their peace,
To tread the mazes of fantastick falsehood;
To haunt her idle sounds and flying tales
Thro'

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Thro' all the noisy giddy courts of rumour !
Malicious slander never would have leisure
To search, with prying eyes, for faults abroad,
If all like me, consider'd their own hearts
And wept the sorrows which they found at home;

Rowe's Jane Shore.

S L E E P.

Fast asleep

Enjoy the honey heavy dew of slumber,
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasticks,
Which busy cares draw in the brains of men ;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Shakespear's Julius Caesar.

Methought I heard a voice cry sleep no more :
Macbeth doth murder sleep, the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care ;
The death of each day's life, for labours birth ;
Balm of hurt minds ; great nature's second course ;
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

Shakespear's Macbeth.

What means this heaviness that hangs upon me ?
This lethargy that creeps thro' all my senses ?
Nature oppress'd, and harass'd out with care,
Sinks down to rest, this once I'll favour her ;
That my awaken'd soul may take her flight,
Renew'd in all her strength, and fresh with life,
An offering fit for heav'n. Let guilt, or fear
Disturb man's rest, Cato knows neither of them ;
Indifferent in his choice to sleep or die.

Addison's Cato.

Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous man :
A kind refreshing sleep is fallen upon him.

I saw him stretch'd at ease ; his fancy lost
In pleasing dreams. *Addison's Cato.*

O ye immortal pow'rs, that guard the just,
Watch round his couch, and soften his repose,
Banish his sorrows, and becalm his soul
With easy dreams ! remember all his virtues,
And shew mankind that goodness is your care.
Addison's Cato.

Come gentle god, with magic wand
Of pow'r to calm the soul of care ;
From envy's grasp to loose the brand,
Or lull the envenom'd snakes that prompt despair ;
Bring the visions airy shew
Yews that wave o'er Lethe slow,
Glim'ring beams, and taper blue,
Rod that drops with Stygian dew ;
Sloth, on down supinely laid,
And slow-ey'd ease, that droops the head,
Pale languor wrapt in thoughtless gaze,
And wild oblivion lost in fancy's boundless maze.
Ogilvie's Odes.

It will not be ; nought but the grave can close my
eyes,
How many labouring wretches take their rest,
While I, night after night, with cares lie waking ;
As if the gentle nurse of nature, sleep,
Had vow'd to rock my peevish sense no more.
O partial sleep ! canst thou in smoaky cottages
Stretch out the peasant's limbs on bed of straw,
And lay him fast, cramm'd with distressful bread,
Yet in the softest breeze of peaceful night,
Under the canopies of costly state,
Tho' lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody,
Refuse

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Refuse one moment's slumber to a princess.

Shakespear's Richard III.

Somnus the humble good that dwells

In cottages, and smoaky cells,

Hates gilded roofs, and beds of down,

And tho' he fears no prince's frown

Flies from the circle of a crown.

Nature, alas ! why art thou so

Oblig'd unto thy greatest foe ?

Sleep that is thy best repast,

Yet of death it bears a taste,

And both are the same things at last.

Waller.

Sleep seldom visits sorrow,

When it does, it is a comforter ;

Do not omit the heavy offer of it.

Shakespear's Tempest.

S L O T H.

This place so fit for undisturb'd repose,

The god of sloth for his assylum chose.

Upon a couch of down in these abodes,

Supine with folded arms he thoughtless nods :

Indulging dreams his godhead lull'd at ease,

With murmurs of soft rills, and whisp'ring trees,

The poppy, and each gummy plant, dispense

Their drowsy juices, and dull indolence.

A careless deity :

No passions interrupt his easy reign ;

No problems puzzle his lethargic brain,

But dull oblivion guards his peaceful bed,

And lazy fogs bedew his gracious head.

Thus at full length the pamper'd monarch lays,

Battening in ease, and slum'bring life a way.

Garth's Dispensary.

S N O W.

S N O W.

He from aerial treasures downwards pours
 Sheets of unsully'd snow in lucid show'rs ;
 Flake, after flake, thro' air thick wav'ring flies,
 Till one vast shining waste all nature lies,
 Then the proud hills, a virgin whiteness shed,
 A dazzling brightness glitters from the mead :
 The hoary trees reflect a silver show,
 And groves beneath the lovely burthen bow.

Broome.

Why hover snows and wanton in the air,
 Fall by degrees, and cloath the hoary year.

Broome.

From all the livid east, or piercing north,
 Thick clouds ascend ; in whose capacious womb
 A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.
 Heavy they roll their fleecy world along :
 And the sky faddens with the gathered storm.
 Thro' the hush'd air, the whit'ning snow descends,
 At first thin wavering, 'till at last the flakes
 Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day,
 With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields
 Put on their winter robe of purest white.
 'Tis brightness all, save where the snow melts,
 Along the mazy current, low the woods
 Bow their hoary head ; and e're the languid sun,
 Faint from the west, emits his ev'ning ray,
 Earth's universal face, deep hid and chill,
 Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
 The works of man. Drooping the labourer-ox
 Stands covered o'er with snow, and then demands
 The fruit of all his toil.

Thomson's Seasons.

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A shower of soft and fleecy rain
Falls to new cloath the earth again :
Behold the mountains tops around,
As if with fir of ermin crown'd,
And lo now by degrees
The universal mantle hides the trees,
In hoary flakes which downward fly,
As if it were the autumn of the sky,
Whose fall of leaf would theirs supply.
Trembling the groves sustain the weight, and bow
Like aged limbs, which feebly go,
Beneath a venerable head of snow.

Congreve.

S O C I E T Y.

What a helpless creature by himself
Is the proud lord of this inferior world,
Vain feeble man: the conquerors of nature,
Each wing that flies along the spacious sky,
Is less dependent than their boasting master.
Hail social life ! into thy pleasing bounds
Again I come, to pay the common stock
My share of service, and in glad return,
To taste thy comforts, thy protected joys.

Thomson's Agamemnon.

S O L D I E R.

Thou canst fight well and bravely ; thou canst
Endure all dangers, heats, colds, hungers :
Heaven's angry flames are not suddener,
Than I have seen thee execute ; nor more mortal :
The winged feet of flying enemies,
I've stood and seen thee mow away like rushes,
And still kill the killer ! Oh ! were thy mind
But half so sweet in peace as rough in dangers.

Rocheſter's Valentinian.

They

They daily trust their loves and lives thro' hazards,
And fearless for their country's peace, march
hourly

Thro' all the doors of death, and know the
darkest.

What labour would these men neglect with
danger,

Where honour sits, tho' seated on a billow,
Rising as high as heaven, would not these foldiers,
Like to so many sea-gods, charge up to it?
Behold their swords; Time's scythe was never so
sharp,

Nor ever at one harvest mow'd such handfuls;
Thoughts ne'er so sudden, nor belief so sure
When they are drawn: and were it not sometimes
I swim upon their angers to allay them,
And, like a calm, depress their soul intentions,
They are so deadly sure, nature would suffer.

B. Loyal Subject.

To me the cries of fighting fields are charms,
Keen be my sabre, and of proof my arms;
I ask no other blessing of my stars:
No prize but fame, no mistress but the wars.

Dryden's Aurengzebe.

The foldiers grieve

To see the nations, whom our ancient virtue
With many a weary march and hunger, conquer'd,
With loss of many a daring life subdued,
Fall from their fair obedience, and even murmur
To see the warlike eagles mew their honours
In obscure towns, that us'd to prey on princes.
They cry for enemies, and tell the captain,
The fruits of Italy are luscious, give us Egypt,
Or sandy Africa, to display our valours;

There

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There, where our swords may get us meat and dangers,

Digest our well got food : for here our weapons,
And bodies that were made for shining brags,
Are both unedged, and old with ease and women.
And then they cry again, where are the Germans.
Lined with hot Spain, or Gallia ? bring them near,
And let the sun of war, steel'd Mithridates
Pour on his winged legions like a storm,
Hiding the face of heaven with showers of arrows,
Yet we dare fight as Romans : then, as soldiers,
Tired with a weary march, they tell their wounds,
Even weeping ripe, they are no more nor deeper,
And glory in those scars that make them lovely,
And sitting where a camp was, like sad pilgrims,
They reckon up the times, and loading labours
Of Julius, or Germanicus, and wonder
That Rome, whose turrets once were topp'd with
honour,

Can now forget the customs of her conquests.
Thus they repine; and then try out, who leads
us ?

Shall we stand here like statues ? were our fathers
The sons of lazy Moors ? our princes Persians ?
Nothing but silk, and softness ?

Rochester's Valentinian.

Thus when the warrior his lov'd trumpet hears,
His martial blood begins to warm apace,
And boils and flushes in his kindling face,
And much he longs to strive in glory's race.

Lee's Sophonisba.

This downright fighting fool, this thick scull'd
hero.

This blunt unthinking instrument of death,
With plain dull virtue has outgone my wit.

Dryden's All for Love.

Twelve legions wait upon you,
 And long to call you chief : by painful journies,
 I led them, patient of both heat and hunger :
 'Twill do you good to see their sun-burnt faces,
 Their scar'd cheeks, and chopp'd hands ; there's
 virtue in 'em.

They'd sell those mangled limbs at dearer rates
 Than yon trim band can buy.

Dryden's All for Love.

Oh ! thou hast fir'd me ! my soul is up in arms,
 And mans each part about me ! once again
 That noble eagerness, of fight has seiz'd me !
 That eagerness, with which I darted upward ;
 To Cassius camp. In vain the steepy hill
 Oppos'd my way, in vain a war of spears
 Sung round my head, and planted all my shield :
 I won the trenches, whilst my foremost men
 Lagg'd on the plain below. Come on, my soldier,
 Our hearts and arms are still the same : I long
 Once more to meet our foes, that thou and I,
 Like time and death, marching before our troops,
 My each fate to them, mow 'em out a passage,
 And entring where the foremost squadrons yield,
 Begin the noblest harvest of the field.

Dryden's All for Love.

Oh ! when I see him arming for his honour,
 His country, and his gods, that martial fire,
 That mounts his courage, kindles even to me !
 And when the Trojan matrons wait him out
 With prayers, and meet with blessings his return,
 The pride of virtue beats within my breast,
 To wipe away the sweat and dust of war,
 And dress my hero, glorious in his wounds !
 Has he not met a thousand lifted swords ?
 There's not a day but he encounters armies ;
 And yet as safe as if the broad-brim'd shield,
 That

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That Pallas wears, were held 'twixt him and
death. *Dryden's Troilus and Cressida.*

I have seen him fight against a troop of Vandals
In your defence, as if he lov'd to bleed,
——— When he has been all o'er blood,
And hack'd with wounds that seem'd to mouth his
praises ;
I have seen him smile, still as he push'd death from
him,
And with his actions rally distant fate.

Lee's Theodosius.

Canst thou love a soldier ?
One born to honour, and to honour bred ;
One that has learnt to treat ev'n foes with kindness,
To wrong no good man's fame, or praise himself.
Otway's Orphan.

Methinks the very spirit that inspires
This frame, the very genius of old Rome,
That makes me talk without the fear of death,
And drives my daring soul to acts of honour,
Flames in your eyes : our arms too are a-kin,
Ambitious, fierce, and burn alike for glory.

Lee's Theodosius.

Let honour call for my blood,
And sluice it into streams,
Turn fortune loose again to my pursuit,
And let me hunt her thro' embattl'd foes,
In dusty plains ; amidst the cannon roar ;
There I will be the first.

Dryden's Spanish Friar.

Dost thou not know the fate of soldiers ?
They are but ambition's tools, to cut a way

To

To her unlawful ends; and when they're worn,
Hack'd, hewn with constant service, thrown aside,
To rust in peace, or rot in hospitals.

Southern's Loyal Brother.

How nobly he becomes the great battalion :
See how he shines in arms, and suns the fields!
Moves, speaks, and fights, and is himself a war.

Dryden's and Lee's Duke of Guise.

As for Sebastian: we must search the field,
And when we see a mountain of the slain,
Send one to climb; and looking down below,
There shall he find him at his manly length,
With his face up to heav'n, in the red monument,
Which his true sword has digg'd.

Dryden and Lee's Don Sebastian.

To live and conquer is the noblest fate,
But the next glory is a gallant death;
Success, O Jove! and victory are thine;
Fortune is thine, my honour is my own:
Facing my doom, with my drawn sword I'll stand,
Nor turn my back upon the wrathful bolt.

Lansdown's Heroic Love.

When the young hero yet unfledg'd in arms,
Made the tough age of old Ramirez bend:
He fought like Mars descending from the skie,
And look'd like Venus rising from the waves.

Dryden's Love Triumphant.

O my Antonio! I am all on fire!
My soul is up in arms, ready to charge
And bear amidst the foe with conqu'ring troops:
I hear 'em call to lead them on to liberty:

To

To victory: their shouts and clamours rend
My ears, and reach the heavens.

Congreve's Mourning Bride.

Full fifty years, harness'd in rugg'd steel,
I have endur'd the biting winter's blast,
And the severer heats of parching summer;
While they, who loll'd at home on lazy couches,
Were at my cost secure in luxury.

Rowe's Ambitious Stepmother.

A joy shoots thro'
My drooping breast; as often when the trumpet
Has call'd my youthful ardour out to battle,
High in my hopes, and ravish'd with the sound,
I have rush'd eager on, amidst the foremost,
To purchase victory, or glorious death.

Rowe's Tamerlane.

This brave man, with long resistance,
Held the combat doubtful;
His party, press'd with numbers, soon grew faint,
And would have left their charge an easy prey:
Whilst he alone, undaunted at the odds,
Tho' hopeless to escape, fought well and firmly,
Nor yielded till o'ermatch'd by many hands;
He seem'd to shame our conquest, while he own'd it.

Rowe's Tamerlane.

Impatient of the tedious night, in arms
Watchful they stood, expecting opening day;
And now are hardly by their leaders held
From darting on their foes: like a hot courser,
That bounding, paws the moulding soil, disdain
The rein that checks him, eager for the race.

Rowe's Tamerlane.

What

What means that shout, big with the sounds of
war?

What new alarm ! A second, larger yet,
Swells in the wind, and comes more full upon us !
Oh ! for some glorious cause to fall in battle !
O Marcus ! I am warm'd ; my heart
Leaps at the trumpet's voice, and burns for glory !

Addison's Cato.

Alas ! thou know'st not Cæsar's active soul !
With what a dreadful course he rushes on
From war to war ! In vain has nature form'd
Mountains and oceans to oppose his passage !
He bounds o'er all, victorious in his march !
The Alps and Pyrenneans sink before him !
Thro' winds and waves, and storms, he works
his way,

Impatient for the battle !

Addison's Cato.

Black was his beard, and manly was his face ;
The balls of his broad eyes roll'd in his head,
And glar'd betwixt a yellow and a red :
He look'd a lion with a gloomy stare,
And o'er his eye-brows hung his matted hair :
Big-bon'd, and large of limbs, with sinews strong,
Broad-shoulder'd, and his arms were round and long,
Upright he stood, and bore aloft his shield,
Conspicuous from afar, and overlook'd the field.
His surcoat was a bear's skin on his back,
His hair hung long behind, and glossy raven black.
Whene'er he spoke, his voice was heard around,
Loud as a trumpet with a silver sound.

Dryden's Pal. and Arc.

SOLITUDE.

What might this be ? a thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory

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G

OF

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Of calling shapes, and beck'ning shadows dire,
And aery tongues, that syllable mens names
On sands and shores, and desert wildernesses.
These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
The virtuous mind, that ever walks, attended
By a strong siding champion, conscience.

Milton.

'Tis now the depth of darkness and repose,
All nature seems to rest, while Alfred wakes
To think, and to be wretch'd. Where yon oak,
With wide and dusky shade, o'erhangs the stream
That glides in silence by, I took my stand
What time the glow-worm, thro' the dewy path,
First shot his twinkling flame. I stood attentive,
Lift'ning each noise from woodclad hill and dale,
But all was hush'd around. Nor trumpets clang,
Nor shout of roving foe, nor hasty tread
Of ev'ning passengers, disturb'd the wild
And awful stillness: homeward as I sped,
O'er many a delve, thro' many a path perplexed,
Maze running into maze, ill boding thoughts
Haunted my steps.

Mallet and Thomson.

Beneath yon ruined abbey's moss grown piles,
Oft let me sit, at twilight hour of eve,
Where thro' some western window the pale moon
Pours her long levell'd rule of streaming light;
While sullen sacred silence reigns around,
Save the lone screech owl's note, who builds his
bow'r
Amid the mould'ring caverns dark and damp,
Or the calm breeze, that rustles in the leaves
Of flaunting joy, that with mantle green
Invests some wasted tower; or let me tread
Its neighbouring walk of pines, where mus'd of old
The cloystered brothers, thro' the gloomy void
That

That far extends beneath their ample arch,
 As on I pace, religious horror wraps
 My soul in dread repose. But when the world
 Is clad in midnight's raven-colour'd robe,
 Mid hollow charnel, let me watch the flame
 Of taper dim, shedding a livid glare
 O'er the wan heaps, while airy voices talk
 Along the glimmering walls, or ghostly shape,
 At distance seen, invites with beck'ning hand
 My lonesome steps, thro' the far winding vaults.

Thomas Wharton.

A mossy cave that fac'd
 The southern sea, and in whose deep recess
 Boil'd up a chrystal fountain, was my home.
 Herbs were my food, those blessed stores of health;
 Only when winter, from my daily search,
 Withdrew my verdant meal, I was obliged
 In faithless snares to seize, which truly griev'd me,
 My silvan friends; that ne'er till then had known,
 And therefore dreaded less the tyrant man.
 But these low hardships scarce deserve regard:
 The pangs, that sharpest stung, were in my mind;
 There desolation reign'd; and there cut off
 From social life, I felt a constant death.
 And yet these pangs at last forgot to throb:
 What cannot lenient gentle time perform?
 I eat my lonely meal without a tear;
 Nor sigh'd to see the dreadful night descend.
 In my own breast a world within myself,
 In streams, in groves, in sunny hill and shade;
 In all that blooms with vegetable life,
 Or joys with kindred animal sensation;
 In the full peopled round of azure heav'n
 Where'er I, studious, look'd, I found companions.
 But, chief, the muses lent their softning aid.
 At their enchanting voice my sorrows fled,

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Or learn'd to please: while, thro' my troubled
heart,
They breath'd the soul of harmony anew.
Thus of the great community of nature
A denizen I liv'd; and oft in hymns,
And rapt'rous thought, even with the gods con-
versed,
That not disdain sometimes the walks of man.

Thomson's Agamemnon.

I want to be alone, to find some shade,
Some solitary gloom; there to shake off
These harsh tumultuous cares that vex my life,
This sick ambition on itself recoiling;
And there to listen to the gentle voice,
The sigh of peace, something, I know not what,
That whispers transport to my heart.

Thomson's Sophonisba.

Beneath the silent gloom of solitude,
Tho' peace can sit and smile; tho' meek content
Can keep the chearful tenor of her soul,
Ev'n in the loneliest shades; yet let not wrath
Approach, let black revenge keep far aloof,
Or soon they flame to madness.

Mason's Elfrida.

Bear me, some god! oh quickly bear me hence
To wholesome solitude, the nurse of sense.
Where contemplation plumes her ruffled wings,
And the free soul looks down to pity kings.

Pope's Satires.

S O R R O W.

But now my sorrows, long with pain suppress'd,
Burst their confinement with impetuous sway,
O'er swell all bounds, and bear e'en life away;

So,

So, till the day was won, the Greek renown'd,
With anguish wore the arrow in his wound ;
Then drew the shaft from out his tortur'd side,
Let gush the torrent of his blood, and dy'd.

Young's Revenge.

Alas ! how vain is happiness below,
Man soon or late must have his share of woe ;
Slight are his joys, and fleeting as the wind,
His griefs wound home, and leave a sting behind :
His lot distinguish'd, from the brute appears,
Less certain by his laughter than his tears ;
For ignorance too oft our pleasure breeds,
But sorrow from the reas'ning soul proceeds.

Lisle.

For my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate, and o'erbearing nature,
That it ingluts, and swallows other sorrows,
And yet is still itself.

Shakespeare's Othello.

Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms ;
What tho' the mast be now blown o'er board,
The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood ?
Yet lives our pilot still. Is't meet that he
Should leave the helm, and like a fearful lad
With tearful eyes, add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too
much ?

While in his mean, the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have sav'd.

Shakespeare's Henry VI.

Griefs that sound so loud, prove always light,
True sorrow evermore keeps out of sight.

Chapman.

Amaz'd

Amaz'd he stands, nor voice nor body stirs;
 Words had no passage, tears no issue found,
 For sorrow shut up words, wrath kept in tears;
 Confus'd effects each other do confound:
 Oppress'd with grief his passions had no bound.
 Striving to tell his woes, words wou'd not come,
 For light cares speak, when mighty griefs are dumb.

Daniel's Rosamond.

He sad heart, being robb'd
 Of all his comfort, having lost the beauty
 Which gave him life and motion, seeing Claius
 Enjoy those lips, whose cherries wore the food,
 That nurs'd his soul, spent all his time in sorrow,
 In melancholy sighs and discontents:
 Look'd like a wither'd tree o'ergrown with moss;
 His eyes were ever dropping icicles.

Randal's Amyntas.

I must confess, when I did part from you,
 I could not force an artificial dew
 Upon my cheeks; nor with a gilded phrase
 Express how many hundred several ways
 My heart was tortur'd; nor with arms across
 In discontented garb set forth my loss:
 Such loud expressions many times do come
 From lightest hearts: great griefs are always dumb.
 The shallow rivers roar, the deep are still,
 Numbers of painted words may shew much skill,
 But little anguish; and a cloudy face
 Is oft put on to serve both time and place:
 The blazing wood may to the eye seem great,
 But 'tis the fire rak'd up that has the heat,
 And keeps it long: true sorrow's, like to wine,
 That which is good does never need a sign.

Suckling.

SOUL.

S O U L.

It must be so : Plato, thou reasonest well :
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
 This longing after immortality ?
 Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
 Of falling into nought ? Why shrinks the soul
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction ?
 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us ;
 'Tis heav'n itself that points out an hereafter,
 And intimates eternity to man.
 Eternity, thou pleasing dreadful thought !
 Thro' what variety of untry'd being,
 Thro' what new scenes and changes must we pass ?
 The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me ;
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
 Here will I hold : if there's a power above us,
 And that there is, all nature cries aloud
 Thro' all her works, he must delight in virtue ;
 And that which he delights in must be happy.
 But when ? or where—
 I'm weary of conjectures—
 The soul secure in her existence, smiles
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point :
 The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
 Grow dim with age ; and nature sink in years :
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
 Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
 The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds.

Addison's Cato.

The soul uneasy, and confin'd from home,
 Rests and expatiates on a life to come.

Pope's Essay on Man.

While this immortal spark of heav'nly flame
 Distends my breast, and animates my frame ;
 To thee my ardent praises shall be borne,
 On the first breeze that wakes the blushing morn :

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The latest star shall hear the pleasing sound,
 And nature in full choir shall join around.
 When full of thee my soul excursive flies,
 Through earth, air, ocean, or thy regal skies;
 From world to world new wonders still I find,
 And all the Godhead flashes in my mind.
 When wing'd with whirlwinds vice shall take its
 flight

To the deep bosom of eternal night,
 To thee my soul shall endless praises pay:
 Join, men and angels, join th' exalted lay.

Blacklock.

Come then, my soul! I call thee by that name,
 Thou busy thing, from whence I know I am:
 For, knowing what I am, I know thou art;
 Since that must needs exist, which can impart.
 But how cam'st thou to be, or whence thy spring?
 For various of thee priests and poets sing.
 Had'st thou, submissive, but a lowly birth?
 Some secret particles of finer earth;
 A plain effect which nature must beget,
 As motion orders, and as atoms meet;
 Companion of the body's good or ill,
 From force of instinct more than choice of will;
 Conscious of fear or valour, joy or pain,
 As the wild courses of the blood ordain;
 Who, as degrees of heat and cold prevail,
 In youth dost flourish, and with age shalt fail;
 Till, mingled with thy partner's latest breath,
 Thou fly'st dissolv'd in air, and lost in death.
 Or if thy great existence would aspire
 To causes more sublime; of heav'nly fire
 Wer't thou a spark struck off, a separate ray;
 Ordain'd to mingle with terrestrial clay;
 With it condemn'd for certain years to dwell,
 To grieve its frailties, and its pains to feel;

To

To teach it good and ill, disgrace or fame;
 Pale it with rage, or redden it with shame:
 To guide its actions with informing care,
 In peace to judge, to conquer in the war;
 Render it agile, witty, valiant, sage,
 As fits the various course of human age;
 Till, as the earthly part decays and falls,
 The captive breaks her prison's mould'ring walls,
 Hovers a while upon the sad remains,
 Which now the pile or sepulchre contains;
 And thence with liberty unbounded flies,
 Impatient to regain her native skies.
 Whate'er thou art, where'er ordain'd to go,
 (Points which we rather may dispute, than know)
 Come on, thou little inmate of this breast,
 Which for thy sake from passions I divest:
 For these, thou say'st, raise all the stormy strife,
 Which hinder thy repose, and trouble life.
 Be the fair level of thy actions laid,
 As temp'rance wills, and prudence may persuade:
 Be thy affections undisturb'd and clear,
 Guided to what may great or good appear;
 And try if life be worth the liver's care.

Prior's Solomon.

S P A N I E L.

Ye vig'rous swains! while youth ferments your
 blood,
 And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood,
 Now range the hills, the gameful woods beset,
 Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.
 When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,
 And in the new-shorn field the partridge feeds,
 Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds,
 Panting with hope he tries the furrow'd grounds;
 But when the tainted gales the game betray,
 Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey:

Secure they trust ! th' unfaithful field beset,
Till hov'ring o'er 'em sweeps the swelling net.
Pope's Windsor Forest.

S P E E C H.

Speech is the morning to the soul ;
It spreads the beauteous images abroad,
Which else lie furl'd, and clouded in the soul.
Dryden and Lee's Duke of Guise.

And when she speaks, O Angilo ! then music,
Such as old Orpheus made, that gave a soul
To aged mountains ; and made rugged beasts
Lay by their rage ; and tall trees, that knew
No sound but tempests, to bow down their branches,
And hear, and wonder ; and the sea, whose surges
Shook their white heads in heaven, to be as mid-
night,
Still and attentive ! steals into our souls
So suddenly and strangely, that we are
From that time no more our's, but what she pleases.
Beaumont's Captain.

Oh ! thy charming tongue
Is but too well acquainted with my weakness ;
Knows let it name but love, my melting heart
Dissolves within my breast ; till with clos'd eyes
I reel into thy arms, and all's forgotten.
Otway's Venice Preserv'd.

O speak, go on, the air grows sensible
Of the great things you utter, and is calm ;
The hurry'd orbs with storms so rack'd of late,
Seem to stand still, as if that Jove were talking.
Dryden's and Lee's Oedipus.

Speak this again :
But speak it to the winds when they are loudest,
Or

Or to the raging seas ; they'll hear as soon,
And sooner will believe.

Dryden's and Lee's Oedipus.

Oh ! thou hast utter'd sounds of such a strain
As nature cannot bear ! like inmost music,
Which, while it charms the sense, makes chill the
blood.

Lee's Cæsar Borgia.

Blast me not with such sounds :
There's not one fatal sentence, one dread word
But runs like iron thro' my freezing blood.

Lee's Cæsar Borgia.

Oh ! while you speak, methinks a sudden calm,
In spite of all the horror that surrounds me,
Falls upon every frightened faculty,
And puts my soul in tune !

Lee's Lucius Junius Brutus.

He was the very joy of all that saw him ;
Form'd to delight, to love and to persuade :
Impassive spirits and angelic natures
Might have been charm'd ; like yielding human
weakness,
Stoop'd from their heav'n, and listen'd to his tal-
king.

Rowe's Jane Shore.

S P H E R E S.

There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young ey'd cherubims.
Such harmony is in immortal sounds !
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear it.

Milton.

Listen I
To the celestial Syrens harmony ?

That

That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,
 And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
 And turn the adamantine spindle round,
 On which the fate of gods and men is wound;
 Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,
 To lull the daughters of necessity,
 And keep unsteddy nature to her law,
 And the low world in measur'd motion draw,
 After the heavenly tune which none can hear
 Of human mold with gross unpurged ear.

Milton.

S P H I N X.

Then sphinx began to rage;
 The monster sphinx laid your rich country waste,
 Your vineyards spoil'd, your lab'ring oxen slew
 Your selves for fear, mew'd up within your walls.
 She, taller than your gates o'erlook'd your tow'r;
 But when she rais'd her bulk to sail above you,
 She drove the air around her like a whirlwind,
 And shaded all beneath; till stooping down,
 She clap'd her leathern wings against your tow'rs,
 And thrust out her long neck ev'n to your doors.
 You durst not meet in temples,
 T' invoke the gods for aid; the stoutest he
 Who leads you now, crouch'd then like a dar'd
 lark.

This Creon shook for fear:
 The blood of Laius curdled in his veins.

Dryden's and Lee's Oedipus.

S P I D E R.

So her disembowell'd web
 Arch'd high in a hall or kitchen, spreads
 Obvious to vagrant flies: she secret stands
 Within her woven cell; the humming prey,
 Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
 Inextricable, nor will aught avail

Their

Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue;
The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly, proud of expanded wings,
Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,
Useless resistance make: with eager strides,
She tow'ring flies to her expected spoils;
Then, with envenom'd jaws the vital blood
Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcases triumphant drags.

Philips's Splendid Shilling.

But chief to heedless flies the window proves]
A constant death; where, gloomily retired,
The villain spider lives, cunning, and fierce,
Mixture abhorr'd! amid a mangled heap
Of carcases, in eager watch he sits,
O'erlooking all his waving snares around,
Near the dire cell the dreadless wanderer
Passes, as oft the ruffian shows his front;
The prey at least ensnar'd, he dreadful darts,
With rapid glide, along the leaning line;
And fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,
Strike's backward grimly pleas'd: the fluttering
wing,
And shriller sound, declare extreme distress,
And ask the helping hospitable hand.

Thomson's Seasons.

Cave of S P L E E N.

Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
As ever sully'd the fair face of light;
Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
Repair'd, to search the gloomy cave of spleen.
Swift on his footy pinions flits the gnome,
And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.
No chearful breeze this sullen region knows,
The dreadful east is all the wind that blows.

Here

Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
 And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
 She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
 Pain at her side, and megrim at her head.
 Two handmaids wait the throne; alike in place,
 But differing far in figure and in face.
 Here stood ill nature, like an ancient maid,
 Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd;
 With store of pray'rs for mornings, nights, and
 noons,

Her hand is fill'd: her bosom with lampoons.
 There affectation, with a sickly mien,
 Shews in her cheeks the roses of eighteen;
 Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,
 Faints into airs, and languishes with pride;
 On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
 Wrapp'd in a gown, for sickness, and for show.
 The fair-ones feel such maladies as these,
 When each new night-dress gives a new disease,
 A constant vapour o'er the palace flies;
 Strange phantoms rising, as the mists arise:
 Dreadful as hermits dreams in haunted shades,
 Or bright as visions of expiring maids.

Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
 Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
 Now lakes of liquid gold, elysian scenes,
 And crystal domes, and angels in machines.
 Unnumber'd throngs on ev'ry side are seen
 Of bodies chang'd to various forms by spleen.
 Here living tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
 One bent; the handle this, and that the spout:
 A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod, walks;
 Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pye talks.
 Men prove with child, as pow'rful fancy works,
 And maids, turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.
 Safe pass'd the gnome thro' this fantastic band,
 A branch of healing spleenwort in his hand.

Then

Then thus address'd the pow'r—Hail, wayward queen!

Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen;
 Parent of vapours, and of female wit,
 Who give th' hyfteric, or poetic fit.
 On various tempers act by various ways,
 Make some take physic, others scribble plays;
 Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
 And send the godly in a pet to pray.
 A nymph there is, who all thy pow'r disdains,
 And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
 But, oh! if e'er thy gnome could spoil a grace,
 Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face;
 Like citron-water, matrons cheeks inflame,
 Or change complexions at a losing game;
 If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
 Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
 Or caus'd suspicion, when no soul was rude;
 Or discompos'd the head-dress of a prude;
 Or e'er to coftive lap-dog gave disease,
 Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease;
 Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin,
 That single act gives half the world the spleen.
 The goddess with a discontented air
 Seems to reject him, tho' she grants his pray'r:
 A wond'rous bag with both her hands she binds,
 Like that where once Ulysses held the winds;
 There she collects the force of female lungs,
 Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues,
 A phial next she fills with fainting fears,
 Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
 The gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
 Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts today.
Pope's Rape of the Lock.

S P L E E N or V A P O U R S.

Oft from the body, by long ails mistun'd
 These evils sprung, the most important health,
 That

That of the mind, destroy : and when the mind
 They first invade, the conscious body soon
 In sympathetic languishment declines.
 These chronic passions, while from real woes
 They rise, and yet without the body's fault
 Infest the soul, admit one only cure ;
 Diversion, hurry, and a restless life.
 Vain are the consolations of the wise ;
 In vain your friends would reason down your pain.
 O ye, whose souls relentless love has tam'd
 To soft distress, or friends untimely slain !
 Court not the luxury of tender thought ;
 Nor deem it impious to forget those pains
 That hurt the living, nought avail the dead :
 Go, soft enthusiast ! quit the cypress groves,
 Nor to rivulet's lonely moanings tune
 Your sad complaint ; go, seek the chearful haunts
 Of men ; and mingle with the bustling croud ;
 Lay schemes for wealth, or power, or fame, the
 wish
 Of noble minds, and push them night and day,
 Or join the caravan in quest of scenes
 New to your eyes, and shifting every hour,
 Beyond the Alps, beyond the Appennines,
 Or more advent'rous, rush into the field
 Where war grows hot ; and, raging thro' the sky,
 The lofty trumpet swells the madd'ning soul ;
 And in the hardy camp and toilsome march,
 Forget all softer and less manly cares.

Armstrong's Art of Preserving Health.

SPLENDID SHILLING.

Happy the man, who, void of cares and strife,
 In silken or in leathern purse retains
 A splendid shilling : he nor hears with pain
 New oysters cry'd, nor sighs for chearful ale ;

To Jun'per's magpye, or town hall repairs :
 Where mindful of the nymph, whose wanton eye
 Transfix'd his soul, and kindl'd amorous flames,
 Cloe, or Phillis ; he each circling glass
 Witheth her health, and joy, and equal love.
 Mean while, he smokes, and laughs at merry tale,
 Or pun ambiguous, or connundrum quaint.

Philips's Splendid Shilling.

SPOUTING CLUB.

A place there is where such young Quixots meet ;
 'Tis called the spouting club—a glorious treat !
 Where prentic'd kings alarm the gaping street !
 Where Brutus starts and stares by midnight taper,
 Who all the day enacts — a woollen draper ;
 There Hamlet's ghost stalks forth with doubled fist,
 Cries out with hollow voice list, list, O list,
 And frighten's Denmark's prince, a young to-
 bacconist.

The spirit too, cleared from his deadly white,
 Rises a haberdasher to the sight :
 Not young attorneys have this rage withstood,
 But change their pens for truncheons, ink for blood,
 And (strange reverse) die for their country's good.

Garrick.

S P R I N G.

Bright god of day, whose genial power
 Revives the buried seed,
 That spreads with foliage every bower
 With verdure every mead,
 Bid all thy vernal breezes fly,
 Diffusing mildness thro' the sky :
 Give the soft season to our drooping plains
 Sprinkled with rosy dews, and salutary rains.
 Enough has winter's hand severe
 Hurl'd all his terrors round,

Chilled

Chilled the fair dawning of the year,
 And whiten'd all the ground :
 Give but thy vital beams to play,
 The frozen scenes will melt away,
 And, mix'd in sprightly dance, the blooming hours
 Will wake the drowsy spring, and spring awake the
 flowers.

Let health, gay daughter of the skies,
 On zephyrs wings descend,
 And scatter pleasures as she flies,
 Where Surry's downs extend :
 There Herring wooes her friendly pow'r,
 There may she all her roses show'r,
 To heal that shepherd all her balms employ,
 So will she sooth our fears and give a nation joy.
Fawkes.

In that soft season, when descending show'rs
 Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flow'rs;
 When op'ning buds salute the welcome day,
 And earth relenting feels the genial ray.
Pope.

Come, gentle spring, ætherial mildness, come !
 And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
 While music wakes around, veil'd in a show'r
 Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.
Thomson's Seasons.

Now, turning from the wint'ry signs, the sun
 His course exalted through the Ram had run ;
 And, whirling up the skies, his chariot drove
 Through Taurus, and the lightsome realms of love ;
 When Venus from her orb descends in show'rs,
 To glad the ground, and paint the field with
 flow'rs.

When

When first the tender blades of grass appear,
 And buds that yet the blasts of Eurus fear
 Stand at the door of life, and doubt to cloath
 the year;

Till gentle heat, and soft repeated rains,
 Make the green blood to dance within their veins.
 Then, at their call embolden'd, out they come,
 And swell the gems, and burst the narrow room :
 Broader and broader yet their blooms display,
 Salute the welcome sun, and entertain the day.
 Then from their breathing souls their sweets repair,
 To scent the skies, and purge th' unwholesome
 air.

Joy spreads the heart and with a gen'ral song
 Spring issues out, and leads the jolly months along.
Dryden's Flower and the Leaf.

Fair is the face of spring,
 When rural songs and odours wake the morn
 To ev'ry eye ; but how much more to his,
 Round whom the bed of sickness long diffus'd
 Its melancholy gloom ! how doubly fair,
 When first with fresh-born vigour he inhales
 The balmy breeze, and feels the blessed sun,
 Warm at his bosom, from the springs of life
 Chacing oppressive damps and languid pain.

Akinside's Pleasures of the Imagination.

*Part of a fine scene in the second act of As you
 Like it.*

DUKE and a LORD.

Come, shall we go and kill us venison ;
 And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools
 Being native burghers of this desert city,
 Should, in their old confines, with forked heads,
 Have their round haunches goar'd.

1. Indeed, my lord,
 The melancholy Jaques grieves at that
 And in that kind swears you do more usurp
 Than doth your brother, that hath banish'd you ;
 To day my lord of Amiens, and myself,
 Did steal behind him, as he lay along
 Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
 Upon the brook that brawls along this wood :
 To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
 That from the hunters aim had ta'en a hurt,
 Did come to languish ; and indeed, my lord,
 The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans
 That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
 Almost to bursting ; and the big round tears
 Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
 In piteous chace, and thus the hairy fool,
 Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
 Stood in the extremest verge of the swift brook
 Augmenting it with tears.

2. But what said Jaques ?
 Did he not moralize this spectacle ?
 1. O ! yes : into a thousand families.
 First for his weeping in the needful stream ;
 Poor deer, quoth he, thou makest a testament
 As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
 To that which had too much, then being alone
 Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends,
 'Tis right, quoth he ; thus misery doth part
 The flux of company : anon a careless herd
 Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
 And never stays to greet him : aye, quoth Jaques,
 Sweep on you fat and greasie citizens,
 'Tis just the fashion ; wherefore do you look
 Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there.

Shakespeare.

S T A G E.

S T A G E.

Close to the walls which fair Augusta bind,
 (The fair Augusta much to fears inclin'd)
 An ancient fabric, rais'd t' inform the sight,
 There stood of yore, and Barbican it hight:
 A watch-tower once; but now so fate ordains,
 Of all the pile an empty name remains:
 From its old ruins brothel-houses rise,
 Scenes of lewd loves, and of polluted joys,
 Where their vast courts the mother-strumpets keep,
 And, undisturb'd by watch, in silence sleep.
 Near these a nursery erects its head,
 Where queens are form'd, and future heroes bred;
 Where unfledg'd actors learn to laugh and cry,
 Where infant punks their tender voices try,
 And little Maximns the gods defy. }
 Great Fletcher never treads in buskin here,
 Nor greater Johnson dares in sock appear;
 But gentle Simkin just reception finds
 Amidst this monument of vanish'd minds:
 Pure clinches the suburban muse affords,
 And Panton waging harmless war with words.
 Here Flecknoe, as a place to fame well known,
 Ambitiously design'd his Shadwel's throne.
 For ancient Decker prophesy'd long since, }
 That in this pile should reign a mighty prince,
 Born for a scourge of wit, and flail of sense:
 To whom true dulness should some Pſyches owe,
 But worlds of misers from his pen should flow;
 Hum'rists and hypocrites it should produce,
 Whole Raymond families, and tribes of Bruce.

Dryden's Macflecno.

All the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely players,
 They

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They have their exits, and their entrances,
 And one man in his time plays many parts :
 His acts being seven ages. At first the infant
 Mewling and pucking in the nurse's arms :
 And then the whining school boy with his satchel,
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail
 Unwillingly to school ; and then the lover ;
 Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
 Made to his mistress eyebrow : then a soldier
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel ;
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth ; and then the justice
 In fair round belly, and good capon lin'd
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances,
 And so he plays his part : the sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
 With spectacles on's nose, and pouch on side ;
 His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice
 Turning again toward childish trible pipes,
 And whistles in his sound ; last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.
Shakespear's As you Like it.

To various things the stage has been compar'd,
 As apt ideas strike each humourous bard :
 This night, for want of better simile,
 Let this our theatre a tavern be :
 The poets vintners, and the waiters we. }
 So as the cant, and custom of the trade is,
 Your welcome gem'min, kindly welcome ladies.
 To draw in customers, our bills are spread,
 You cannot miss the sign, 'tis Shakespear's head.

From

From this same head, this fountain-head divine,
For different palates springs a different wine !
In which no tricks, to strengthen, or to thin
em---

Neat as imported---no French brandy in 'em---
Hence for the choicest spirits flows champaign ;
Whose sparkling atoms shot thro' every vein,
Then mount in magic vapours to th' enraptur'd
brain !

Hence flow or martial minds potations strong,
And sweet love potions, for the fair and young,
For you my hearts of oak, for your regale, [*To*
the upper gallery.]

There's good old English stingo, mild and stale.
For high, luxurious souls, with luscious smack,
There's Sir John Falstaff, is a butt of sack ;
And if the stronger liquors more invite ye ;
Bardolph is gin, and Pistol aqua vitæ.
But should you call for Falstaff, where to find
him,

He's gone --- nor left one cup of sack behind
him.

Sunk in his elbow-chair, no more he'll roam ;
No more, with merry wags, to Eastcheap come ;
He's gone,---to jest, and laugh, and give his
sack at home.

As for the learned critics, grave and deep,
Who catch at words, and catching fall asleep ;
Who in the storms of passion---hum,---and
haw !

For such, our master will no liquor draw---
So blindly thoughtful, and so darkly read,
They take Tom Durfy's, for the Shakespear's
head.

Garrick's Prologues.

As heroes, states, and kingdoms, rise and
fall ;

So—(with the mighty to compare the small)
Thro' int'rest, whim, or, if you please, thro'
fate,

We feel commotions in our mimic state :
The sock and buskin fly from stage to stage ;
A year's alliance is, with us,—an age !
And where's the wonder ? All surprize must
cease,
When we reflect, how int'rest, or caprice,
Makes real kings break articles of peace. }

Strengthen'd with new allies, our foes prepare ;
“ Cry havock ! and let slip the dogs of war.”

To shake our souls, the papers of the day
Drew forth the adverse pow'r in dread array ;
A pow'r, might strike the boldest with dismay :
Yet, fearless still, we take the field with spirit,
Arm'd cap-a-pie in self-sufficient merit. }

Our ladies too, with souls and tongues untam'd,
Fire up like Britons, when the battle's nam'd ;
Each female heart pants for the glorious strife,
From Hamlet's mother, to the cobbler's wife.
Some few there are, whom paltry passions guide,
Desert each day, and fly from side to side :
Others, like Swifs, love fighting as their trade,
For, beat, or beating,—they must all be paid.

Sacred to Shakespear, was this spot design'd
To pierce the heart, and humanize the mind.
But if an empty house, the actors curse,
Shews us our Lears, and Hamlets lose their force :
Unwilling, we must change the nobler scene,
And, in our turn, present you harlequin :
Quit poets, and let carpenters to work,
Shew gaudy scenes, or mount the vaulting Turk.

For

For, tho' we actors, one and all, agree
 Boldly to struggle for our——vanity;
 If want comes on, importance must retreat;
 Our first, great, ruling passion, is——to eat.
 To keep the field, all methods we'll pursue;
 The conflict's glorious! for we fight for you:
 And, should we fail to gain the wish'd applause,
 At least we're vanquish'd in a noble cause.

Garrick.

S T A R S.

Again I see ten thousand thousand stars,
 Nor cast in lines, in circles, or in squares:
 Poor rules with which our bounded mind is fill'd,
 When we would plant, or cultivate, or build:
 But shining with such vast, such various light,
 As speaks the hand that form'd them infinite.
 How mean the order and perfection sought
 In the best product of the human thought,
 Compar'd to the great harmony that reigns
 In what the spirit of the world ordains.

Prior's Solomon.

One sun by day, by night ten thousand shine;
 And light us deep into the Deity!
 How boundless in magnificence and might?
 O what a confluence of ætherial fires,
 From urns unnumber'd, down the steep of heaven,
 Streams to a point, and centers in my sight.

Young's Night Thoughts.

The stars from whence? Ask chaos——He can
 tell,
 These bright temptations to idolatry,
 From darkness and confusion, took their birth;
 Sons of deformity! from fluid dregs
 Tartarean, first they rose to masses rude;

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And then to spheres opaque ; then dimly shone,
Then brighten'd ; then blaz'd out in perfect day.

Young's Night Thoughts.

Stars teach as well as shine. At natur's birth,
Thus, their commission ran:—Be kind to man.
Where art thou, poor benighted traveller !
The stars will light thee tho' the moon should
fail.

Where art thou, more benighted, more astray !
In ways immoral ? The stars call thee back ;
And, if obey'd, their counsel sets thee right.
This prospect vast, what is it ?—Weigh'd aright,
'Tis nature's system of divinity,
And ev'ry student of the night inspires.
'Tis elder scripture writ by God's own hand ;
Scripture authentic ! uncorrupt by man.

Young's Night Thoughts.

THE STATESMAN.

But they who long the paths of state have trod,
Learn from the clamours of the murmuring
croud,
Which cram'd, yet craving, still their gates besiege
'Tis easier far to give than to oblige.
This of thy conduct seems the nicest part,
The chief perfection of the statesman's art,
To give to fair assent a fairer face,
Or soften a refusal in a grace.

Doddington.

Statesmen are

The workmanship of inconsiderate favour :
The creatures of rash love : one of those meteors
Which monarchs raise from earth ;
And people, wond'ring how they came so high,
Fear from their influence plagues, wars, and
famine.

Dryden's Secret Love.

If

If princes not protect their ministers,
What man will dare to serve 'em?

Dryden's Spanish Fryar.

None will dare
To serve them ill, when they are left to laws;
But when a counsellor, to serve himself,
Would lay miscarriage upon his prince,
Exposing him to public rage and hate;
Oh! 'tis an act as infamously base
As should a common soldier sculk behind,
And thrust his gen'ral in the front of war:
It shews he only served himself before,
And had no sense of honour, country, king,
But centred on himself; and us'd his master,
As guardians do their wards, with shews of care,
But with intent to sell the public safety,
And pocket up his prince.

Dryden's Spanish Fryar.

Art thou a statesman, and canst not be a hypocrite?
Impossible!
Do not distrust thy virtue.

Dryden's Don Sebastian.

'Tis the sport of statesmen,
When heroes knock their knotty heads together,
And fall by one another.

Rowe's Ambitious Mother.

Oh! what a mine of mischief is a statesman,
Ye furies, whirlwinds, and ye treach'rous rocks,
Ye ministers of death, devouring fire,
Convulsive earthquake, and plague tainted air,
All you are merciful and mild to him,
The passive instruments of righteous heaven.
But he for goodness form'd, and plac'd to bless,

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Wilful opposes providence in spite,
And is a devil in his own formation.

Sewell's Sir Walter Raleigh.

Curse on the statesman grave who married first,
Debauching the pure stream of politics
With the base mixture of connubial love ;
O Rome ! wise Rome ; thy nobler genius scorns
These little ties of fond humanity,
Fearing that nature might conquer thy sons,
You check that fear and o'er-rule nature first.
Hence no affection no remorse controuls
Thy statesman's hands, no tender looks of love
Disarms thy holy butchers in their wrath.

Sewell's Sir Walter Raleigh.

Let heav'n spy out for virtue, and then starve it:
But vice and frailty are the statesman's quarry
The objects of our search, and of our science ;
Mark'd by our smiles, and cherish'd by our
bounty
'Tis hence you lord it o'er your servile senates ;
How low the slaves will stoop to gorge their lusts,
When aptly baited : even the tongue of patriots,
Those sons of clamour, oft relax the nerve
Within the warmth of favour.

Brook's Gustavus Vasa.

How ill had providence
Dispos'd the world's suffering, oppress'd affairs,
Had sacred rights eternal rule been left
To crafty politicians partial sway,
Then pow'r and pride would stretch th' enormous
grasp,
And call their arbitrary portion justice ;
Ambition's arm, by avrice urg'd, would pluck
The core of honesty from virtue's heart,

And

And plant deceit and rancour in its stead :
 Falshood wou'd trample then on truth and honour ;
 And envy poison sweet benevolence.
 Oh ! 'tis a goodly groupe of attributes
 And well befits some statesman's righteous rule.

Jane's Earl of Essex.

I now perceive the great thieves eat the less,
 And the huge leviathans of villainy
 Sup up the merits, nay, the men and all
 That do them service, and spout out again
 Into the air, as thin and unregarded
 As drops of water that are lost i'th' ocean.

Beaumont and Fletcher's False One.

An honest statesman to a prince is like
 A cedar planted by a spring, which bathes its
 Root, the grateful tree rewards it with the shadow.

Webster's Dutchess of Malfy.

You have not, as good patriots should do, study'd
 The public good, but your particular ends :
 Factionous among yourselves : preferring such
 To offices and honours, as ne'er read
 The elements of saving policy ;
 But deeply skill'd in all the principles
 That usher to destruction :
 Your senate house, which us'd not to admit
 A man, however popular, to stand
 At the helm of government, whose youth was not
 Made glorious by action ; whose experience,
 Crown'd with gray hairs, gave warrant with her
 counsels
 Hand, and received with rev'rence, is now fill'd
 With green heads that determine of the state
 Over their cups, or when their sated lusts
 Afford them leisure ; or supply'd by those,

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Who rising from base arts, and sordid thrift,
Are eminent for wealth, not for their wisdom :
Which is the reason, that to hold a place
In council, which was once esteem'd an honour,
And a reward for virtue, hath quite lost
Lustre and reputation, and is made
A mercenary purchase.

Massinger's Bondman.

There is some reason why a subject
Should suffer for the errors of his prince :
But why a prince should bear
The faults of his ministers, none, none at all.

Suckling's Goblins.

He was her father's counsellor ; a man
Created in the dark : he walks invisibly,
He dwells in Labyrinth's, and loves silence ;
But when he talks, his language carries more
Promiscuous sense, than ancient oracles :
So various in his shapes, that oft he is
Disguis'd from his own knowledge. An error
Much incident to human politics,
Who strive to know others more than themselves.

Dav. King of Lombards.

S T O R K.

The stork's the emblem of true piety :
Because when age has seiz'd, and made his dam
Unfit for flight, the grateful young one takes
His mother on his back, provides her food,
Repaying thus her tender care of him,
E'er he was fit to fly, by bearing her.

B. Spanish Curate.

Where

Where the Rhine loses his majestic force
In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep
By diligence amazing, and the strong
Unconquerable stand of liberty,
The stork assembly meets, for many a day
Consulting deep and various; e're they take
Their arduous voyage thro' the liquid sky.
And now their rout design'd, their leader chose,
Their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous wings,
And many a circle, many a short essay,
Wheel'd round, and round, in congregation full,
The figur'd flight ascends, and riding high
The aerial billows, mixes with the clouds.

Thomson's Seasons.

S T O R M.

I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks, and I have seen
Th' ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds;
But never till to night, never till now,
Did I go thro' a tempest dropping fire:
Either there's a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incense them to send destruction.

Shakespeare's Julius Caesar.

The wrathful skies

Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves:
Since I was man,
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring winds and rain, I never
Remember to have heard.

Sed. Ant. and Cleopatra.

Let the great gods,
 That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
 Find out their enemies now. Tremble thou wretch,
 That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
 Unwhip'd of justice : hide thee thy bloody hand,
 Thou perjur'd, and thou simular of virtue,
 That are incestuous, caitiff, to pieces shake,
 That under covert and convenient seeming
 Hast practis'd on man's life : close pent up guilt
 Rive your concealing continents, and cry
 Those dreadful summoners, grace !

Shakespear's King Lear,

So black the night, as if no star e'er shone
 In all the wide expanse ; the lightnings flash
 But strews the darkness, and the bursting clouds,
 With peals of thunder, seem to rock the land ;
 No beasts of prey do now from shelter roam,
 But howl in dens, and make the forest groan.

Young's Busiris.

Hear ! from the wintry north how keen it howls
 Thro' these lone towers, that rock with every
 blast,

Each moment threat'ning ruin on our heads.

But see, stand here, and cast thy eyes below

O'er the broad ocean to the distant sky ;

See what confusion fills the raving deep,

What mountain waves arise ! 'tis terrible !

Euridice.

Look, from the turbid south

What floods of flame in red diffusion burst,

Frequent and furious, darted thro' the dark

And broken ridges of a thousand clouds,

Pil'd hill on hill ! and hark, the thunder rous'd,

Grains

Groans in long roarings thro' the distant gloom.

Mallet's Euridice.

So the pure limpid stream, when foul with
stains

Of rushing torrents, and descending rains,
Works itself clear, and as it runs refines;
Till by degrees the floating mirror shines;
Reflects each flow'r that on its border grows,
And a new heav'n in its own bosom shows.

Addison's Cato.

Either tropic now
'Gan thunder, and both ends of heaven, the
clouds

From many a horrid rift abortive pour'd
Fierce rain with lightning mixed, water with
fire,

In ruin reconcil'd; nor slept the winds
Within their stony caves, but rush'd abroad
From the four hinges of the world, and fell
On the vex'd wilderness, whose tallest pines,
Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks,
Bow'd their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts.
Or torn up sheer.

Paradise Regained.

STORY TELLING.

A story should, to please, at least seem true,
Be a-propos, well told, concise, and new:
And whensoever it deviates from these rules,
The wise will sleep, and leave applause too fools.
But others, more intolerable yet,
The waggeries, they've said, or heard, repeat;
Heavy by mem'ry made, and what's the worst,
At second-hand, as often as at first.

And can even patience bear, without disdain,
 The maiming register of sense once slain?
 While the dull features, big with archness, strive
 In vain the forc'd half-smile to keep alive.

Stillingsfleet.

See the fond wife in tears of transport drown'd,
 Hugs her rough lord, and weeps o'er ev'ry
 wound,

Hangs on the lips that fields of blood relate;
 And smiles, or trembles, at his various fate.
 Near the full bowl he draws the fancied line,
 And marks feign'd trenches in the flowing wine;
 Then seth' invested fort before her eyes,
 And mines, that whirl'd battalions to the skies;
 His little list'ning progeny turn pale,
 And beg again to hear the dreadful tale.

Tickell.

STREET WALKER.

O! may thy virtue guard thee through the roads
 Of Drury's mazy courts, and dark abodes,
 The harlots guilty paths, who nightly stand,
 Where Catharine-street descends into the Strand.
 Say, vagrant muse, their wiles and subtil arts,
 To lure the strangers unsuspecting hearts:
 So shall our youth on healthful sinews tread,
 And city cheeks grow warm with rural red.

'Tis she who nightly strols with sauntering
 pace,
 No stubborn stays her yielding shape embrace;
 Beneath the lamp her tawdry ribbons glare,
 The new-scowr'd manteau, and the flattern air;
 High draggled petticoats her travels show,
 And hollow cheeks with artful blushes glow;

With

With flattering sounds she sooths the credulous
ear,

My noble captain ! charmer ! love ! my dear !

In riding-hood near tavern doors she plies,

Or muffled pinnershide her livid eyes.

With empty bandbox she delights to range,

And feigns a distant errand from the Change ;

Nay, she will oft the Quaker's hood prophane,

And trudge demure the rounds of Drury-lane :

She darts from farinet ambush wily leers,

Twitches thy sleeve, or, with familiar airs,

Her fan will pat the cheek. These snares disdain,

Nor gaze behind thee when she turns again.

Gay's Trivia.

S U B J E C T S.

We are but subjects, *Maximus*, obedience

To what is done, and grief for what is ill done,

Is all we can call ours, the hearts of princes

Are like the temples of the gods, pure incense,

'Till some unhallow'd hands defile their offerings,

Burns ever there : we must not put it out,

Because the priests who touch those sweets are
wicked ;

We dare not, dearest friend, nay more, we cannot,

While we consider whose we are, and how,

To what laws bound, much more to what lawgiver,

While majesty is made to be obey'd,

And not enquir'd into.

Rochester's Valentinian.

Was it for me to prop,

The ruins of falling majesty ?

To place myself beneath the mighty flaw,

Thus to be crushed and pounded into atoms

By its overwhelming weight ! 'Tis too presuming.

Eor.

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For subjects to preserve that wilful power,
Which courts its own destruction.

Dryden's All for Love.

The elephant is never won with anger,
Nor must that man, who would reclaim a lion,
Take him by the teeth :
Our honest actions, and the truth that breaks,
Like morning from her service, chaste and blushing,
Is that which pulls a prince back : then he sees,
And not till then truly repents his errors.

Dryden's All for Love.

Subjects like these are seldom seen,
Who not forsake me at my greatest need,
Nor for base lucre sold their loyalty ;
But shar'd my dangers to the last event,
And fenced them with their own.

Dryden's Don Sebastian.

Authority is lost when rebel subjects dare,
With curious boldness, scan their master's right,
Controul his royal pleasure, and rejudge
His highest acts. Contempt unkings a sovereign.

Mallet's Mustapha.

S U C C E S S.

Virtue without success
Is a fair picture shewn by an ill light ;
But lucky men are favourites of heaven :
All own the chief, when fortune owns the cause.

Dryden's Spanish Fryar.

It is success makes innocence a sin :
If the end be glorious, glorious is the way,
They always have the cause who have the day.

Crown's Darius.

We

We cannot answer for unborn events :
The gods have plac'd them in the hands of fate,
To shape and fashion for their high decrees;
At their appointed time to bring them forth,
To baffle human wit and industry.

Southern's Fate of Capua.

'Tis not in mortals to command success ;
But we'll do more, Sempronius ; we'll deserve it.

Addison's Cato.

It is success that colours all in life :
Success makes fools admir'd, makes villains
honest.

All the proud virtue of this vaunting world
Fawns on success and power, howe'er acquir'd,

Thomson's Agamemnon.

Good success

Is oft more fatal far than bad, one winning throw
Cast from a flattering die, tempting a gamester
To hazard his whole fortunes.

Chapman's Revenge for Honour.

Let them call it mischief,
When it's past, and prosper'd, 'twill be virtue.
There petty crimes are punish'd ; great rewarded.
Nor must you think of peril, since attempts,
Begun with danger, still do end in glory :
And when need spurs, despair will be call'd wisdom
Less ought the care of men or fame to fright you ;
For they that win, do seldom receive shame
Of victory, however it be achiev'd ;
And vengeance least, for who, besieged with
wants,

Would stop at death, or any thing beyond it ?
Come, there was never any great thing yet

Aspired,

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Aspired, but by violence or fraud :
And he that sticks for folly of a conscience
To reach it, is a good religious fool.

Johnson's Cataline.

S U M M E R.

From bright'ning fields of ether fair disclos'd
Child of the sun, refulgent summer comes,
In pride of youth, and felt thro' nature's depth :
He comes attended by the sultry hours,
And ever fanning breezes, on his way ;
While, from his ardent look, the turning spring
Averts her blushful face ; and earth and skies,
All-smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.

Thomson's Seasons.

S U N.

The sun when he from noon declines,
And with abated heat less fiercely shines,
Seems to grow milder as he goes away,
Pleasing himself with the remains of day.

Dryden's Aurengzebe.

The sun that rolls his beamy orbs on high,
Pride of the world and glory of the sky ;
Illustrious in his course, in bright array
Marches along the heavens, and scatters day
O'er earth, and o'er the main, and the ethereal
way.
He in the morn renews his radiant round,
And warms the fragrant bosom of the ground ;
But e'er the noon of day, in fiery gleams
He darts the glory of his blazing beams ;
Beneath the burnings of his sultry ray,
Earth to her center pierc'd, admits the day ;

Huge

Huge vales expand, where rivers roll'd before,
And lessen'd seas contract within their shore.

Broome.

Till as a giant strong, a bridegroom gay,
The sun springs dancing thro' the gates of day :
He shakes his dewy locks, and hurls his beams
O'er the proud hills, and warms the eastern
streams ;

His fiery coursers bound above the main,
And whirl the car along the etherial plain :
The fiery coursers and the car display
A stream of glory, and a flood of day. *Broome.*

The golden sun, in splendor likest heav'n,
(Aloof the constellations thick,
That from his lordly eye keep distance due)
Dispenses light from far ; they, as they move
Their starry dance, in numbers that compute
Days, months, and years, towards his all-cheering
lamp,

Turn swift their various motions, or are turn'd
By his magnetic beam, that gently warms
The universe ; and to each inward part,
With gentle penetration, tho' unseen,
Shoots invifible virtue ev'n to the deep.

Milton's Paradise Lost.

But yonder comes the powerful king of day,
Rejoicing in the east ; the less'ning cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow,
Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad : lo ! now apparent all,
Assant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air,
He looks in boundless majesty abroad ;
And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
On rocks, and hills, and tow'rs, and wand'ring
streams,

High gleaming from afar. Prime clearer light !
 Of all material beings, first, and best ?
 Efflux divine ! nature's resplendent robe !
 Without whose vesting, beauty all were wrapp'd
 In unessential gloom : and thou, O sun !
 Soul of surrounding worlds : in whom best seen
 Shines out thy maker ; may I sing of thee !

Thomson's Seasons.

Now, flaming up the heav'ns, the potent sun
 Melts into limpid air the high rais'd clouds,
 And morning fogs, that hover'd round the hills
 In party colour'd bands ; till wide unveil'd,
 The face of nature shines, from where earth seems
 Far stretched around, to meet the bending sphere.

Thomson's Seasons.

The horizontal sun,
 Broad o'er the south, hangs at his utmost noon,
 And ineffectual strikes the gelid cliff ;
 His azure gloss the mountain still maintains,
 Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale
 Relents a-while to the reflected ray ;
 Or from the forest falls the cluster'd snow,
 Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam,
 Gay twinkle as they scatter.

Thomson's Seasons.

SUPERFLUITY (*How to be used.*)

Dismiss your parasites, who praise for hire,
 And earn the fair esteem of honest men,
 Whose praise is fame, form'd of such clay as yours,
 The sick, the needy, shiver at your gates,
 Ev'n modest want may bless your hand unseen,
 Tho' hush'd in patient wretchedness at home.
 Is there no virgin grac'd with ev'ry charm,
 But that which binds the mercenary vow ?

No

No youth of genius, whose neglected bloom
Unfoster'd, sickens in the barren shade?
No worthy man, by fortune's random blows,
Or by a heart too gen'rous and humane,
Constrained to leave his happy natal seat,
And sighs for wants more bitter than his own?
There are, while human miseries abound,
A thousand ways to waste superfluous wealth,
Without one tool or flatterer at your board,
Without one hour of sickness or disgust.

Armstrong's Art of preserving Health.

SUPERSTITION.

Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms undone,
Th' enormous faith of many made for one;
That proud exception to all nature's laws,
To invert the world, and counter-work its cause?
Force first made conquest, and that conquest law;
Till superstition taught the tyrant awe,
Then shar'd the tyranny, then lent it aid,
And gods of conqu'rors, slaves of subjects made:
She midst the lightning's blaze, and trumpet's
sound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd
the ground;
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray
To pow'rs unseen, and mightier far than they:
She, from the rending earth and bursting skies,
Saw gods descend, and fiends infernal rise:
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the bless'd abodes;
Fear made her devils, and weak hope her gods;
Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust;
Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
Zeal then, not charity, became the guide;
And hell was built on spite, and heav'n on pride.

Then

Then sacred seem'd th' æth'ial vault no more;
 Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore;
 Then first the flamen tasted living food;
 Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood;
 With heav'n's own thunders shook the world
 below,
 And play'd the god an engine on his foe.

Pope's Essay on Man.

Permit me, muse, still farther to explore,
 And turn the leaves of superstition o'er;
 Where wonders upon wonders ever grow,
 Chaos of zeal and blindness, mirth and woe;
 Visions of devils into monkeys turn'd,
 That hot from hell roar at a finger burn'd;
 Bottles of precious tears that fairs have wept,
 And breath a thousand years in phials kept;
 Sun beams sent down to prop one friar's staff,
 And hell broke loose to make another laugh;
 Obedient fleas, and superstitious mice;
 Confessing wolves, and sanctifying lice;
 Letters and houses by an angel carried;
 And, wond'rous! Virgin nuns to Jesus married,
 One monk, not knowing how to spend his time,
 Sits down to find out some unheard-of crime;
 Increases the large catalogue of sins,
 And where the sober finish, there begins,
 Of death eternal, his decree is past,
 For the first crime as fix'd as for the last.
 While that, as idle, and as pious too,
 Compounds with false religion for the true;
 He, courtly usher to the blest abodes,
 Weighs all the niceties of forms and modes,
 And makes the rugged paths so smooth and even,
 None but an ill bred man can miss of heav'n.
 One, heav'n inspir'd, invents a frock or hood:
 The taylor now cuts out, and men grow good.

Another

Another quits his stockings, breeches, shirt,
Because he fancies virtue dwells with dirt:
While all concur to take away the stress
From weightier points, and lay it on the less.
Anxious each paltry relique to preserve
Of him, whose hungry friends they leave to
starve;

Harraß'd by watchings, abstinence, and chains;
Stranger to joys, familiar grown with pains;
To all the means of virtue they attend
With strictest care, and only miss the end.
Can scripture teach us, or can sense persuade,
That man for such employments e'er was made?

Stillings. on Conversation.

S U R P R I Z E.

We came like bold intruding guests,
And took 'em unprepar'd to give us welcome:
The scouts we kill'd, then found their body sleeping,
And as they lay confus'd, we stumbled o'er them,
And took what joint came next, arms, heads, or
legs,

Somewhat undecently; but when men want light,
They make but bungling work.

Dryden's Spanish Friar.

A battle blindly fought,
Where darkness and surprize made conquest cheap:
Where virtue borrow'd but the arms of chance,
And struck a random blow: 'twas fortune's work,
And fortune take the praise.

Dryden's Spanish Friar.

S U S P I C I O N.

Oh! what a ready tongue suspicion has!
He that but fears the thing he would not know,

Has

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Has by instinct knowledge from other eyes,
That what he fear'd was chanced !

Shakespear's Henry IV.

A crowd of thoughts
Doubting discordant, tumult in my breast,
Unsettling my resolves.—What should I think ?
Suspicion may enquire, but must not judge.

Mallet's Mustapha.

I would not wrong
Virtue, so try'd, by the least shade of doubt :
Undue suspicion is more abject baseness,
Even than the guilt suspected. *Hill's Merope.*

S W A N.

The stately sailing swan
Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale ;
And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet,
Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier isle,
Protective of his young. *Thomson's Seasons.*

S W I M M I N G.

I saw him beat the billows under him,
And ride upon their backs : he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breast'd
The most swol'n surge that met him : his bold head
High above the contentious waves he kept,
And oard himself with his strong arms to shore.

Shakespear's Tempest.

Accoutred as we were, we both plunged in
The troubled Tyber, chafing to the shores :
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.

Shakespear's Julius Cæsar.

The

Th' affrighted Belvidera,
As she stood trembling on the vessel's side,
Was by a wave wash'd off into the deep;
When instantly I plung'd into the sea,
And buffetting the billows to her rescue,
Redeem'd her life with half the loss of mine:
Like a rich conquest, in one hand I bore her,
And with the other dash'd the saucy waves,
That throng'd and press'd to rob me of my prize.
Otway's Venice Preserved.

S W O O N I N G.

My sight grows dim, and every object dances,
And swims before me in the maze of death.
Dryden's All for Love.

A sudden trembling seiz'd on all his limbs;
His eyes distorted grew; his visage pale;
His speech forsook him; life itself seem'd fled.
Otway's Orphan.

She faints!
Her cheeks are cold, and the last leaden sleep
Hangs heavy on her lips. *Rowe's Ulysses.*

Sure I am near upon my journey's end;
My head runs round, my eyes begin to fail,
And dancing shadows swim before my sight.
Rowe's Jane Shore.

She faints! support her!
Sustain her head, while I infuse this cordial
Into her dying lips. From spices, drugs,
Rich herbs and flowers, the potent juice is drawn;
With wond'rous force it strikes the lazy spirits,
Drives them around, and wakens life anew:
And

And see, the firs, and the returning blood
Faintly begins to blush again, and kindle
Upon her ashy cheeks. *Rowe's Jane Shore.*

T A S T E.

Thro' his young wood how pleas'd Sabinus stray'd,
Or sat delighted in the thick'ning shade;
With annual joys the red'ning shoots to greet,
Or see the stretching branches long to meet:
His son's fine taste, an op'ner vista loves,
Foe to the dryads of his father's groves;
One boundless green or flourish'd carpet views,
And all the faded family of yews.
The thriving plants ignoble broomsticks made,
Now sweep those alleys they were born to shade.

Pope's Moral Essays.

But not our passions only disagree,
In taste is found as great variety.
Sylvius is ravish'd when he hears a hound;
His lady hates to death the odious sound:
Yet both love music, tho' in different ways;
He in a kennel, she at Opera's.
A florist shall, perhaps, not grudge some hours
To view the colours in a bed of flowers;
Yet, shew him Titian's workmanship divine,
He passes on, and only cries, 'tis fine.

Stilling. on Conversation.

T E A R S.

Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silver like doth progress on thy cheeks:
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation:
But this effusion of such manly drops,

This

This show'r blown up by tempest of thy soul,
Startles my eyes, and makes me more amaz'd,
Than had I seen the vaulted top of heav'n
Figured quite o'er with burning meteors.

Shakespear's King John.

By heavens, my love, thou dost distract my soul :
There's not a tear that falls from those dear eyes,
But makes my heart weep blood.

Lee's Mithridates.

Tears

Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey dew
Upon a gather'd lilly almost wither'd.

Shakespear's Titus, &c.

Thy heart is big ! get thee apart and weep :
Passion I see is catching, for my eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Begin to water.

Shakespear's Julius Caesar.

I found her on the floor,
In all the storm of grief ; yet beautiful :
Sighing such breath of sorrow, that her lips,
Which late appear'd like buds, were now o'er-
blown ;

Pouring forth tears at such a lavish rate,
That were the world on fire, they might have
drown'd

The wrath of heaven, and quench'd the mighty
ruin.

Lee's Mithridates.

'Twould raise your pity ; but to see the tears
Force thro' her snowy lids their melting course,
To lodge themselves on her red murmuring lips,
That

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That talk such mournful things ; when streight a
gale
Of starting sighs carry those pearls away,
As dews by winds are waisted from the flowers.
Lee's Mithridates.

Oh ! I will credit my Semandra's tears,
Nor think them drops of chance, like other wo-
men's,
The weather of their souls, the chrystal bubbles
Which they can make at will.
Lee's Mithridates.

One smile, one tear of joy from my Semandra,
Will wash the anger of the god's away.
Lee's Mithridates.

She then look'd down and sigh'd,
While from her changing face, the silent tears
Dropp'd as they had not leave, and stole their
parting.
Dryden's All for Love.

Stop, stop those tears, Monimia ! for they fall
Like baneful dew from a distemper'd sky :
I feel them chill me to the very heart.
Otway's Orphan.

In tears, my fair Candiope.
So, thro' a watry cloud,
The sun at once seems both to weep and shine :
For what forefather's sin do you afflict
Those precious eyes ? for sure you have
None of your own to weep.
Dryden's Secret Love.

From his big heart, o'ercharg'd with gen'rous
forrow ;

See

See the tide working upward to his eye,
And stealing from him in large silent drops,
Without his leave. *Young's Busiris.*

I kiss'd her softly, and she gave a sigh:
Tears make her cheek feel like a damask rose
Wet with cold evening dew. *Fenton's Mariamne.*

Thy tears are no reproach,
Tears oft look graceful on the manly cheek.
The cruel cannot weep. Lo, friendship's eye
Gives thee the drop it would refuse itself. *Thomson's Soph.*

These fond tears,
This woman's idle, ineffectual sorrow,
Are all the assistance which thy friend can give:
Thus the poor mother of the tuneful brood,
Which some rapacious peasant tears away,
With feeble cries flutters around the nest,
In vain opposing the destroyer's hand. *Frowde's Philo.*

Of nature's tears
I would not rob thee; they invigorate virtue,
Softens at once, and fortify the heart;
But when they rise to speak this desperate language,
They then grow tears of weakness. *Thomson's Edward and Eleonora.*

Hide not thy tears, weep boldly—and be proud
To give the flowing virtue manly way.
'Tis nature's mark to know an honest heart by.
Shame on those breasts of stone, that cannot melt,
In soft adoption of another's sorrow. *Hill's Alzira.*

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How, thro' her tears, with pale and trembling
radiance,

The eye of beauty shines, and lights her sorrows !
As rises o'er the storm some silver star,
The seaman's hope, and promise of his safety.

Francis's Eugenia.

Her tears, like drops of molten lead,
With torment burn their passage to my heart.

Young's Brothers.

Grief is th' unhappy charter of our sex ;
The gods who gave us readier tears to shed,
Gave us more cause to shed them.

Whitehead's Creusa.

T E M P E R.

The prudent is by reason only sway'd,
With him each sentence and each word is weigh'd ;
The gay and giddy can alone be caught
By the quick lustre of a happy thought ;
The miser hates, unless he steals your self ;
The prodigal, unless you rob yourself ;
The lew'd will shun you, if your wife prove chaste ;
The jealous, if a smile on his be cast ;
The steady or the whimsical will blame,
Either because you're not, or are the same ;
The peevish, fullen, shrewd, luxurious, rash,
Will with your virtue, peace, or interest clash ;
But mark the proud man's price, how very low !
'Tis but a civil speech, a smile, or bow.

Stillingsfleet on Conversation.

T E M P E R A N C E.

Tho' I look old, yet I am strong and lusty ;
For in my youth I never did apply

Hot

Hot and rebellious liquors to my blood ;
Nor did I with unbaſtful forehead woo
The means of weakneſs and debility :
Therefore my age is as a luſty winter,
Froſty, but kindly.

Shakeſpear's As you like it.

Yonder's her cave, whoſe plain yet decent roof
Shines not with ivory or plates of gold :
No Tyrian purples cover her low couch,
Nor are the carved ſupporters, artiſt's work,
Bought at the wealth of provinces ; ſhe feeds not
On coſtly viands in her gluttony,
Waſting the ſpoils of conqueſts : from a rock
That weeps a running chryſtal ſhe doth fill
Her ſhell cup, and drinks ſparingly.

Nabb's Microcoſmus.

Bleſt is the man, as far as earth can bleſs,
Whoſe meaſur'd paſſions reach no wild exceſs ;
Who, urg'd by nature's voice, her gifts enjoys,
Nor other means than nature's force employs :
While warm with youth the ſprightly current flows,
Each vivid ſenſe with vig'rous rapture glows,
And when he droops beneath the hand of age,
No vicious habit ſtings with fruitleſs rage ;
Gradual his ſtrength and gay ſenſations ceaſe,
While joys tumultuous ſink in ſilent peace.

Doddington.

Deſire of wine and all delicious drinks,
Which many a famous warrior overturns,
Thou couldſt repreſs ; nor did the dancing ruby
Sparkling out-pour'd, the flavor, or the ſmell,
Or taſte, that cheers the hearts of gods and men,
Allure thee from the cool cryſtalline ſtream.
Wherever fountain or freſh current flow'd
Againſt the eaſtern ray, tranſlucent, pure

With touch ethereal of heaven's fiery rod,
 I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying
 Thirst, and refresh'd; nor envy'd them the grape,
 Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.

O madness, to think use of strongest wines,
 And strongest drink, our chief support of health :
 When God, with these forbidden, made choice to rear
 His mighty champion, strong above compare,
 Whose drink was only from the liquid brook.

Milton.

TEMPTATION.

What's this? what's this? is this her fault or
 mine?

The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most?
 Not she; nor doth she tempt; but it is I,
 That, lying by the violet in the sun,
 Do as the carrion does, not as the flow'r,
 Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,
 That modesty may more betray our sense,
 Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground
 enough,

Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
 And pitch our evils there? Oh fie, fie, fie!
 What dost thou? or what art thou, Angelo?
 Dost thou desire her foully, for those things
 That make her good? Oh let her brother live:
 Thieves for their robbery have authority,
 When judges steal themselves. What! Do I love
 her,

That I desire to hear her speak again?
 And feast upon her eyes? What is it I dream on?
 Oh cunning enemy, that to catch a saint,
 With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
 Is that temptation that doth goad us on
 To sin in loving virtue: never could the strumpet,
 With all her double vigour, art, and nature,

Once

Once stir my temper ; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite : ever till now,
When men were fond, I smil'd, and wonder'd how.
Shakespear's Measure for Measure.

T H A M E S.

In that blest moment, from his oozy bed,
Old father Thames advanc'd his rev'rend head.
His tresses dropp'd with dew, and o'er the stream
His shining horns diffus'd a golden gleam ;
Grav'd on his urn appeared the moon that guides
His swelling waters, and alternate tides ;
The figur'd streams in waves of silver roll'd,
And on their banks Augusta rose in gold.
Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood,
Who swell with tributary urns his flood ;
First the fam'd authors of his antient name,
The winding Isis, and the fruitful Tame :
The Kennet swift for silver eels renown'd,
The Loddon slow, with verdant alders crown'd,
Cole, whose clear streams his flow'ry islands lave,
And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave :
The blue transparent Vandalis appears ;
The gulphy Lee his sedgy tresses rears :
And sullen Mole, that hides his diving flood,
And silent Darent stain'd with Danish blood.
High in the midst, upon his urn reclin'd,
(His sea-green mantle waving with the wind)
The god appear'd.

Pope.

Trent and Severn's wave,
By plains alone disparted, woo to join
Majestic Thamis with their silver urns.
The nimble footed Naiads of the springs
Await, upon the dewy lawn, to speed
And celebrate the union ; and the light

Wood-nymphs, and those who o'er the grots pre-
side,

Whose stores bituminous, with sparkling fires,
In summer's tedious absence, cheer the swains
Long sitting at the loom: and those besides,
Who crown with yellow sheaves the farmer's hopes,
And all the genii of commercial toil;
These on the dewy lawns await, to speed
And celebrate th' union, that the fine
And glossy web, to ev'ry port around
May lightly glide along; ev'n now behold
Adown a thousand floods, the burden'd barks,
With white sails glitt'ning thro' the gloomy woods,
Haste to their harbours.

See the silver maze

Of stately Thames, ever chequer'd o'er
With deeply laden barges, gliding smooth
And constant as his stream, in growing pomp,
By Neptune still attended: slow he rows
To great Augusta's mart, where lofty trade,
Amid a thousand golden spires enthron'd,
Gives audience to the world; the strand around
Close swarms with busy crouds of many a realm.
What bales, what wealth, what industry, what
fleets!

Lo! from the simple fleece how much proceeds.

Dyer's Fleece.

THAMES STREET.

Who that rugged street would traverse o'er,
That stretches, O Fleet-ditch, from thy black shore
To th' tower's moated walls? Her steams ascend,
That in mixed fumes the wrinkled nose offend.
Where chandlers cauldrons boil; where fishy prey
Hide the wet stall, long absent from the sea,
And where the clever chops the heifers spoil,
And where huge hogheads sweat with trainy oil,

Thy

Thy breathing nostril hold, but how shall I
Pass where in piles Carnavian cheefes lie?
Cheese, that the table's closing rites denies,
And bids me with th' unwilling chaplain rise.

Gay's Trivia.

T H A N K S.

Words would but wrong the gratitude I owe you:
Should I begin to speak, my soul's so full,
That I should talk of nothing else all day.

Otway's Orphan.

You have deserved of me
More than reward can answer,
Were the main ocean crufted into land,
And universal monarchy were mine,
Here should the gift be placed.

Dryden's Don Sebastian

Your bounty is beyond my speaking;
But tho' my mouth be dumb, my heart shall thank
you;
And when it melts before the throne of mercy,
My fervent soul shall breathe one tear for you;
That heav'n will pay you back, when most you need,
The grace and goodness you have shewn to me.

Rowe's Jane Shore.

There is a kind of gratitude in thanks,
Tho' it be barren, and bring forth but words.

Southern's Fate of Capua.

T H A W.

Mutt'ring, the winds at eve, with blunted point,
Blow hollow blustering from the south; subdu'd
The frost resolves into a trickling thaw.

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Spotted the mountains shine; loose fleet descends,
And floods the country round; the rivers swell,
Of bonds impatient, sudden from the hills,
O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,
A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once;
And where they rush, the wide-resounding plain
Is left one slimy waste. *Thomson's Seasons.*

THOUGHT.

Thought's the slave of life, and life's time's fool,
And time that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop.

Shakespear's Henry VIII.

Consider! How should I
Consider, who grow mad with growing thoughts,
When every one, endeavouring to be foremost,
Stops up the passage, and will choak my reason.
Lee's Mithridates.

Thinking will make me mad: why must I think
When no thought brings me comfort?
Southern's Fatal Marriage.

Oh! thou hast searched too deep!
There, there I bleed! there pull the horrid cords
That strain my cracking nerves: engines, and
wheels,
That piece meal grind, are beds of down and balm
To that soul-racking thought.
Congreve's Mourning Bride.

Stop there, Aspasia!
And bar my fancy from the guilty scene!
Let not thought enter, lest the busy mind
Should muster such a train of monstrous images,
As would distract me.

Rowe's Tamerlane.

Turn not to thought my brain, but let me find
Some unfrequented shade: there lay me down,
And let forgetful dulness steal upon me,
To soften and assuage this pain of thinking.

Rowe's Fair Penitent.

A thousand crowding thoughts
Break in at once; this way, and that, they snatch;
They tear my hurried soul! all claim attention,
And yet not one is heard.

Rowe's Jane Shore.

O thought! could thinking, like a cruel child,
Destroy its parent—all were well again,
But thou self-conscious multiply'st thyself,
Not losing aught, tho' ever bringing forth,
Ill fated womb of bitter fruitfulness.

Sewell's Sir Walter Raleigh.

T H R E A T N I N G.

Set hills on hills betwixt me and the man
That utters this, and I will scale them all,
And from the utmost tops fall on his neck,
Like thunder from a cloud.

Beaumont's Philaster.

Did he, my slave, presume to look so high?
That crawling insect, who from mud began,
Warm'd by my rays, and kindled into man.

Dryden's Aurengzebe.

Safer thou may'st with thunder play, kiss fire,
Grapple with death, a pestilence invade,
With all his fatal purple pomp array'd.

Lee's Sopho.

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Oh! wert thou young again, I would put off
My majesty to be more terrible;
That, like an eagle, I might strike this hare,
Trembling to earth, shake thee to dust, and tear
Thy heart for this bold lye, thou feeble dotard.

Lee's Alexander.

Oh! that thou wert a man, that I might drive
thee
Around the world, and scatter thy contagion,
As gods hurl mortal plagues when they are angry.

Lee's Alexander.

Think not I have forgot thy insolence;
No! tho' I pardon'd it, yet if again
Thou dar'st to cross me with another crime,
The bolts of fury shall be doubled on thee.

Lee's Alexander.

If she be dead—tho' it's impossible;
And let none here affirm it for his soul:
For he that dares but thinks so damn'd a lye,
I'll have his body strait impall'd before me,
And glut my eyes upon his bleeding entrails.

Lee's Alexander.

Peace, villains! Peace! conspiring sycophants,
Now by the gods, my eyes are half unscal'd;
But if the thought that kindles in my breast,
Finds proper fuel to increase my fire,
I shall consume you, traitors, if I find,
Which I begin to do, that you have play'd
The villain:
Mark me, if aught of this; if any shadow
Appears that you conspired to betray me,
I'll heap such horrors on your frightened souls,
That you shall call your brother devils up

To

To snatch you hence, rather than stand my fury.

Lee's Mithridates.

Oh ! that thou wer't my equal, great in arms,
As the first Cesar was, that I might kill thee
Without a stain to honour.

Dryden's All for Love.

When my ghost is from this body dash'd,
If such a goblin as a ghost there be,
I'll rise and wing the midway air to wait thee;
Hurl'd thou shalt be as Saturn was by Jove,
And flag beneath while I shall reign above.

Dryden's and Lee's Oedipus.

Oh ! I can bear no more !

Thy cunning engines have with labour rais'd
My heavy anger, like a mighty weight,
To fall and crush thee dead : see, thou rash Ixion,
Thy promis'd Juno vanish'd in a cloud !
And in her room, avenging thunder rolls
To blast thee.

Dryden's and Lee's Oedipus.

But hear me, maid, this blot of nature,
This deform'd loath'd carcase,
Is master of a sword, to reach the blood
Of your young minion, spoil the gods fine work,
And stab you in his heart.

Dryden's and Lee's Oedipus.

Yes, yes, ye gods ! ye shall have ample vengeance
On Laius' murderer ! O the traitor's name :
I'll know it ; I will : art shall be conjur'd for't,
And nature all unravell'd, I'll fetch him,
Tho' lodged in air upon a dragon's wing ;
Tho' rocks should hide him : nay, he shall be dragg'd
From hell, if charms can hurry him along :

His

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His ghost shall be, by sage Tiresias' pow'r,
 Confin'd to flesh, to suffer death once more;
 And then be plung'd in his first fires again.

Dryden's and Lee's Oedipus.

My vengeance rolls within my breast! it must,
 It will have vent: my blood rides high, I will not
 hide

My head, but meet thee in the very face of danger!
 Oh! were I on some precipice,
 High as Olympus, and a sea beneath!
 Call when thou durst, just on the sharpest point,
 I'll meet, and tumble with thee to destruction:
 A gnawing conscience haunts not guilty men,
 As I'll haunt thee!

Nay, shouldst thou take the Stygian lake for re-
 fuge,

I'll plunge in after, thro' the boiling flames,
 To push thee hissing down the vast abyss.

Dryden's Troilus and Cressida.

Do me justice,
 Or, by the gods, I'll lay a scene of blood,
 Shall make this dwelling horrible to nature:
 I will have justice,
 Who'll sleep in safety that has done me wrong?

Otway's Orphan.

Oh! that I had
 Some one renown'd, and winter'd as myself,
 T'encounter, like an oak, the rooting storm!
 But thou art weak, and soon to earth will bend,
 With my least breath, thy head of blossoms down.

Lee's Caesar Borgia.

Cowards are scar'd with threatnings, boys are whipp'd
 Into confessions; but a steady mind
 Acts of itself, ne'er asks the body counsel.

Otway's Venice Preserv'd.

Speak then, or I will tear thee limb from limb:
Thou shalt be safe, if thou confests the truth;
But if thou hide aught from me, I'll rack thee,
'Till with horrid groans, thou wake the dead:
Or I will cut thee to anatomy,
And search thro' all thy veins to find it out.

Lee's Cæsar Borgia.

If then, I prove thee false, O Bellamira!
Not that celestial copy, ev'n thy face,
Shall 'scape; but I will raze the draught, as if
It ne'er had been the pattern of the gods;
If thou art false, and if I prove thee so,
That skin of thine, that matchless west of heav'n,
Which some more curious angel cast about thee,
Will I tear off, tho' cleaving to the shrine;
If thou dost play me false, think not of mercy:
I'll take thee unprepar'd, and sink thee down,
Body and soul, to everlasting ruin.

Lee's Cæsar Borgia.

Tho' he were great as the first Cæsar was,
High seated in the empire of the world,
With nations waiting round him for his guards,
He sent to nothing, all his glories here
Should meet his fate, and fall before my fury.

Southern's Disappointment.

Destruction! swift destruction
Fall on my coward head, and make my name
The common scorn of fools, if I forgive him:
If I forgive him, if I not revenge
With utmost rage, and most unstaying fury,
Thy sufferings, thou dear darling of my life.

Otway's Venice Preserv'd.

Oh! that I had the fruitful heads of Hydra,
That one might bourgeon where another fell;

Still

Still would I give thee work ! still, still thou tyrant !
And hiss thee with the last.

Dryden's Don Sebastian.

Thou hast dar'd
To tell me what I durst not tell myself ;
I durst not think that I was spurn'd and live,
And live to hear it boasted to my face ;
All my long avarice of honor lost,
Heap'd up in youth, and hoarded up for age ;
Has honour's fountain sucked back the stream ?
It has ; and hooting boys may dry-shod pass,
And gather pebbles from the naked ford.
Give me my love, my honor, give 'em back !
Give me revenge while I have breath to ask it.

Dryden's Don Sebastian.

Better for him to tempt the rage of heaven,
And wrench the bolt red hissing from the hand
Of him that thunders, than but think that
Insolence ; 'tis daring for a god.

Congreve's Mourning Bride.

Oh ! had I been the master but of yesterday,
The world had felt me, and for thee,
I had us'd thee as thou art to me, a dog,
The object of my scorn and mortal hatred :
I would have taught thy neck to know my weight,
And mounted from that footstool to my saddle ;
Then when thy daily servile task was done,
I would have cag'd thee for the scorn of slaves,
'Till thou hadst begg'd to die, and ev'n that mercy
I had deny'd thee.

Rowe's Tamerlane.

On eagles wings my rage shall urge her flight,
And hurl thee headlong from the topmost height ;
Then,

Then, like thy fate, superior will I sit,
And view thee fall'n, and groveling at my feet;
See thy last breath with indignation go,
And tread thee sinking to the shades below.

Rowe's Jane Shore.

Wer't thou not priveleg'd like age and women,
My sword should reach thee and revenge the wrong
Thy tongue has done my fame :

Rowe's Ambitious Step Mother.

Dost thou know

How vile, how very a wretch my pow'r can make
thee ?

That I can let loose fear, distress and famine,
To hunt thy heels, like hell hounds, thro' the
world ?

That I can place thee in such abject state,
As help shall never find thee ? where repining
Thou shalt sit down, and gnaw the earth for
anguish ;

Groan to the pitiless winds without return ;
Howl like the midnight wolf amidst the desarts,
And curse thy life in bitterness of misery,

Rowe's Jane Shore.

May stern Andate, war's victorious goddess,
Again resign me to your impious rage,
If e'er I blot my sufferings from remembrance,
If e'er relenting mercy cool my vengeance.
'Till I have driv'n you to our utmost shores,
And cast your legions on the crimson'd beach.
Your costly dwellings shall be sunk in ashes,
Your fields be ravag'd, your aspiring bulwarks
O'erturn'd, and levell'd to the meanest shrub :
Your gasping matrons, and your childrens blood, |
With mingled streams shall dye the British sword,
Your

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Your captive warriors victims at our altars,
Shall croud each temple's spacious round with
death. *Glover's Boadicea.*

T H U N D E R.

Mean time, from ev'ry region of the sky,
Red burning bolts in forky vengeance fly:
Dreadfully bright o'er seas and earth they glare,
And bursts of thunder rend th' encumber'd air;
At once the thunders of th' almighty sound,
Heav'n lowrs, descend the floods, and rocks the
ground. *Broome.*

S T O R M O F T H U N D E R, &c.

How chang'd the scene ! in blazing height of
noon,
The sun, oppress'd, is plung'd in thickest gloom.
Still horror reigns, a dreary twilight round,
Of struggling night, and day malignant mix'd.
Far to the hot æquator crouding fast,
Where, highly rarify'd, the yielding air
Admits their stream, incessant vapours roll,
Amassing clouds on clouds continual heap'd ;
Or whirl'd tempestuous by the gusty wind,
Or silent borne along, heavy and slow,
With the big storis of steaming oceans charg'd.
Mean time, amid these upper seas, condens'd
Around the cold aerial mountain's brow,
And by conflicting wins together dash'd,
The thunder holds his black tremendous throne,
From cloud to cloud the rending lightnings rage ;
Till, in the furious elemental war
Dissolv'd, the whole precipitated mass
Unbroken floods and solid torrents pours.

Thomson's Seasons.

Behold

Behold ! slow, settling o'er the lucid grove,
 Unusual darkness broods ; and growing gains
 The full possession of the sky, surcharg'd
 With wrathful vapour, from the secret beds,
 Where sleep the mineral generations, drawn.
 Thence nitre, sulphur, and the fiery spume
 Of fat bitumen, steaming on the day,
 With various tinctur'd trails of latent flame,
 Pollute the sky, and, in yon' baleful cloud,
 A redd'ning gloom, a magazine of fate,
 Ferment ; till, by the touch ætherial rous'd,
 The dash of clouds or irritating war
 Of fighting winds, while all is calm below,
 They furious spring. A boding silence reigns,
 Dread through the dun expanse, save the dull
 sound,

That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
 Rolls o'er the mutt'ring earth, disturbs the flood,
 And shakes the forest leaf without a breath.
 Prone, to the lowest vale, th' aerial tribes
 Descend ; the tempest-loving raven scarce
 Dares wing the dubious dusk ; in rueful gaze
 The cattle stand, and on the scouling heavens
 Cast a deploring eye ; by man forsook,
 Who to the crouded cottage hies him fast,
 Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.

'Tis lightning, fear, and dumb amazement all ;
 When to the startled eye the sudden glance
 Appears far south, eruptive thro' the cloud ;
 And following slower, in explosion vast,
 The thunder raises his tremendous voice.
 At first heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
 The tempest growls ; but as it nearer comes,
 And rolls its awful burthen on the wind,
 The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
 The noise astounds : wrapping æther in a blaze.
 Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,

Enlarging,

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Enlarging, deep'ning, mingling peal in peal,
Crush'd horrible, convulsing heav'n and earth.

Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,
Of prone descending rain. Wide-rent, the clouds
Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame unquench'd,
The unconqu'erable lightning struggles thro'
Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.
Black from the stroke above the smould'ring pine
Stands a sad shatter'd trunk; and stretch'd below
A lifeless grouse the blasted cattle lie!
Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look
They wore alive, and ruminating still
In fancy's eye; and there the frowning bull,
And ox half rais'd. Struck on the catted cliff,
The venerable tow'r and spiry fane
Resign their aged pride; the gloomy woods
Start at the flash, and from their deep recess,
Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates shake.
Amid cavernous mountains rages loud
The repercussive roar: with mighty crash,
Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks
Of Penmanmaur, heap'd hideous to the sky,
Tumble the smitten cliffs; and Snowden's peak,
Dissolving, instant yields his wint'ry load
Far seen the heights of heathy Cheviot blaze
And Thule bellows thro' her utmost isles.

Thomson's Seasons.

T I M E.

This vast and solid earth, that blazing sun,
Those skies through which it rolls, must all have
end;
What then is man? The smallest part of nothing.
Day buries day, month, month; and year the
year:

Our

Our life is but a chain of many deaths.
Can then death's self be fear'd? Our life much
rather :

Life is the desert, life the solitude ,
Death joins us to the great majority :
'Tis to be born to Plato's and to Cæsar,
'Tis to be great for ever ;
'Tis pleasure, 'tis ambition, then to die.

Young's Revenge.

What does not fade? The tower that long had
stood,

The crush of thunder, and the warring winds,
Shook by the slow but sure destroyer time,
Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base,
And flinty pyramids, and walls of brass,
Descend ; the Babylonian spires are sunk ;
Achaia, Rome, and Egypt moulder down,
Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,
And tottering empires rush by their own weight.
This huge rotundity we tread grows old,
And all those worlds that roll around the sun,
The sun himself, shall die ; and antient night
Again involve the desolate abyfs :

Till the great father through the lifeless gloom
Extend his arm to enlighten another world,
And bid new planets roll by other laws ;
For thro' the regions of unbounded space,
Where unconfin'd Omnipotence has room,
Being, in various systems, fluctuates still
Between creation and abhorred decay ;
It ever did ; perhaps and ever will.

New worlds are still emerging from the deep,
The old descending in their turns to rise.

Armstrong's Art of Preserving Health.

Time

Time lays his hand
On pyramids of brass, and ruins quite
What all the fond artificers did think
Immortal workmanship; he sends his worms
To books, to old records, and they devour
Th' inscriptions. He loves ingratitude,
For he destroy'd the memory of man.

Sir William D' Avenant.

Time travels in divers paces, with divers persons;
I'll tell you who time ambles withal, who time
Trots withal, who time gallops withal,
And who he stands still withal.

2. Prithee whom doth he trot withal?

1. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid,
between

The contract of her marriage, and the day

It is solemniz'd: if the interim

Be but a se'nnight, time's pace is so hard,

That it seems the length of seven years.

2. Who ambles time withal?

1. With a priest that lacks Latin,

And with a rich man that hath not the gout;

For th' one sleeps easily, 'cause he cannot study;

And th' other lives merrily, 'cause he feels no
pain:

The one lacking the burthen of lean and

Wasteful learning; the other knowing no

Burthen of heavy tedious penury.

2. Whom doth he gallop withal?

1. With a thief to the gallows:

For though he goes as softly as foot can fall,

He thinks himself too soon there.

2. Whom stays it still withal?

1. With the lawyers in the vacation; for they
sleep

Between

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Between term and term, and then they perceive
Not how time moves.

Shakespear's As you Like it.

See the wild waste of all-devouring years !
How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears,
With nodding arches, broken temples spread !
The very tombs now vanish'd like their dead !
Imperial wonders rais'd on nations spoil'd,
Where mix'd with slaves the groaning martyrs
toil'd !

Huge theatres that now unpeopled woods,
Now drain'd a distant country of her floods ;
Fanes which admiring gods with pride survey ;
Statues of men, scarce less alive than they ;
Some felt the silent stroke of mould'ring age,
Some hostile fury, some religious rage.

Pope's Moral Essays.

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time,
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue,
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound : If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours :
Where are they ? With the years beyond the flood,
It is the signal that demands dispatch ;
How much is to be done ! my hopes and fears
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down, on what ! a fathomless abyss ;
And does eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner, on the bounties of an hour ?

Young's Night Thoughts.

T I T L E.

These are the lords
That have bought titles, men may merchandize
Wares

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Wares, ay, and traffic all commodities
From sea to sea, ay, and from shore to shore.
But in my thoughts, of all things that are sold,
'Tis pity honour should be bought for gold;
It cuts off all desert.

Haywood's Royal King.

We are all soldiers, and all venture lives :
And where there's no difference in men's worths,
Titles are all jests.

Beaumont and Fletcher's King or no King.

I look'd down upon him
With such contempt and scorn, as on my slave ;
He's a name only, and all good in him
He must derive from his great grandfire's ashes ;
For had not their victorious acts bequeath'd
His titles to him, and wrote on his forehead,
This is a lord, he had lived unobserved
By any man of mark, and died as one
Amongst the common rout.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Custom of the Country.

What tho' no gawdy titles grace my birth :
Titles, the servile courtiers lean reward :
Sometimes the pay of virtue, but more oft
The hire which greatness gives to slaves and
sycophants :

Yet heaven that made me honest, made me more
Than e'er a king did, when he made a lord.

Rowe's Jane Shore.

T O I L E T.

And now, unveil'd, the toilet stands display'd,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid ;
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various off'rings of the world appear ;

From

From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glitt'ring spoil,
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the
white.

Here files of pins extend ther shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms ;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakensevery grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face ;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes,
The busy sylphs surround their darling care
These set the head, and those divide the hair ;
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown,
And Betty's prals'd for labours not her own.

Pope's Rape of the Lock.

T O M B.

'Tis dreadful :

How rev'rend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose antient pillars rear their marble heads
To bear aloft it's arch'd and pondrous roof,
By its own weight made stedfast and immoveable,
Looking tranquility ! its strikes an awe
And terror to my aching sight : the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart ;
The horror of this place,
And silence will encrease my melancholy !

Congreve's Mourning Bride.

Can

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Can pomp and pride make difference in our dust :
Go cast a curious look on Hellen's tomb !
Do roses flourish there or myrtles bloom ?
The mighty Alexander's grave survey ;
See is there ought uncommon in the clay ;
Shines the earth bright around it to declare
The glorious robber of the world lies there ?
What Egypt do thy pyramids comprize ;
What greatness in the high rais'd folly lies ?
The line of Nilus this poor comfort brings,
We tell their dust, and traffick for their kings.

Sewel's Sir Walter Raleigh.

T O N G U E.

O that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet vary'd notes, enchanting every ear.

Shakespear's Titus Andron.

Oh ! that my tongue had every grace of speech,
Great and commanding, as the breath of kings,
Sweet as the poets numbers, and prevailing
As soft persuasion to a love-sick maid ;
That I had art and eloquence divine :
To pay my duty to my master's ashes,
And plead till death the cause of injur'd innocence.

Rowe's Jane Shore.

T O R R E N T.

Thus from high hills the torrents, swift and strong,
Deluge whole fields, and sweep the trees along ;
Thro' ruin'd moles the rushing wave resounds ;
O'erwhelms the bridge, and bursts the lofty bounds,

So

So from the hills, whose hollow caves contain
The congregated snow and swelling rain,
Till the full stores their antient bounds disdain,
Precipitate the furious torrent flows.
In vain would speed avoid, or strength oppose,
Towns, forests, herds, and men promiscuous
drown'd
With one great death deform the dreary ground,
The echo'd woes from distant rocks resound.

Prior's Solomon.

T R A I T O R.

Remember him the villain, righteous heav'n!
In thy great day of vengeance blast the traitor,
And his pernicious counsel, who, for wealth,
For pow'r, the pride of greatness, or revenge,
Would plunge his native land in civil wars.

Rowe's Jane Shore.

T R A G E D Y.

What can provoke these wits their time to waste
To please that fickle, fleeting thing called taste?
It mocks all search, for substance it has none;
Like Hamlet's ghost, "'tis here, 'tis there, 'tis
gone".

How very few about the stage agree;
As men with different eyes a beauty see,
So judge they of that stately dame queen
tragedy.

The Greek read critic, as his mistress holds her,
And having little love, for trifles scolds her,
Excuses want of spirit, beauty, grace,
But ne'er forgets her failing, time and place.
How do our sex of taste in judgment vary?

Miss Bell adores what's loath'd by lady Mary:

The first, in tenderness a very dove,
 Melts like the feather'd snow at Juliet's love :
 Then sighing turns to Romeo by her side,
 Can you believe that men for love have died ?
 Her ladyship who vaults the courser's back,
 Leaps the barr'd gate, and calls you Tom and
 Jack ;

Detests those whinings like a true virago,
 She's all for daggers, blood ! blood ! blood !
 Iago.

A third whose heart defies all perturbations,
 Yet dies for triumphs, fun'rals, coronations,
 Ne'er minds which tragedies succeed or fail,
 But whose procession has the longest tail,
 The youths to whom France gives a new belief,
 Who look with horror on a rump of beef,
 On Shakespear's plays with shrugg'd up shoulders
 stare,

These plays ! are bloody murders, O barbare !
 And yet the man has merit—*entre nous*,
 He'd been damn'd clever, had he read Bossu.
 Shakespear read French, roars out a surly cit,
 When Shakespear wrote, our valour match'd our
 wit ;
 Had Britons then been fops, queen Bess had hang'd
 them :

These days they never read the French, they bang'd
 'em.

If taste evaporates by too high breeding,
 And eke is overlaid by too deep reading ;
 Lest then in search of this you loose your feeling,
 And barter native sense with too high dealing ;
 Be this neglected truth to Britons known,
 No tastes, no modes, become you, but your own.

Garrick.

O'er

O'er a soft tale of well imagin'd woes,
The willing tear which feeble transport flows.
But when the muse in her own griefs appears,
The storied sorrows of a thousand years;
A nobler tribute than our tears we pay,
Our passions hear her, and our hearts obey.

Francis.

TRAVELLER.

1. Have you been a traveller?
2. My lord, I have added to my knowledge the Low Countries, France, Spain, Germany, and Italy;
And the small gain of profit I did find,
Yet it did please my eye, content my mind.
 1. What do you think of the several states,
And princes courts as you have travell'd?
 2. My lord, no court with England may compare,
Neither for state, nor civil government:
Lust dwells in France, in Italy, and Spain,
From the poor peasant, to the prince's train;
In Germany, and Holland, riot serves;
And he that most can drink, most he deserves!
England I praise not, for I here was born,
But that she laughs the others unto scorn.

Shakespeare's Cromwell.

A traveller: by my faith, you have great
Great reason to be sad, I fear you have
Sold your own lands, to see other men's.
Then to have seen much, and to have nothing,
Is to have rich eyes, and poor hands.

2. I have gained my experience.
 - i. And your experience makes you sad,
I had rather have a fool to make me merry,
Than experience to make me sad,
And travel for it too:
Farewell, monsieur Traveller; look you list,

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And wear strange suits, disable all the benefits
Of your own country, be out of love with your
Nativity, and almost chide God for
Making you that countenance you are;
Or I'll scarce think you have swam in a gondola.

Shak. As you like it,

1. Some few particulars I have set down,
Only for this meridian; fit to be known
Of your crude traveller.

First, for your garb, it must be grave and serious,
Very reserved and locked; not tell a secret
On any terms, not to your father, scarce
A fable, but with caution; make sure choice
Both of your company and discourse; beware
You never speak truth,

2. How!

1. Not to strangers?

For those be they you must converse with; most
Others I would not know, Sir, but at distance,
So as I still might be a saver in 'em:

You shall have tricks else past on you hourly:

And then for your religion, profess none,

But wonder at the diversity of them all;

And for your part, profess, were there no other

But simply the laws o'th' land, that could content
you.

Johnson's Volpone.

Sir, to a wise man all the world's a soil:

It is not Italy, nor France, nor Europe,

That must bound me, if my fates call me forth;

Yet, I protest, it is no salt desire

Of seeing countries, shifting for a religion,

Nor any disaffection to the state

Where I was bred, and unto which I owe

My dearest plots, hath brought me out.

Johnson's Volpone.

This

This is a traveller, Sir, knows men and
 Manners, and has plow'd up sea so far,
 'Till both the poles have knock'd; has seen the sun
 Take coach, and can distinguish the colour
 Of his horses, and their kinds, and had a
 Flanders mare leap'd there.

Beau. and Fletch. Scornful Lady.

As when o'er labour'd, and inclin'd to breathe,
 A panting traveller some rising ground,
 Some small ascent has gain'd, he turns him round;
 And measures with his eye the various vale,
 The fields, woods, meads, and rivers he has past;
 And satiate of his journey, thinks of home,
 Endear'd by distance, nor affects more toil.

Young's Night Thoughts.

As when a traveller a long day past,
 In painful search of what he cannot find,
 At night's approach content with the next cot,
 There ruminates a-while his labour lost,
 Then cheers his heart with what his fate affords,
 And chaunts his sonnet to deceive the time,
 Till the due season call him to repose.

Young's Night Thoughts.

Drear is the state of the benighted wretch,
 Who then bewilder'd, wanders thro' the dark,
 Full of pale fancies, and chimeras huge;
 Nor visited by one directive ray,
 From cottage streaming, or from airy hall.
 Perhaps impatient as he stumbles on,
 Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue
 The wild fire scatters round, or gather'd, trails
 A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss;
 Whither decoy'd by the fantastic blaze,
 Now lost, and now renew'd, he sinks absorpt,

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Rider and horse amid the miry gulph ;
While still from day to day, his pining wife,
And plaintive children, his return await,
In wild conjecture lost. At other times,
Sent by the better genius of the night,
Innoxious gleaming on the horses mane,
The meteor sits, and shews the narrow path,
That, winding, leads thro' pits of death, or else
Instructs him how to take the dang'rous ford.

Thomson's Seasons.

Thus the lost traveller at close of day,
Chearless, thro' Lybia's wastes pursues his way ;
Dreads the wide plain, where trees nor hills arise,
A sad expanse, still length'ning with the skies :
No land mark there, no foot steps can he trace, }
Those from the unfaithful sands the winds erase, }
And leave, as on the sea, one undistinguish'd face. }
When to his weary search no end is found,
Sad in the midst, he throws him on the ground ;
There, self-resign'd, expects approaching fate,
And deems it blessings to the former state.

Frowde's Fall of Sagun.

TREACHERY.

Nature abhors,
And drives thee out from the society
And commerce of mankind, for breach of faith :
Men live and prosper, but in mutual trust ;
A confidence of one another's truth,
That thou hast violated.

South. Oroonoko.

TREATY.

It is a vain attempt
To bind the ambitious and unjust by treaties :

These

These they elude a thousand specious ways;
Or if they cannot find a fair pretext,
They blush not in the face of heav'n to break 'em.

Thomson's Coriolanus.

I see, 'tis not for man to boast his strength
Before the trial comes.—This very hour,
Had I a thousand parents, all seem'd light
When weigh'd against my country; and but now
One mother seem'd of weight to poize the world,
Tho' conscious truth and reason seem'd against her:
For, oh! howe'er the partial passions sway,
High heav'n assigns but one unbiass'd way;
Direct thro' ev'ry opposition leads,
Where shelves decline, and many a steep impedes.
Here hold we on—tho' thwarting fiends alarm,
Here hold we on—tho' devious syrens charm;
In heaven's disposing pow'r events unite,
Nor aught can happen wrong to him who acts
aright.

Brooke's Gustavus Vasa.

TRIUMPH.

He comes, and with a port so proud,
As if he had subdu'd the spacious world;
And all Sinope's streets are fill'd with such
A glut of people, you would think some god
Had conquer'd in their cause, and them thus rank'd,
That he might make his entrance on their heads!
While from the scaffolds; windows, tops of houses,
Are cast such gawdy show'rs of garlands down,
That even the crowd appear like conquerors,
And the whole city seems like one vast meadow,
Set all with flow'rs, as a clear heav'n with stars.
Nay, as I've heard, e'er he the city enter'd
Your subjects lin'd the way for many furlongs;
The very trees bore men: And as our god,
When from the portal of the east he dawns,

Beholds a thousand birds upon the boughs,
 To welcome him with all their warbling throats,
 And prune their feathers in his golden beams;
 So did your subjects, in their gaudy trim,
 Upon the pendant branches speak his praise!
 Mothers, who cover'd all the banks beneath,
 Did rob the crying infants of the breast,
 Pointing Ziphæes out, to make them smile;
 And climbing boys, stood on their father's shoulders,
 Answering their shouting fires with tender cries,
 To make the concert up of general joy.

Lee's Mithridates.

He comes! he comes! the hapless victor comes,
 Even now his trophy'd vessel streaks the main,
 And plows the billows with triumphant prow;
 Or, by glad crowds receiv'd, perhaps, he hails
 His native shore, and presses on to shame.
 Ev'n now with glory charg'd, with conquest gay,
 Crown'd with the laurels of ten famous years,
 He dreams to join them to the peaceful olive;
 And after rugged toils and perilous war,
 Soft to repose him on the myrtle bed
 Of calm domestic bliss. How vain the hopes!
 How short the prospect of believing man!

Thomson's Agamemnon.

In purple robes,
 With solemn state the magistrates proceed:
 The streets adorn'd; the doors with statues grac'd,
 Vast thronging crowds retard the great procession,
 Whose loud repeated shouts divide the air;
 While fluttering birds their empty pinions shake:
 With garlands crown'd the virgins strew the ways,
 And in glad hymns repeat his glorious name;

While

While joyful mothers to their wond'ring babes,
Point out the hero as he drives along.

Higgon's Generous Conqueror.

T R U T H.

Hard are the ways of truth and rough to walk,
Smooth on the tongue discours'd, pleasing to the
ear,

And tuneable as silvan pipe or song;
What wonder then if I delight to hear
Her dictates from thy mouth? most men admire
Virtue, who follow not her lore.

Paradise Regained.

Upon her head she wears a crown of stars,
Through which her orient hair waives to her waiste,
By which, believing mortals hold her fast,
And in those golden cords are carry'd even,
Till with her breath she blows them up to heaven.
She wears a robe enchas'd with eagle's eyes,
To signify her sight in mysteries;
Upon each shoulder sits a milk-white dove,
And at her feet do wily serpents move;
Her spacious arms do reach from east to west,
And you may see her heart shine through her
breast:

Her right hand holds a sun with burning rays,
Her left a curious bunch of golden keys,
With which heav'n's gates she locketh, and
displays:

A crystal mirror hanging at her breast,
By which mens consciences are search'd, and drest:
On her coach-wheels hypocrisy lies rack'd,
And squint-ey'd slander, with vain glory back'd;
Her bright eyes burn to dust; in which shines fast:
An angel ushers her triumphant gait;
Whilst with her fingers, fans of stars she twists,

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And with them beats back error, clad in mists :
 Eternal unity behind her shines ;
 That fire, and water, earth and air combines.
 Her voice is like a trumpet, loud and shrill,
 Which bids all sounds in earth, and heav'n be still.

Johnson's Masques.

Curse on the coward or perfidious tongue,
 That dares not, even to kings, avow the truth !
 Let traitors wrap them in delusive incense ;
 On flattery flattery heap, on falshood falshood :
 Truth is the living liberal breath of heaven,
 That sweeps these fogs away, with all their vermin.

Thomson's Agamemnon.

Truth, tho' sometimes clad
 In painful lustre, yet is always welcome,
 Dear as the light, that shews the lurking rock :
 'Tis the fair star, that ne'er into the main
 Descending, leads us safe thro' stormy life.

Thomson's Agamemnon.

Truth, drawn like truth, must blaze divinely
 bright :
 But, drawn like error, truth may cheat the sight.
 Some aukward epithet, with skill apply'd,
 Some specious hints, which half their meanings
 hide,
 Can right and wrong most courteously confound,
 Banditti like, to stun us 'ere they wound.

Whitehead's Ridicule.

Let envy howl, while heav'n's whole chorus sings,
 And bark at honour not conferr'd by kings ;
 Let flattery, sick'ning, see the incense rise,
 Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies :

Truth

Truth guards the poet, sanctifies the line,
And makes immortal verse as mean as mine.

Pope's Satires.

Attend, ye sons of men; attend, and say,
Does not enough of my refulgent ray

Break thro' the veil of your mortality?

Say, does not reason in this form descry
Unnumber'd, nameless glories, that surpass
The angel's floating pomp, the seraph's glowing
grace.

Shall then your earth-born daughters vie
With me? Shall she, whose brightest eye
But emulates the diamond's blaze,

Whose cheek but mocks the peach's bloom,
Whose breath the hyacinths perfume,
Whose melting voice the warbling wood-lark lays:

Shall she be deem'd my rival? Shall a form
Of elemental dross, of mould'ring clay,

Vie with these charms imperial? The poor worm
Shall prove her contest vain. Life's little day

Shall pass, and she is gone: while I appear
Flush'd with the bloom of youth thro' heaven's
eternal year.

Know, mortals, know, ere first ye sprung,
Ere first these orbs in æther hung,
I shone amid the heav'nly throng.

These eyes beheld creation's day,
This voice began the choral lay,

And taught archangels their triumphant song.

Pleas'd I survey'd bright nature's gradual birth,
Saw infant light with kindling lustre spread,

Soft vernal fragrance cloath the flow'ring earth,
And ocean heave on his extended bed;

Saw the tall pine, aspiring, pierce the sky,

The tawny lion stalk, the rapid eagle fly.

Last man arose erect in youthful grace,
 Heav'n's hallow'd image stamp'd upon his face,
 And, as he rose, the high behest was given,
 "That I alone of all the host of heav'n,
 "Should reign protectress of the god-like
 youth."
 Thus the Almighty spake, he spake and call'd
 me truth. *Mason's Elfrida.*

T W I L I G H T.

O'er yonder eastern hill the twilight throws
 Her dusky mantle; and the god of day,
 With bright Astrea seated by his side,
 Waits yet to leave th' ocean; tarry nymphs,
 Ye nymphs, ye blue ey'd-progeny of Thames,
 Who now the mazes of this rugged heath
 Trace with your fleeting steps; who all night long
 Repeat, amid the cool and tranquil air,
 Your lonely murmurs; tarry, and receive
 My offered lay: to pay you homage due
 I leave the gates of sleep. Nor shall my lyre,
 Too far into the splendid hours of morn,
 Engage your audience; my observant hand
 Shall close the strain ere any sultry beam
 Approach you. To your subterranean haunts
 Ye then may timely steal, to pace with care
 Th' humid sands, to loosen from the soil
 The bubbling sources, to direct the rills
 To meet in wider channels, or beneath
 Some grotto's dripping arch at height of noon
 To slumber, sheltered from the burning heaven.
Aikenside.

T Y R A N N Y.

Proud, impatient,
 Of aught superior, ev'n of heav'n that made him!
 Fond

Fond of false glory; of the savage power
Of ruling without reason; of confounding
Just and unjust by an unbounded will:
By whom religion, honour, all the bands,
That ought to hold the jarring world in peace,
Were held the tricks of states, snares of wise
princes,
To draw their easy neighbours to destruction;
To waste with sword and fire their fruitful fields:
Like some accursed fiend, who 'scap'd from hell,
Poisons the balmy air, thro' which he flies;
He blasts the bearded corn, and loaded branches,
The labouring hind's best hopes, and marks his
way with ruin. *Rowe's Tamerlane.*

Methinks I see

Th' insulting tyrant, prancing o'er the field,
Strew'd with Rome's citizens, and drench'd with
slaughter!
His horse's hoofs wet with patrician blood!
O Portius! is there not some chosen curse,
Some hidden thunder in the stores of heav'n
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man,
Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin.

Addison's Cato.

Our Emperor is a tyrant fear'd and hated;
I scarce remember in his reign one day
Pass guiltless o'er his execrable head.
He thinks the sun is lost, that sees not blood:
When none is shed, we count it holiday.
We, who are most in favour, cannot call
This our own. *Dryden's Don Sebastian.*

Alas!

What in a man sequester'd from the world,
Or in a private person is preferr'd,

No

No policy allows of in a king !
 To be or just, or thankful, makes kings guilty ;
 And faith, though prais'd, is punish'd, that sup-
 ports

Such as good fate forsakes. Join with the gods,
 Observe the man they favour, leave the wretched ;
 The stars are not more distant from the earth,
 Than profit is from honesty ; all the pow'r,
 Pretogative, and greatness of a prince
 Is lost, if he descend once but to steer
 His course, as what's right guides him : let him
 leave

The scepter, that strives only to be good ;
 Since kingdoms are maintain'd, by force and blood.

Beaumont and Fletcher's False One.

V A L E.

They had me hither to this place,
 A barren and detested vale. You see
 The trees, tho' summer, yet forlorn and lean,
 O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe ;
 Here never shines the sun, here nothing breeds
 Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven :
 And when they shew'd me this abhorred pit,
 They told me here at dead time of the night,
 A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
 Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
 Would make such fearful and confused cries,
 As any mortal body hearing it,
 Should strait fall mad, or else die suddenly.

Shakespeare's Titus Andronicus.

V A L O U R.

True valour, friends, on virtue founded strong,
 Meets all events alike.

Mallet's Mustapha.

Not

Not to th' ensanguin'd field of death alone
Is valour limited : she sits serene
In the delib'rate council, sagely scans
'The source of action ; weighs, prevents, pro-
vides,
And scorns to count her glories, from the feats
Of brutal force alone. *The Regicide.*

1. What is true valour ?
2. It is the greatest virtue, and the safety
Of all mankind ; the object of it's danger.
A certain mean 'twixt fear and confidence ;
No inconsiderate rashness, or vain appetite
Of false encountring formidable things,
But a true science of distinguishing
What's good or evil. It springs out of reason,
And tends to perfect honesty, the scope
Is always honour, and the publick good :
It is no valour for a private cause.

The office of a man
That's truly valiant, is considerable
Three ways ; the first is in respect of matter,
Which still is danger ; in respect of form,
Wherein he must preserve his dignity
And in the end, which must be ever lawful.

A valiant man
Ought not to undergo, or tempt a danger,
But worthily, and by selected ways.
He undertakes with reason, not by chance.
His valour is the salt t' his other virtues,
They're all unseason'd without it : the waiting-
maids,
Or the concomitants of it, are his patience,
His magnanimity, his confidence,
His constancy, security and quiet :
He can assure himself against all rumour ;
Despairs

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Despairs of nothing; laughs at contumelies;
As knowing himself advanced in a height
Where injury cannot reach him, nor aspersion
Touch him with soyle. *Ben Johnson's New-Inn.*

V A N I T Y.

Fond of one art, most men the rest forego;
And all's ridiculous, but what they know.
Freely they censure lands they ne'er explore,
With tales they learnt from coasters on the shore;
As Afric's petty kings, perhaps, who hear
Of distant states from some weak traveller,
Imperfect hints with eager ears devour,
And sneer at Europe's fate, and Britain's pow'r,
Whitehead's Ridicule.

V E N A L I T Y.

Can there be such in that august assembly;
If such there be, who to sinister ends,
To sordid views, now sacrifice her fame;
The Roman genius shall, I trust, hereafter
Find out the perfidy; and with reproach
To future times, mark their distinguish'd names.
Frowde's Fall of Saguntum.

Could'st thou think

Timoleon would not startle at corruption?
The impious man, who sells his country's freedom,
Makes all the guilt of tyranny his own.
His are her slaughters, her oppressions his.
Just heav'n! reserve your choicest plagues for him,
And blast the venal wretch. *Martyn's Timoleon.*

V E N G E A N C E.

ZANGA.

What think you 'twas set up
The Greek and Roman name in such a lustre,

But

But doing right in stern despite to nature,
 Shutting their ears to all her little cries,
 When great, august, and god-like justice call'd?
 At Aulis one pour'd out a daughter's life,
 And gain'd more glory than by all his wars;
 Another slew a sister in just rage;
 A third, the theme of all succeeding times,
 Gave to the cruel ax a darling son;
 Nay more, for justice some devote themselves,
 As he at Carthage, an immortal name:
 Yet there is one step left above 'em all,
 Above their history, above their fable,
 A wife, bride, mistress, unenjoy'd—Do that,
 And tread upon the Greek and Roman glory.

ALONZO.

'Tis done—again new transports fire my brain;
 I had forgot it; 'tis my bridal night:
 Friend, give me joy, we must be gay together:
 See that the festival be duly honour'd.
 And when with garlands the full bowl is crown'd,
 And music gives her elevating sound,
 When golden carpets spread the sacred floor,
 And a new day the blazing tapers pour,
 Thou, Zanga, then my solemn friends invite
 From the dark realms of everlasting night;
 Call vengeance, call the furies, call despair,
 And death, our chief invited guest, be there;
 He with pale hand shall lead the bride, and spread
 Eternal curtains round our nuptial bed.

Young's Revenge.

V E N U S, a Planet.

Creator Venus! genial pow'r of love!
 The bliss of men below, and gods above!
 Beneath the sliding sun thou run'st thy race;
 Dost fairest shine, and best become that place:

For

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For thee the winds their eastern blasts forbear;
Thy month reveals the spring, and opens all the
year

Thee goddess! thee, the storms of winter fly,
Earth smiles with flow'rs renewing, laughs the
sky,

And birds to lays of love their tuneful notes apply.

For thee the lion loaths the taste of blood,

And, roaring, haunts his female thro' the wood:

For thee the bulls rebellow thro' the groves,

And tempt the stream, and snuff their absent loves.

'Tis thine whate'er is pleasant, good, or fair,

All nature is thy province, life thy care;

Thou mad'st the world, and dost the world repair.

Thou gladder of the mount of Cytheron,

Increase of love, companion of the sun!

With smiling aspect you serenely move,

In your fifth orb, and rule the realm of love

The fates but only spin the coarser clue,

The finest of the wool is left for you.

Spare me but one small portion of the twine,

And let the sisters cut below your line;

The rest among the rubbish may they sweep,

Or add it to the yarn of some old miser's heap.

Dryden's Pal. and Arc.

V E N U S.

As when sweet Venus (so the fable sings)

Awak'd by Nereids, from the ocean springs;

With smiles she sees the threatening billows rise,

Spreads smooth the surge, and clears the loursing

skies;

Light, o'er the deep, with flutt'ring Cupids

crown'd,

The pearly couch and silver turtles bound;

Her tresses shed ambrosial odours round.

Amidst the world of waves so stands serene

Britannia's isle, the ocean's stately queen;

In

In vain the nations have conspir'd her fall,
 Her trench the sea, and fleets her floating wall:
 Defenceless barks, her pow'rful navy near,
 Have only waves and hurricanes to fear.
 What bold invader, or what land oppress'd,
 Hath not her anger quell'd, her aid redress'd?
 Say, where have e'er her union crosses fail'd,
 But much her arms, her justice more prevail'd?
 Her labours are to plead th' Almighty's cause,
 Her pride to teach th' untam'd barbarian laws:
 Who conquers, wins by brutal strength the prize;
 But 'tis a godlike work to civilize.

Tickell.

VESTAL.

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot?
 The world forgetting, by the world forgot:
 Eternal sun-shine of the spotless mind!
 Each pray'r accepted, and each wish resign'd;
 Labour and rest, that equal periods keep;
 Obedient slumbers, that can wake and sleep;
 Desires compos'd, affections ever even;
 Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to heav'n.
 Grace shines around her with serenest beams,
 And whisp'ring angels prompt her golden dreams.
 For her th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,
 And wings of seraphs shed divine perfumes.
 For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring,
 For her white virgins hymenæals sing:
 To sounds of heav'nly harps she dies away,
 And melts in visions of eternal day.

Pope's Éloisa to Abelard.

VICE.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
 As to be hated needs but to be seen;
 Yet, seen too oft familiar with her face,
 We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

Pope's Essay on Man.

VICISSITUDE.

Since ev'ry man who lives is born to die,
 And none can boast sincere felicity;
 With equal m'nd what happens let us bear,
 Nor joy nor grieve too much for things beyond our
 care.

Like pilgrims, to th' appointed place we tend;
 The world's an inn, and death the journey's end.
 Ev'n kings but play, and, when their part is done,
 Some other worse or better mount the throne.

Dryden's Pal and Arc.

What then remains, but, after past annoy,
 To take the good vicissitude of joy;
 To thank the gracious gods for what they give,
 Possess our souls, and, while we live, to live?

Dryden's Pal and Arc.

For what is it on earth,
 Nay under heav'n continues at a stay?
 Ebbs not the sea, when it hath overflown?
 Follows not darkness, when the day is gone?
 And see we not sometimes the eye of heav'n
 Dimm'd with o'er flying clouds? there's not that
 work

Of careful nature, or of cunning art,
 How strong, how beauteous, or how rich it be,
 But falls in time to ruin.

Shakespear's Sir John Oldcastle.

For think how few the joys allowed by fate,
 How mixed the cup, how short their longest date!
 How onward still the stream of pleasure flows!
 That no reflux the rapid current knows!
 Not ev'n thy charms can bribe the ruthless hand
 Of rigid Time, to stay his ebbing sand.
 Fair as thou art, that beauty must decay,
 The night of age succeeds the brightest day:

That

That cheek where nature's sweetest garden blows
 Her whitest lily, and her warmest rose,
 Those eyes, those meaning ministers of love,
 Who, what thy lips can only utter, prove ;
 These must resign their lustre, those their bloom,
 And find, with meaner charms, one common doom.
Oldfield.

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
 Have stood against the world ; now lies he there,
 And none so poor to do him reverence.

Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar.

I who some moments pass'd wou'd not have chang'd
 Condition with the blessed gods themselves ;
 Now in all probability am lost,
 And stand upon the very brink of ruin.
 Not half an hour ago, methought secure
 I hugg'd myself, and almost could have wept
 In mere compassion to th' hard fated world,
 Thinking how much my state was happier.

Lee's Mithridates.

This rising day
 Saw Sophonisba, from the height of life,
 Thrown to the very brink of slavery ;
 State, honours, armies, vanish'd ; nothing left
 But her own great unconquerable mind.
 And yet, ere evening comes, to larger power
 Restor'd, I see my royal friend, and kneel
 In grateful homage to the gods, and her.
 Ye powers, what, awful changes often mark
 The fortunes of the great !

Thomson's Sophonisba.

Last night how sad, how hopeless was my state !
 I saw my country on the brink of fate,
 Saw every treasure of the brave and free,
 Their loss all threaten'd in the loss of thee ;

But

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But now the fair event evinces this,
Who saves the public, saves his private blifs.

Paterfon's Arminius.

As newly wak'd from all my dreams of glory,
'Those gilded visions of deceitful joys,
I stand confounded at the unlook'd-for change,
And scarcely feel this thunder-bolt of fate.
The painted clouds, which bore my hopes aloft,
Alas, are vanish'd now to yielding air,
And I am fallen indeed !

How weak is reason, when affection pleads !
How hard to turn the fond deluded heart
From flatt'ring toys, which sooth'd its vanity !
The laurel'd trophy and the loud applause,
The victor's triumph, and the people's gaze,
The high hung banner, and recording gold,
Subdue me still, still cling around my heart,
And pull my reason down.

Jone's Earl of Essex.

Think on the slippery state of human things,
The strange vicissitudes, and sudden turns
Of war and fate, reviling on the proud,
To crush a merciless and cruel victor :
Think there are bounds of fortune, set above
Periods of time, and progress of success,
Which none can stop before the appointed limits
And none can push beyond.

Dryden's Love Triumphant.

V I L A G E.

Mean time the village rouses up the fire ;
While well attested, and as well believ'd,
Heard solemn, goes the goblin story round,
Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all.
Or frequent in the sounding hall, they wake

The

The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round:
The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,
Easily pleas'd; the long loud laugh, sincere;
The kiss snatch'd hasty from the hide-long maid,
On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep;
The leap, the slap, the haul; and shook to notes
Of native music the respondent dance.
Thus jocund fleets with them the winter night.

Thomson's Season's.

VILLAIN.

Do but observe the face of villainy
How different from the brow of innocence!
See what a settled gloom obscures his visage,
Sure emblem of the horror of his breast,
Where his false heart enthron'd in native darkness
(Unconscious and unwishing for the light)
Broods o'er new treasons, and enjoys the mischief.

Havard's Regulus.

It is the master-piece of villainy
To smoothe the brow, and to outface suspicion.

Havard's Regulus.

VINE.

Once like a vine I flourish'd, and was young,
Rich in my ripening hopes, that spoke me strong;
But now a dry and wither'd stock am grown,
And all my clusters and my branches gone.

Otway's Don Carlos.

The vine will cling, while the tall poplar stands:
But that cut down, creeps to the next support,
And twines as closely there.

Dryden's Don Sebastian.

VIRGIN.

What an honest work it would be, when we find

A virgin in her poverty and youth,
 Inclining to be tempted, to employ
 As much persuasion, and as much expence
 To keep her upright, as men use to do upon her fal-
 ling.

Beau. and Fletch. Hon. Man's Fortune.

V I R T U E.

Virtue's a solid rock, whereat being aim'd
 The keenest darts of envy, yet unhurt
 Her marble hero stands, built of such basis,
 While they recoil, and wound the shooter's face.

Beaumont's of Queen Corinth.

Our life is short; but to extend that span
 To vast eternity, is virtue's work.

Shakespear's Troilus and Cressida.

How vain is virtue, which directs our ways,
 Thro' certain dangers, to uncertain praise.
 Barren and airy name! thee fortune flies,
 With thy lean train, the pious and the wise.
 Heav'n takes thee at thy word, without regard,
 And lets thee poorly be thy own reward.
 The world is made for the bold impious man,
 Who stops at nothing, seizes all he can.
 Justice to merit does weak aid afford,
 She trusts her balance, and neglects her sword;
 Virtue is nice, to take what's not her own,
 And while she long consults the prize is gone.

Dryden's Aurengzebe.

Him fortune cannot sink, nor much elate,
 Whose views extend beyond this mortal state;
 By age when summon'd to resign his breath,
 Calm and serene he sees approaching death;

As

As the safe port, the peaceful silent shore,
Where he may rest, life's tedious voyage o'er;
He, and he only, is of death afraid,
Whom his own conscience has a coward made:
Whilst he who virtue's radiant course has run,
Descends like a serenely setting sun,
His thoughts triumphant heav'n alone employs,
And hope anticipates his future joys.

Soame Jennyns.

Blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds;
And tho' a late, a sure reward succeeds.

Congreve's Mourning Bride.

Great minds, like heav'n, are pleas'd with doing good,
Tho' the ungrateful subjects of their favours
Are barren in return. Virtue does still
With scorn the mercenary world regard,
Where abject souls do good, and hope reward:
Above the worthless trophies man can raise,
She seeks not honour, wealth, nor airy praise,
But with herself, herself the goddess pays.

Rowe's Tamerlane.

O pursue,
Pursue the sacred counsels of your soul,
Which urge you on to virtue! let not danger,
Nor the incumb'ring world, make faint your purpose:

Assisting angels shall conduct your steps,
Bring you to bliss, and crown your end with peace.

Rowe's Jane Shore.

To civilize the rude unpolish'd world,
And lay it under the restraint of laws;
To make man mild, and sociable to man;
To cultivate the wild licentious savage
With wisdom, discipline, and lib'ral arts,

L

Th

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Th' embellishments of life ! virtues, like these,
Make human nature shine ; reform the soul,
And break the fierce barbarians into men.

Addison's Cato.

The more the bold, the bustling, and the bad,
Press to usurp the reins of pow'r, the more
Behoves it virtue, with indignant zeal,
To check their combination. Shall low views
Of sneaking int'rest, or luxurious vice,
The villain's passions, quicken more to toil,
And dart a livelier vigour thro' the soul,
Than those that, mingled with our truest good,
With present honor, and immortal fame,
Involve the good of all ? An empty form
Is the weak virtue, that amid the shade
Lamenting lies, with future schemes amus'd,
While wickedness and folly, kindred powers,
Confound the world.

Thomson's Memory of Lord Talbot.

There breathes a felt divinity in virtue,
In candid, unassuming, generous virtue,
Whose very silence speaks ; and which inspires,
Without proud formal lessons, a disdain
Of mean injurious vice.

Thomson's Agamemon.

Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,
Is the best gift of heav'n : a happiness
That, even above the frowns and smiles of fate,
Exalts great nature's favourites : a wealth
That ne'er encumbers, nor to baser hands
Can be transferr'd : it is the only good
Man justly boasts of, or can call his own.

Armstrong's Art of Preserving Health.

ADAM.

On womens virtue who too much rely,
 To boundless will, give boundless liberty.
 Restraint you will not brook, but think it hard
 Your prudence is not trusted as your guard.
 And to yourselves so left, if ill ensues,
 You first our weak indulgence will accuse.
 Curst be that hour
 When, sated with my single happiness,
 I chose a partner to controul my bliss,
 Who wants that reason which her will shou'd sway,
 And knows but just enough to disobey :

EVE.

Better with brutes my humble lot had gone,
 Of reason void, accountable to none,
 Th' unhappiness of creation is a wife,
 Made lowest in the highest rank of life :
 Her fellow's slave, to know, and not to chuse :
 Curst with that reason she must never use.

ADAM.

Add, she is proud, fantastic, apt to change ;
 Restless at home, and ever prone to range :
 With shows delighted, and so vain is she,
 She'll meet the devil, rather than not see.
 Our wise Creator for his choirs divine,
 Peopled his heaven with souls all masculine,
 Ah ! why must man from woman take his birth ?
 Why was this sin of nature made on earth ?
 This fair defect, this helpless aid call'd wife ;
 The bending crutch of a decrepit life.
 Posterity no pairs from you shall find,
 But such as by mistake of love are join'd :
 The worthiest men their wishes ne'er shall gain ;
 But see the slaves, they scorn, their loves obtain.
 Blind appetite shall your wild fancies rule ;
 False to desert, and faithful to a fool.

Dryden's Fall of Man.

Virtue, at midnight, walks, as safe, within,
 As in the conscious glare of flaming day.
 She who in forms finds virtue, has no virtue.
 All the shame lies, in hiding honest love.

— — — — — I was taught, in a sincerer clime,
 That virtue, tho' it shines not, still is virtue :
 And inbred honour grows not, but at home.

Hill's Alzira.

The generous pride of virtue
 Disdains to weigh too nicely the returns
 Her bounty meets with—like the liberal gods,
 From her own gracious nature she bestows,
 Nor stoops to ask reward.

Thomson's Coriolanus.

Virtue's foundations with the world's were laid;
 Heav'n mix'd her with our make, and twisted close
 Her sacred int'rests with the strings of life :
 Who breaks her awful mandate, shocks himself,
 His better self; and is it greater pain,
 Our soul should murmur, or our dust repine?
 And one in their eternal war must bleed.

Young's Night Thoughts.

Thine, virtue ! thine is each persuasive charm,
 Thine ev'ry soul with heav'nly raptures warm;
 Thine all the bliss that innocence bestows,
 And thine the heart that feels another's woes.
 What tho' thy train neglected, or unknown,
 Have sought the silent vale, and sigh'd alone ?
 Tho' torrents stream'd from ev'ry melting eye ?
 Tho' from each bosom burst th' unpity'd sigh ?
 Tho' oft with life's distracting cares oppress'd,
 They long to sleep in everlasting rest ?

O envy'd misery ! —what soft delight
Breath'd on the mind, and smooth'd the gloom of
night

When nobler prospects, an eternal train,
Made rapture glow in ev'ry beating vein;
When heav'n's bright domes the smiling eye sur-
vey'd,

And joys that bloom'd more sweetly from the shade.

Ogilvie's Day of Judgment.

Know then this truth (enough for man to know)
Virtue alone is happiness below !

That only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good, without the fall to ill ;

Where only merit constant pay receives,
Is blest'd in what it takes, and what it gives ;

The joy unequall'd, if its end it gain,
And, if it lose, attended with no pain ;

Without satiety, though e'er so blest'd,
And but more relish'd, as the more distress'd :

The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,

Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears :

Good from each object, from each place acquir'd,

For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd ;

Never elated, while one man's oppress'd ;

Never dejected, while another's blest'd ;

And where no wants, no wishes can remain,

Since but to wish more virtue, is to gain.

Pope's Essay on Man.

Whatever is is right.—This world, 'tis true,

Was made for Cæsar,—but for Titus too :

And which more blest'd, who chain'd his country,
say,

Or he whose virtue sigh'd to lose a day ?

But sometimes virtue starves, while vice is fed ;

What then ? is the reward of virtue bread ?

That vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;
 The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil;
 The knave deserves it, when he tempts the main,
 Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.

Pope's Essay on Man.

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
 The soul's calm sun-shine, and the heart-felt joy,
 Is virtue's prize: a better would you fix?
 Then give humility a coach and six,
 Justice a conq'ror's sword, or truth a gown,
 Or public spirit its great cure a crown.

Pope's Essay on Man.

Virtue (for meer good-nature is a tool)
 Is sense and spirit, with humanity:
 'Tis sometimes angry, and its frown confounds;
 'Tis ev'n vindictive, but in vengeance just.
 Knaves fain would laugh at it; some great ones dare:
 But at his heart the most undaunted son
 Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms,
 To noblest uses this determines wealth;
 This is the solid pomp of prosperous days;
 The peace and shelter of adversity.
 And if you pant for glory, build your fame
 On this foundation, which the secret shock
 Defies of envy, and all sapping time.
 The gawdy gloss of fortune only strikes
 The vulgar eye: the suffrage of the wise,
 The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
 By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

Armstrong's Art of Preserving Health.

Go search it there where to be born and die,
 Of rich and poor make all the history:
 Enough that virtue fill'd the space between;
 Prov'd by the ends of being to have been.

Pope's Moral Essays.

Virtue

Virtue may chuse the high or low degree,
 'Tis just alike to virtue, and to me;
 Dwell in a monk, or light upon a king,
 She's still the same belov'd contented thing.

Pope's Satires.

V I S I O N.

'Twas at the hour when midnight ghosts assume
 Some frightful shape, and sweep along the gloom;
 When the pale spectre bursts upon the view;
 When fancy paints the fading taper blue;
 When smiling virtue rests, nor dreads a foe;
 And slumber shuts the weeping eyes of woe:
 'Twas then amid the silence of the night,
 A graceful seraph stood before my sight,
 And blaz'd meridian day.—The rocking ground,
 Flam'd as he mov'd, and totter'd as he frown'd:
 As some vast meteor, whose expanded glare
 Shoots a long stream that brightens all the air,
 So flam'd his burning eyes.

Ogilvie's Day of Judgment.

V O I C E.

His voice, attention still as midnight, draws;
 His voice more gentle than the summer's breeze,
 That mildly whispers thro' the waving trees;
 Soft as the nightingale's complaining song,
 Or murm'ring currents as they roll along.

Dryden's Don Sebastian.

Methought I heard a voice, and yet I doubted,
 Now roaring like the ocean, when the winds
 Fight with the waves, now in a still small tone,
 Your dying accents fell as wrecking ships,
 After they dreadful sink, murm'ring down
 And bubble up a noise.

Dryden's and Lee's Oedipus.

UPHOLDER.

Where the brass knocker, wrapt in flannel band,
 Forbids the thunder of the footman's hand;
 Th' upholder, rueful harbinger of death,
 Waits with impatience for the dying breath,
 As vultures o'er a camp, with hov'ring flight,
 Snuff up the future carnage of the fight.
 Here canst thou pass, unmindful of a pray'r,
 That heaven in mercy may thy brother spare?

Gay's Trivia.

UPBRAIDING.

Why didst thou leave the fair Italian fields,
 Thou silken slave of Venus? What could move
 Thee to explore these boist'rous northern climes,
 And change yon radiant sky for Britain's clouds?
 What dost thou here effeminate? By heav'n
 Thou should'st have loiter'd in Campania's villa's,
 And in thy garden nurs'd with careful hands
 The gaudy vested progeny of Flora;
 Or indolently pac'd the pebbled shore,
 And ey'd the beating of the Tuscan wave,
 To waste thy irksome leisure. Wilt thou tell me,
 What thou dost here in Britain? dost thou come
 To sigh and pine? could Italy afford
 No food for these weak passions? must thou tra-
 verse

Such tracts of land, and visit this cold region
 To love and languish? Answer me, what motive
 First brought thee hither? but forbear to urge
 It was in quest of honour; for the god
 Of war disclaims thee.

Glover's Boadicea.

URNS.

Behold that heap
 Of mouldring urns (their ashes blown away,
 Dust

Dust of the mighty) the same story tell;
 And as its base, from whence the serpent glides
 Down the green desert street, yon hoary monk
 Laments the same, the vision as he views,
 The solitary, silent, solemn scene,
 Where Cæsars, heroes, peasants, hermits be
 Blended in dust together; where the slave
 Rests from his labors, where th' insulting proud
 Resigns his pow'r, the miser drops his hoard;
 Where human folly sleeps. *Dyer.*

U S U R P E R.

A scepter snatch'd with an unruly hand,
 Must be as boistrouly maintain'd, as gain'd:
 And he, that stands upon a slipp'ry place,
 Makes nice of no vile hand to hold him up.
Shakespear's King John.

Pirates may make cheap penn'worths of their pil-
 lage,
 And purchase friends; and give to courtezans,
 Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone;
 While as the silly owner of the goods
 Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,
 And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
 While all is shar'd, and all is borne away,
 Ready to starve, and dares not touch his own:
 So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
 While his own lands are bargain'd for and sold.
Shakespear's Second Part of K Henry VI.

Kings who did crowns unjustly get,
 In hell on burning thrones are set:
 And, oh! uneasily their crowns they wear,
 And their own guilt, amidst the guards they fear;
 Cares, when they wake, their minds unquiet keep,
 And ghosts, in visions, lord it o'er their sleep.

O Alphonso !

I fear they come too late ! her father's crimes
 Hang heavy on her, and weigh down her prayers :
 A crown usurp'd ! a lawful king depos'd !
 In bondage held, debarr'd the common light !
 His children murder'd, and his friends destroy'd !
 What can we less expect, than what we feel,
 And what we fear will follow ?

Dryden's Spanish Friar.

The man who rises on his country's ruin,
 Lives in a crowd of foes, himself the chief :
 In vain his power, in vain his pomp and pleasures,
 His guilty thoughts, those tyrants of the soul,
 Steal in unseen, and stab him in his triumph.
 Wretched distracting state ! when ev'ry object
 Strikes him with horror, ev'ry thought with fear.

Martyn's Timoleon.

Vulgar opinion ;

For what is glory but the blaze of fame,
 The people's praise, if always praise unmix'd ?
 And what the people but a herd confus'd,
 A miscellancous rabble, who extol
 Things vulgar, and well weigh'd scarce worth the
 praise.

They praise and they admire they know not what,
 And know not whom, but as one leads the other ;
 And what delight to be by such extolled,
 To live upon their tongues, and be their talk,
 Of whom to be dispraised were no small praise ?
 His lot who dares be singularly good,
 Th' intelligent among them and the wise
 Are few, and glory scarce of few is rais'd.

Paradise Regained.

WAIT-

W-A-I-T-I-N-G M-A-I-D.

Now enter'd Lucy, trusty Lucy knew,
To roll a sleeve, or bear a billet doux ;
Her ready tongue, in secret service try'd,
With equal fluency spoke truth or ly'd,
She well could flush, or humble a gallant,
And serve at once as maid and confidant.

Gay's Eclogues.

When e'er I dress'd, my maid, who knew my
flame,
Cherish'd my passion with thy lovely name ;
Thy picture in her talk so lively grew,
That thy dear image rose before my view ;
She dwelt whole hours upon thy shape and mien,
And wounded Delia's fame to sooth my spleen ;
When she beheld me at the name grow pale,
Straight to thy charms she chang'd her artful
tale ;
And when thy matchless charms were quite run
o'er,
I bid her tell the pleasing tale once more.

Gay's Miscellanies.

W A L K.

Toil and be strong, by toil the flaccid nerves
Grow firm, and gain a more compacted tone ;
The greener juices are by toil subdu'd,
Mellow'd, and subtiliz'd ; the vapid old
Expell'd, and all the rancour of the blood.
Come, my companions, ye who feel the charms
Of nature and the year ; come, let us stray
Where chance or fancy leads our roving walk ;
Come, while the soft voluptuous breezes fan
The fleecy heavens, enwrap the limbs in balm,
And

And shed a charming languor o'er the soul.
 Nor when bright winter sows with prickly frost
 The vigorous æther, in unmanly warmth
 Indulge at home, nor even when Eurus, blasts
 This way, and that convolve the lab'ring woods.
 My liberal walks, save when the skies in rain
 Or fogs relent, no season should confine
 Or to the cloister'd gallery, or arcade.
 Go climb the mountain : from the ætherial source,
 Imbibe the recent gale : the chearful morn
 Beams o'er the hills, go mount th' exulting steed ;
 Already, see, the deep mouth'd beagles catch
 The tainted mazes ; and, on eager sport
 Intent, with emulous impatience try
 Each doubtful trace. Or if a nobler prey
 Delight you more, go chase the desp'rate deer,
 End thro' its deepest solitudes awake
 The vocal forest with the jovial horn.

Armstrong's Art of Preserving Health.

W A N T.

Famine is in thy cheeks
 Need and oppression staring in thy looks,
 Contempt and beggary hang on thy back.

Shakespear's Romeo and Juliet.

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
 That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm ;
 How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
 Your loop'd and window'd raggedness defend you
 From seasons such as these ? Take physic, pomp,
 Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
 That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
 And shew the heavens more just.

Shakespear's King Lear.

Taste

Take this purse, thou whom heaven's plagues
Have humbled to all strokes, that I am stretched
Makes thee the happier. Heavens deal so still,
Let the superfluous and lust dieted man,
That slaves, your ordinance that will not see,
Because he does not feel, feel your power quickly ;
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough.

Shakespear's King Lear.

To men
Press'd by their wants, all change is ever welcome.
Ben. Johnson's Cataline.

Oh ! we must change the scene,
In which the past delights of love were tasted ;
The poor sleep little ; we must learn to watch
Our labours late and early ; every morning,
Midst winter frosts, sparingly clad and fed,
Rise to our toils, and drudge away the day.
Want, worldly want, that hungry meagre fiend,
Is at our heels, and chafes us in view,
Canst thou bear cold and hunger ? can these limbs,
Fram'd for the tender offices of love,
Endure the bitter gripes of pinching poverty ?
When in a bed of straw we shrink together,
And the bleak winds shall whistle round our heads,
Wilt thou then talk to me thus ?
Thus hush my cares, and shelter me with love ?

Otway.

If all her former woes were not enough,
Look on her now ! behold her where she wanders,
Hunted to death, distress'd on ev'ry side,
With no one hand to help ; and tell me then,
If ever misery were known like her's ?

And

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And can she bear it, can that delicate frame
Endure the beating of a storm so rude ?
Can she, for whom the various seasons chang'd,
To court her appetite, and crown her board ;
For whom the foreign vintages were press'd,
For whom the merchant spread his silken stores ;
Can she entreat for bread, and want the needful
raiment

To wrap her shiv'ring bosom from the weather ?
Now sad and shelterless perhaps she lies,
Where piercing winds blow sharp, and the chill
rain

Drops from some pent-house on her wretched
head ;

Drenches her locks, and kills her with the cold ;
While her head rests on what cold stone she pleases.

Rowe's Jane Shore.

Want is a bitter and a hateful good,
Because its virtues are not understood :
Yet many things, impossible to thought
Have been by need to full perfection brought.
The daring of the soul proceeds from thence,
Sharpness of wit and active diligence :
Prudence at once and fortitude it gives :
And if in patience taken, mends our lives ;
For even that indigence, which brings me low,
Makes me myself, and him above to know
A good which none would challenge, few would
chuse,

A fair possession, which mankind refuse.
If we from wealth to poverty descend,
Want gives to know the flatt'rer from the friend.

Dryden's Wife of Bath.

W A R.

O war ! thou son of hell,
Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
Throw

Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance : let no soldiers fly.
He that is truly dedicate to war
Hath no self love ; no, he that loves himself
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
The name of valour.

Shakespeare's Henry VI.

The fight grows hot, the whole war's now at work,
And the goar'd battle bleeds at every vein.

Shakespeare's King Lear.

Remember him, the villain, righteous heaven,
In thy great day of vengeance : blast the traitor
And his pernicious counsels ; who, for wealth,
For pow'r, the pride of greatness, or revenge,
Would plunge his native land in civil wars.
Have we so soon forgot these days of ruin,
When like a matron butcher'd up by her sons,
And cast beside some common way a spectacle
Of horror and affright to passers by
Our groaning country bled at every vein :
When murders, rapes, and massacres prevail'd ;
When churches, palaces, and cities blaz'd ;
When insolence and barbarism triumph'd,
And swept away distinction : peasants trod
Upon the necks of nobles : low were laid
The reverend crosier, and the holy mitre ;
And desolation cover'd all the land !
Who can remember this, and not, like me,
Here vow to sheath a dagger in his heart,
Whose damn'd ambition would renew those
 horrors,

And set once more that scene of blood before us ?

Rowe's Jane Shore.

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I am near you in the day of danger;
In toilsome marches, and the bloody field,
When nations against nations clash in arms,
And half the people in one groan expire.

Young's Busiris.

Unchain'd, Bellona from her temple rushes,
With all the crimes and vices in her train;
Earth fades at her approach: to rural peace,
Fair plenty, and the social joy of cities,
Soon will succeed rage, rapine, devastation,
Each cruel horror sanctify'd by names.
O mortals! mortals! when will you, content
With nature's bounty, that in full flow,
Still as your labours open more its sources,
Abundant gushes on the happy world;
When will you banish violence and outrage,
To dwell with beasts of prey in woods and
desarts?

Thomson's Coriolanus.

In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watched,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron war;
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
Cry, courage! to the field! and thou hast talk'd
Of salkies and retires; of trenches, tents,
Of pallisadoes, frontiers, parapets;
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,
Of prisoners ransom, and of soldiers slain,
And all the current of a heady fight.

Shakespear's first Part of K. H. IV.

O call th' inspiring glorious hour to view,
When Caledonia's martial train,
From yon steep rock's high arching brow
Pour'd on the heart-struck flying Dane!
When war's blood tinctur'd spear
Hung o'er the trembling rear;

When

When light-heel'd terror wing'd their headlong flight :

Yon towers then rung with wild alarms,
 Yon desert gleam'd with shining arms ;
 While on the bleak hills bright'ning spire,
 Bold vict'ry flam'd, with eyes of fire ;
 Her limbs celestial robes infold,
 Her wings were ting'd with spangling gold.]
 She spoke : her words infus'd resistless might,
 And warm'd the bounding heart, and rous'd the
 -soul of fight. *Ogilvie's Odes.*

Now glorious war, farewell :
 Thou child of honour and ambitious thoughts,
 Begot in blood, and nurs'd with kingdoms ruins ;
 Thou golden danger, courted by thy followers !
 Thro fires and famines, for one title from thee !
 Along farewell I give thee ! noble arms,
 Ye ribs for mighty minds, ye iron houses,
 Made to defy the thunder-claps of fortune,
 Rust, and consuming time must now dwell with you !
 And thou, good sword, that knewst the way to conquest,
 Upon whose fatal edge death and despair dwelt,
 That when I shook thee thus; foreshew'dst
 destruction,
 Sleep now from blood, and grace my monument !
 Farewel my eagle ! when thou flew'st, whole armies
 Have stoop'd below thee ! At passage I have seen
 thee
 Ruffle the Tartars as they fled thy fury,
 And bang them up together as a tassel
 Upon the stretch, a flock of fearful pigeons !
 I yet remember when the Volga curl'd !
 The aged Volga ! when he held his head up,
 And rais'd his waters high to see the ruins,
 The ruins our swords made, the bloody ruins !
 Then

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Then flew this bird of honour bravely flew!
But this must be forgotten, quite forgotten;
And all that tends to arms, by me for ever.

Beaumont's Loyal Subject.

From yonder heath-crown'd hill,
This island's eastern point, where in one stream
The Thone and Parret roll their blending waves,
I look'd, and saw the progress of the foe,
As of some tempest, some devouring fire,
That ruins without mercy where it spreads.
The riches of the year, the golden grain,
That liberal crown'd our plains, lies trampled
wide

By hostile feet, or rooted up, and waste deforms
The broad high-way : from space to space,
Far as my straining eye could shoot its beam,
Trees, cottages, and castles, smoak to heaven
In one ascending cloud ; but oh for pity !
That way my lord, where yonder verdant height
Declining slides into a fruitful vale,
Unfightly now and bare, a few poor hinds,
Grey-hair'd, and thinly clad, stood, and beheld
The common ravage : motionless and mute,
With hands to heaven uprais'd, they stood and
wept.

My tears attended theirs :

Thomson's Alfred.

He look'd and saw numbers numberless
The city gates out pour'd, light armed troops
In coats of mail, and military pride
In mail their horses clad, yet fleet and strong,
Prancing their riders bore, the flower and choice
Of many provinces from bound to bound ;
He saw them in their forms of battle rang'd,
How quick they wheel'd; and flying behind them shot
Sharp

Sharp fleet of arrowy showers against the face
 Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight ;
 The field all iron cast a gleaming brown,
 Nor wanted clouds of foot ; nor on each horn
 Curiaffiers all in steel for standing fight,
 Chariots and elephants indors'd with towers
 Of arches, not of lab'ring pioneers,
 A multitude with spades and axes armed
 To lay hills plain, fell wood, or vallies fill,
 Or where plain was, raise hill, or overlay
 With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke ;
 Mules after these, camels and dromedaries,
 And waggons fraught with utensils of war.

Paradise Regained.

They err who count it glorious to subdue
 By conquest far and wide ; to over-run
 Large countries, and in field great battles win,
 Great cities by assault : what do these worthies
 But rob, and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave
 Peaceable nations ? neighbouring or remote,
 Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
 Than these their conquerors, who leave behind
 Nothing but ruin whereso'er they rove ;
 And all the flourishing works of peace destroy ;
 Then swell with pride, and must be titled gods,
 Great benefactors of mankind, deliverers,
 Worship'd with temple, priest, and sacrifice :
 One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other,
 Till conqueror death discover them scarce men,
 Rolling in brutish sin, and deformed ;
 Violent or shameful death their due reward.

Paradise Regained.

W A T C H M A N.

Yet there are watchmen who, with friendly light,
 Will teach thy reeling steps to tread aright ;

For

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For sixpence will support thy helpless arm,
 And home conduct thee safe from nightly harm;
 But if they shake their lanthorns, from afar
 To call their brethren to confed'rate war,
 When rakes resist their pow'r, if hapless you
 Should chance to wander with the scowring crew;
 Tho' fortune yield thee captive, ne'er despair,
 But seek the constable's confid'rate ear:
 He will reverse the watchman's harsh decree,
 Mov'd by the rhet'rick of a silver fee.
 Thus would you gain some fav'rite courtier's word:
 Fee not the petty clerks, but bribe my lord.

Gay's Trivia.

W E A K N E S S.

If weakness may excuse,
 What murderer, what traitor, parricide,
 Incestuous, sacrilegious, but may plead it?
 All wickedness is weakness; that plea therefore
 With God or man will gain thee no remission.

Sampson Agonistes.

W E A L T H.

Wealth is the sun that decks the gorgeous scene,
 That cherishes, adorns, and calls to view
 The princely flowers of honour, virtue, fame,
 Which in the shade of poverty were lost.
 Whatever men desire or venerate,
 On wealth attends, ev'n empire's self is bought.
 Nor could the mighty Julius have attain'd
 By wisdom or by valour sov'reign power,
 Had not the gold of vanquish'd Gaul subdu'd
 The liberties of Rome. On wretched want
 Contempt and narrow soul'd dependance wait.
 Ev'n kings, of necessary wealth depriv'd,
 In powerless indigence lose all respect,

Like

All homage from their subjects ; while the rich,
Like gods ador'd, o'er every neck extend
Their potent scepters, and in golden chains,
Here faction and rebellious freedom bind.

G. West.

W E L C O M E.

A general welcome from his grace
Salutes you all ; this night he dedicates
To fair content and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad: he would have all as merry,
As first good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.

Shakespear's Henry VIII.

O happy night ! not to the weary
Pilgrim half so welcome,
When after many a toilsome bleeding step,
With joyful looks he spies his long'd-for home,
Thus comes to the despairing wretch the glad
Reprieve ! 'tis mercy ! mercy at the block !
Thus the toss'd seaman after boist'rous storms,
Lands on his country's breast, thus stands and
gazes,
And runs it o'er with many a greedy look,
Then shouts for joy, and makes
Th' echoing hill, and all the shores resound.

Lee's Cæsar Borgia.

Welcome as night with sweet refreshing shade,
And balmy dews, to the faint traveller,
Who journies o'er a waste of sands,
With painful steps and slow.

Fenton's Mariamne.

W I F E

W I F E.

Let sinful bachelors their woes deplore,
 Full well they merit all they feel, and more:
 Unaw'd by precepts human or divine,
 Like birds and beasts promiscuously they join:
 Nor know to make the present blessing last,
 To hope the future, or esteem the past:
 But vainly boast the joys they never try'd,
 And find divulged the secrets they would hide.
 The married man may bear his yoke with ease,
 Secure at once himself and heaven to please:
 And pass his inoffensive hours away,
 In bliss all night, and innocence all day;
 Tho' fortune change, his constant spouse remains,
 Augments his joys, or mitigates his pains.
 But what so pure, which envious tongue will
 spare?

Some wicked wits have libell'd all the fair.
 With matchless impudence they stile a wife,
 The dear bought curse, and lawful plague of life;
 A bosom serpent a domestic evil,
 A night invasion, and a mid-day devil.
 Let not the wise these scandalous words regard,
 But curse the bones of ev'ry lying bard.
 All other goods by fortune's hand are given,
 A wife is the peculiar gift of heaven.
 A wife! ah gentle deities, can he
 That has a wife e'er feel adversity?
 Would men but follow what the sex advise,
 All things would prosper, all the world grow wise.
 'Twas by Rebecca's aid that Jacob won,
 His father's blessing from an elder son;
 Abusive Nabal ow'd his forfeit life
 To the wise conduct of a prudent wife;
 Heroic Judith, as old Hebrews show,
 Preserved the Jews, and slew the Assyrian foe:

At

At Esther's suit the the persecuting sword
Was sheath'd, and Israel liv'd to bless the Lord.
Pop. Jan. and May.

Here I kneel :

If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse, or thought, or actual deed :
Or that my eyes, my ears, or any sense,
Delighted them, or any other form,
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will, tho' he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement, love him dearly ;
Comfort forswear me ! Unkindness may do much : !
And this unkindness may defeat my life,
But cannot taint my love. *Shak. Othello.*

A wife's a man's best piece ; who till he marries,
Wants making up : she is the shrine to which
Nature doth send us forth on pilgrimage ;
She was a scyon taken from that tree,
Into which if she has no second grafting,
The world can have no fruit : she is man's
Arithmetic, which teaches him to number
And multiply himself in his own children :
She is the good man's paradise, and the bad's
First step to heav'n, a treasure which who wants,
Cannot be trusted to posterity,
Nor pay his own debts : she's a golden sentence
Writ by our maker, which the angels may
Discourse of, only men know how to use,
And none but devils violate.

Shirley's Love's Cruelty.

O wretched husband : while she hangs about thee
With idle blandishments, and plays the fond one ;
Even then her hot imagination wanders,
Contriving

Contriving riot, and loose scapes of love;
And while she clasps thee close, makes thee a
monster. *Rowe's Fair Penitent.*

W I L L.

1. It is not in my virtue to amend it.
2. Virtue! a fig: 'tis in ourselves that we
Are thus, or thus, our bodies are our gardens,
To the which our wills are gardeners: so
That if we plant nettles, or sow lettuce;
Set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it
With one gender of herbs, or distract it
With many; either have it steril with
Idleness, or manur'd with industry;
Why, the pow'r, and corrigible authority
Of this lies in our will. *Shak. Othello.*

W I N D.

Seas are the fields of combat for the winds;
But when they sweep along some flow'ry coast,
Their wings move mildly, and their rage is lost.
Dryden's Rival Ladies.

W I N T E R N I G H T.

Blest winter nights, when as the genial fire
Cheers the wide hall, his cordial family,
With soft domestic arts, the hours beguile,
And pleasing talk, that starts no tim'rous fame,
With wileless wantonness to hunt it down:
Or thro' the fairy land of tale or song.
Delighted wander, in fictitious fates
Engaged, and all that strikes humanity:
'Till lost in fable; they the stealing hour
Of timely rest forget. Sometimes, at eve,
His neighbours lift the latch, and bless unbid
His festal roof; while o'er the light repast,

And

And sprightly cups, they mix in social joy:
 And thro' the maze of conversation, trace
 What'er amuses or improves the mind.
 Sometimes at eve (for I delight to taste
 The native zest and flavour of the fruit,
 Where sense grows wild and takes of no manure)
 The decent, honest, chearful husbandman
 Should drown his labours in my friendly bowl,
 And at my table find himself at home.

Armstrong's Art of preserving Health.

W I N T E R.

At White's the harmless chairman idly stands,
 And swings around his waste his tingling hands:
 The sempstress speeds to Change with red tipt nose;
 The Belgian stove beneath her footstool glows,
 In half-whipt muslin needles useles lie,
 And shuttle cocks across the counter fly.
 These sports warm harmless; why then will ye
 prove,
 Deluded maids, th' dangerous flame of love.

Gay's Trivia.

Winter my theme confines; whose nitry wind
 Shall crust the slabby mire, and kennels bind.
 She bids the snow descend in flaky sheets,
 And in her hoary mantle cloath the streets;
 Let not the virgin tread these slipp'ry roads,
 The gathering fleece the hollow patten loads;
 But if thy footsteps slide with clotted frost,
 Strike off the breaking balls against the post.
 On silent wheel the passing coaches roll;
 Oft look behind, and ward the threatening pole.
 In hard'ned orb the school-boy moulds the snow,
 To mark the coachman with a dext'rous throw:
 Why do you, boys, the kennels surface spread,
 To tempt with faithless pass th' matron's tread?

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How can you laugh to see the damsel spurn,
Sink in your frauds and her green stockings mourn?
Gay's Trivia.

'Tis done:—dread winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies;
How dumb the tuneful: horror wide extends
His desolate domain. *Thom. Seasons.*

And see where furly winter passes off
Far to the North, and calls his ruffian blasts:
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shatter'd forest, and the ravag'd vale;
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch,
Dissolving snaws in livid torrents lost,
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.
Thom. Seasons.

See, winter comes, to rule the vary'd year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train,
Vapours, and clouds, and storms:
Thom. Seasons.

As yet the trembling year is unconfin'd,
And winter oft at noon resumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving fleets
Deform the day delightful: so that scarce
The bittern knows his time, with bill ingulph'd,
To shake the sounding marsh; or from the shore
The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,
And sing their wild notes to the list'ning waste.
Thom. Seasons.

Forth fly the tepid airs; and unconfin'd,
Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.
Joyous, th' impatient husbandman perceives
Relenting nature, and his lusty steers
Drives

Drives from their stalls, to where the well us'd
plough

Lies in the furrow, loosen'd from the frost;

There, unrefusing to the harness'd yoke,

They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,

Chear'd by the simple song and soaring lark.

Thom. Seasons.

W I S D O M.

Wisdom, tho' richer than Peruvian mines,

And sweeter than the sweet ambrosial hive,

What is she but the means of happiness?

That unobtained, than folly more a fool.

Young's Night Thoughts.

Wisdom's self

Oft seeks so sweet retired solitude;

Where, with her best nurse, contemplation,

She plumes her feathers, and let's grow her wings,

That in the various bustle of resort

Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.

Milton's Comus.

Perhaps there is in wisdom, gentle wisdom,

That knows our frailties, therefore can forgive,

Some healing comfort for a guilty mind,

Some pow'r to charm it into peace again,

And bid it smile anew with right affection.

Thom. Agamemnon.

W I T C H,

She was a witch, and one so strong,

She would controul the moon, make ebbs and
flows.

Shak. Tempest.

What are these

So wither'd, and so wild in their attire ?
They look not like the inhabitants o'th' earth,
And yet are on it: live you ? or are you aught
That man may question ? You seem to understand
me,

By each, at once, her choppy fingers laying
Upon her skinny lips.

If you can look into the seeds of time,
And see which grain will grow, and which will
not ;

I conjure you by that which you profess,
To answer me.

Tho' you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches : tho' the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up ;
The bladed corn be lodged, and trees blown down ;
Tho' castles topple on their warders heads ;
Tho' palaces, and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations :
Even till destruction sicken, answer me.

Shak. Macbeth.

But see, they're gone :

The earth has bubbles as the waters have ;
And these are some of them. They vanish'd
Into the air, and what seem'd corporeal,
Melted as breath into the wind.

Shak. Macbeth.

She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people.

Shak. Othello.

The midnight hags,
By force of potent spells, of bloody characters,
And conjurations horrible to hear,

Call

Call feinds and spectres from the yawning deep,
And set the ministers of hell at work.

Rowe's Jana Shore.

W I T.

The rays of wit gild wheresoe'er they strike,
But are not therefore fit for all alike;
They charm the lively, but the grave offend,
And raise a foe as often as a friend;
Like the resistless beams of blazing light,
That cheer the strong, and pain the weakly fight;

Stillingsfleet.

O father, says Dick, could you taste the delights
That myself and companions enjoy a nights,
Were you once but to hear the conundrums and
quibbles,

The retorts and the puns, the lampoons and the
libels,

The rhimes, repetitions, the songs, and the catches;
The whims and the flirts, and the smart witty
touches,

That over the flask we most lovingly vent,
You would think a whole night most gloriously
spent;

And wou'd guess by our wit, and the course that
we follow,

We cou'd all be no less than the sons of Apollo.

Ah! Dick, says the father, take care, I entreat ye,
Thou'dst better be hang'd, of the two that be
witty;

For if thou'rt once thought, by thy studies and
labours,

To've acquir'd more wit than the rest of thy
neighbours,

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Thou'lt be piss'd on by fools, and be fear'd by thy
 better,

And hunted about by whores, bailiffs and setters.
 Thy lodging must be in some nine-penny garret,
 Thy drink porters guzzle much oftner than claret:
 Thy coat must through all the four seasons be worn,
 Till it's robb'd of its nap like a sheep newly shorn:
 You must always seem pleasant, that is, if you can,
 Keep your wits ready prim'd for a flash in the pan:
 When your pockets are empty, your brains must
 project

Puns, quibbles and tales, to supply the defect;
 That whenever you meet with a generous chub,
 You may sneak out a jest in the room of your club:
 For a wit is no more than a merry Tom Fool,
 A satyrical scourger or flattering tool;
 The son of nine whores, that's compell'd by his
 mothers,

To starve, or to please (like the rest of his bro-
 thers)

The pride of some men, or the malice of others.

Tam Dursley.

True wit is nature to advantage dress'd,
 What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd;
 Something, whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,
 That gives us back the image of our mind.
 So shades more sweetly recommend the light,
 So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit.
 For works may have more wit than does 'em good,
 As bodies perish thro' excess of blood.

Pope's Essay on Criticism.

Wit, how delicious to man's dainty taste:
 'Tis precious as the vehicle of sense;

But

But as its substitute a dire disease.
 Pernicious talent, flatter'd by the world,
 By the blind world, which thinks the patent rare.

Young's Night Thoughts.

In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
 But soon the short liv'd vanity is lost;
 Like some fair flow'r the early spring supplies,
 That gaily blooms, but even in blooming dies:
 What is this wit which must our cares employ?
 The owner's wife, that other men enjoy;
 Then most our trouble still, when most admir'd,
 And still the more we give, the more requir'd,
 Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with
 ease,
 Sure some to vex, but never all to please;
 'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun,
 By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone:

P. Essay on Criticism.

W O M A N.

He that holds religious and sacred thoughts
 Of a woman; he that bears so reverend
 A respect to her, that he will not touch
 Her, but with a kiss'd hand and timorous
 Heart; he that adores her like his goddess,
 Let him be sure she'll shun him like her slave.
 Alas! good souls, women of themselves are
 Tractable and tractable enough, and
 Would return quid for quod still, but we are
 They that spoil them, and we shall answer for't
 Another day; we are they that put a
 Kind of wanton melancholy into them,
 That makes them think their noses bigger than
 Their faces, greater than the sun in brightness:

And

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And whereas nature made them but half fools,
We make them all fools.

Chapman's May Day.

Our grandfire e're of Eve possess'd,
Alone, and even in paradise unblest,
With mournful looks the blissful scenes survey'd,
And wander'd in the solitary shade:
The Maker saw, took pity, and bestow'd
Woman, the last, the best reserv'd of God.

P. Jan. and May.

Under how hard a fate are women born,
Prais'd to their ruin, or expos'd to scorn?
If we want beauty we of love despair,
And are besieged, like frontier towns, if fair.

Wallen.

And yet believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at best a contradiction still.
Heav'n, when it strives to polish all it can,
Its last best works, forms but a foster man.

Pope.

They say, that women have but tender hearts,
'Tis a mistake, I doubt—I've found 'em tough;
They will bend indeed—but he must strain that
cracks 'em.

Shak. Richard III.

In life, how weak, how helpless is a woman:
Soon hurt, in happiness itself unsafe,
And often wounded, while she plucks the rose;
So properly the object of affliction,
That heav'n is pleas'd to make distress become her,
And dresses her most amiably in tears.

Young's Revenge.

Hard is the fortune that your sex attends,
 Women, like princes, find few real friends;
 All who approach them their own ends pursue,
 Lovers and ministers are seldom true;
 Hence oft from reason heedless beauty strays,
 And the most trusted guide the most betrays;
 Hence by fond dreams of fancy'd pow'r amus'd,
 When most you tyrannize you're most abus'd.

Littleton.

Set women in his eye, and in his walk,
 Among daughters of men the fairest found,
 Many are in each region passing fair,
 As the noon sky, more like to goddesses
 Than mortal creatures, graceful and discreet,
 Expert in amorous arts, enchanting tongues
 Persuasive, virgin majesty with mild
 And sweet allay'd, yet terrible to approach;
 Skill'd to retire, and in retiring, draw
 Hearts after them, tangl'd in amorous nets;
 Such object hath the power to soften and tame
 Severest temper, smooth the rugged'st brow
 Enerve, and with voluptuous hope dissolve;
 Draw out with credulous desire, and lead
 At will the manliest resolute'st breast,
 As the magnetic hardest iron draws;
 Women, when nothing else, beguil'd the heart
 Of wisest Solomon, and made him build,
 And made him bow to the gods of his wives.

Milton's Samp. Agonistes.

But who is this, what thing of sea or land?
 Female of sex it seems,
 That so bedeck'd, ornate, and gay,
 Comes this way sailing
 Like a stately ship

Of

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Of Tarfus, bound for th' isles
Of Javan or Gadire,
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,
Court'd by all the winds that hold them play,
An amber sent of odorous perfume
Her harbinger.

Samson Agonistes.

W O O D S T O C K.

Hail fabled grotto! Hail Elysian soil!
Thou fairest spot of fair Britannia's isle;
Where kings of old conceal'd forgot the throne,
And beauty was content to shine unknown;
Where love and war by turns pavilions rear,
And Henry's bow'rs near Blenheim's dome appear;
The weary'd champion lull'd in soft alcoves,
The noblest boast of thy romantic groves,
Oft, if the muse presage, shall he be seen
By Rosemonda fleeting o'er the green;
In dreams be hail'd by heroes mighty shades,
And hear old Chaucer warble through the glades;
O'er the fam'd echoing vaults his name shall
bound,
And hill to hill reflect the fav'rite sound.

Tickell.

W O R L D (its dissolation.)

Now in a broader range the deluge raves,
And rolls triumphant thro' the boiling waves;
O'er all the hills the rising flames aspire,
The mountains blaze a mighty ridge of fire,
Where stood the snow-crown'd Alps (an awful
name!)

Now roll'd the doubling smoke, a spiry flame;

While

While o'er the Andes in a whirlwind driven,
Burst the blue gleam, and darkness wrapt the
heav'n.

Ev'n-Etna rocks, with a reluctant groan,
Sunk in a flame more dreadful than its own:
A fiery stream the deep volcano pours,
And from its mouth incessant thunder roars.
Each humbler vale partakes the gen'ral doom,
The smiling meads resign their lovely bloom;
Not Asia's fields th' impetuous flood retain,
It bounds with fury o'er the wide champaign;
Whate'er to view resolving seasons bring,
Each opening flow'r, the painted child of spring,
Bleak winter's snow, with summer's rosy pride,
And autumn's repening stores, augment the tide:
On its broad wave it bears the shining spoil,
Hills burst, rocks melt, woods blaze, and oceans
boil. *Ogilvie's Day of Judgment.*

W O R L D.

What's this world?—thy school, O misery!
Our only lesson is to learn to suffer,
And he who knows not that, was born for nothing.
Young's Revenge.

Z I M R I.

In the first rank of these did Zimri stand,
A man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome.
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
Was every thing by starts, and nothing long:
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chymist, fidler, statesman and buffoon:
Then all for women, painting, rhiming, drinking;
Besides ten thousand freaks that dy'd in thinking,
Bless

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Blest madman, who could every hour employ,
 With something new to wish, or to enjoy:
 Railing and praising were his usual themes,
 And both (to shew his judgment) in extremes:
 So over violent, or over civil,
 That every man, with him, was God or devil.
 In squandring wealth was his peculiar art,
 Nothing went unrewarded, but desert.
 Beggar'd by fools, whom still he found too late,
 He had his jest, and they had his estate;
 He laugh'd himself from court, then sought relief,
 By forming parties, but cou'd ne'er be chief.



END of the FOURTH VOLUME.

